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Mother's
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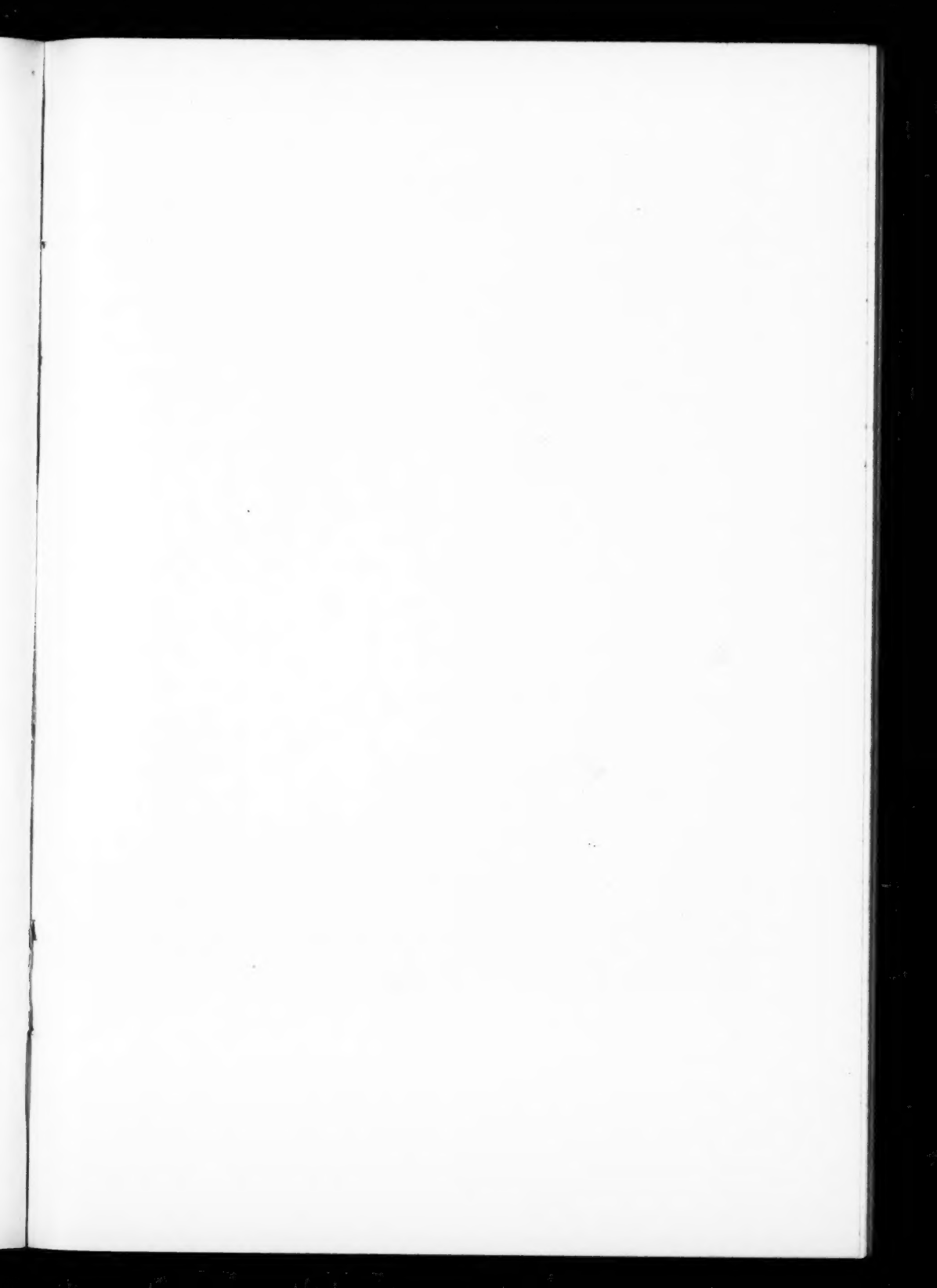
It keeps the cuticle in a permanent condition of velvety softness and smoothness, enabling the complexion to develop into a lasting loveliness of natural color.

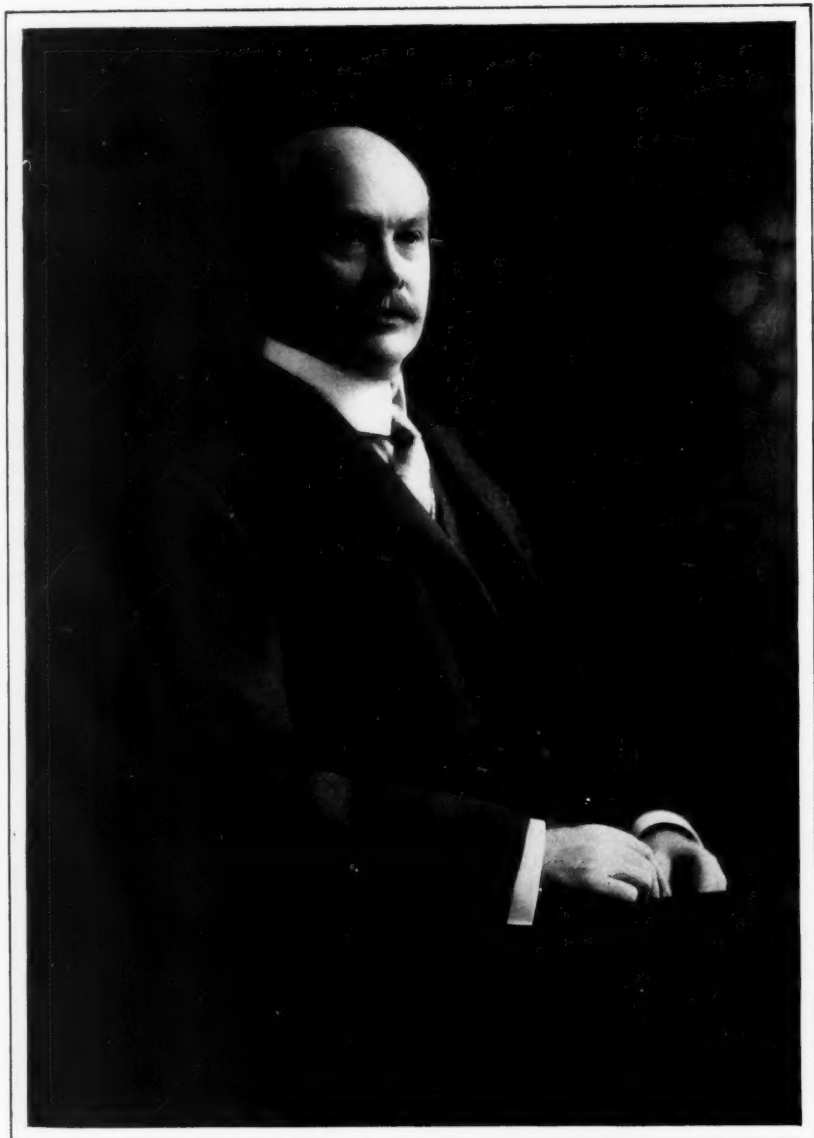
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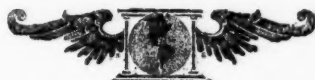
With kind regards E. H. Gary

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

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GARY, THE MAGIC CITY

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

The United States last year made more steel (over 23,000,000 tons) than Germany, Britain, France and Belgium combined. New steel works are under construction which will produce enough to enable her to make more than the whole world besides. This she will do within five years, probably within three.—ANDREW CARNEGIE in *The Century*.



THIS is not the age of magicians, we are told, and yet, judged by ordinary standards, the building of the city that is to enable the United States to fulfil Mr. Carnegie's prophecy must be regarded as something very close to magic, as a brief outline of its history to date and the plans for the future will show.

In June, 1906, the site of Gary, Indiana, some twenty-six miles from Chicago, was a barren waste of drifting sand, with occasional patches of scrub-oak. It had no population, was valueless for agricultural purposes, had no natural harbor or shelter of any kind and no laden boat could get within a half-mile of the shore. The drifting sand piled up in ever-shifting ridges that buried whatever might lie in its path; three or four railroad lines, intent only on reaching points beyond, crossed it by the shortest

possible route; and the Grand Calumet River—grand only in name—wormed a tortuous way in and out among the sand dunes until it finally found Lake Michigan. A gun club was located in the vicinity, and the average man would have said that nothing but a gun club could find any possible use for the land. Then—in June, 1906, remember!—the first spadeful of sand was turned for the new steel town of Gary.

For a long time thereafter there were still no outward indications of the building of a city. Many laborers were there, some housed in tents and some in hastily constructed shacks; but they were digging, digging, digging, in long trenches, and very little work was done above ground. For Gary, unlike the town or city of normal growth, was built from the foundations up. Houses are always so constructed, but it is rarely that a town is built on this plan. In brief, all underground work—the laying of sewers, water pipes, gas mains, electric light conduits, etc.—was

done first, and they were laid in what were to be the alleys. The men who planned and built, and are still building, Gary had no mind to have things torn up for any purpose whatever after the buildings were erected and the pavements laid. So they began at the bottom. Some work on the Grand Calumet River, the course of which had to be changed and straightened, was done during this time; three railroads began moving their rights-of-way, so that space for the plant might be left clear; and the dredging of the slip that was to run a mile inland was started. Then, when the underground work was far enough along, the building began.

Now let us see how rapid has been the construction of this magic city, for the rapidity of construction is one of the most amazing things connected with the enterprise. A wonderful city Gary is to be, a model manufacturing city, an attractive city, a city that in its government and individual ownership of business and residence property will be altogether unlike most made-to-order towns; but, in spite of all this, it is the speed with which it has been, and is being, built that commands first attention, and even this cannot be fully appreciated unless one considers the natural obstacles and the character of the buildings. The open-hearth buildings, for instance, are 1189 by 204 feet each, the blast furnaces have a daily capacity of 450 tons each, and virtually all the buildings of the plant are of mammoth size. Moreover, they require the very strongest foundations, so that it would ordinarily require as much time merely to put in the foundations as it would take to complete a building of less solid construction. Again, the temporary housing of the men to build the plant and town required some extra thought and labor, for they had to be carried through one winter without permanent shelter.

Although the plant and town are and will be under the same municipal jurisdiction, they are being built by separate companies, both subsidiary

to the United States Steel Corporation, so it is natural and easy to consider them separately, and I shall take up the plant first, the town being merely a necessary adjunct to the plant.

In August, 1907, fourteen months after work was begun, I spent two or three days in Gary, and this was the situation: All underground work was completed, and the water-supply tunnel, extending two miles into the lake, was well out under the waves; the dredges that were making the slip had penetrated a quarter of a mile inland; breakwaters, to protect the slip, already extended some distance out into the lake; the main office building was occupied, although considerable work on the interior remained to be done; the finishing touches were being put on the machine shop, boiler shop, blacksmith shop, pattern and carpenter shop and storehouse; the foundations for the first open-hearth building were in and the iron work about sixty per cent. completed; work on the foundations of the second open-hearth building had been begun; the foundations were in and about seventy per cent. of the iron work completed on the first group of four blast furnaces; work on the second group of four blast furnaces had been begun; the pumping station was about seventy-five per cent. done; the foundations for the electric station were about half completed; twenty per cent. of the foundations of the rail mill were in and the iron work was started; the electric repair shop, pattern warehouse, foundry, roll shop and blowing engine for the first four blast furnaces were under construction; the foundations for the ore bins were in and construction work begun; one great ore unloader was nearing completion and others were being erected; and the foundations for the ore bridges were being put in.

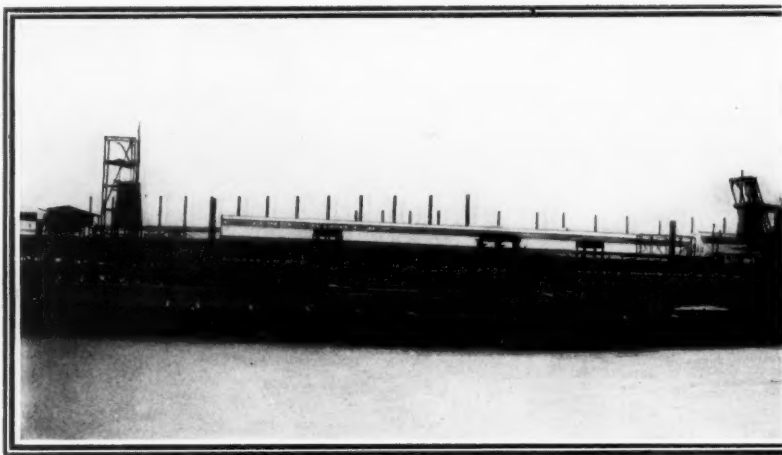
On July 23, 1908, the steamer *E. H. Gary*, with the first cargo of iron ore for the plant, poked her nose into the slip, and thereafter the ore bins filled rapidly. On December 21, 1908, just about two and a half years after



BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE, GARY, INDIANA, JULY, 1906



BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE, GARY, INDIANA, NOVEMBER, 1908



WHERE THE ORE BOATS

Beside this artificial waterway, extending a mile inland from Lake Michigan, stand the unloading machinery and blast furnaces for turning ore into pig-iron

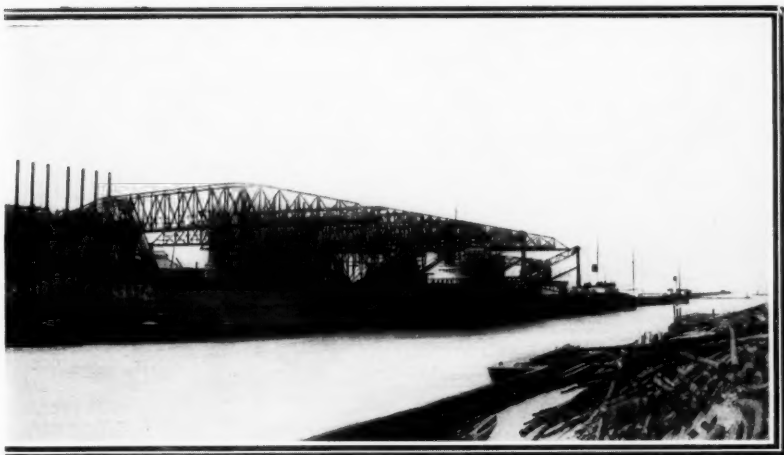
the first spadeful of sand was turned up, the fire in the first blast furnace was started and steel-making actually began.* On that date the superintendent reported the following buildings completed: Four blast furnaces, with boiler house, blowing engine house and gas-cleaning plant; electric power station, central pumping station, two open-hearth buildings, rail mill, locomotive house, foundry, and all shops, including machine shop, roll shop, boiler shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter and pattern shop, etc. The slip, with its ore unloaders and ore bins, had been in use for some time, and the main office building had been completed and occupied for many months. Buildings then under construction were four blast furnaces, with boiler house, blowing engine house and gas-cleaning plant; pig casting plant, billet mill and merchant mills. The departments in operation were one blast furnace, the foundry and all the shops, but the opening of other departments would follow naturally and quickly upon the beginning of blast furnace operations.

Turning from the plant to the town, one who knew what the site

* On January 13, 1909, it was reported that the first rail had been turned out at the new plant.—
THE EDITOR.

was originally finds a transformation quite as startling. While the town lacks the tremendous buildings that made the problem of the plant, it had many more structures of one kind or another to put up and many problems of its own to solve. The building of the plant within so short a time was unquestionably the greater undertaking, but, somehow, to find an attractive city of 15,000 population and accommodations for as many more under construction, with trees and lawns and every modern convenience, where there was nothing but sand and scrub-oak before seems more like modern magic than does the plant itself. True, much remains to be done, and you may step into a side street here and there that shows some of the former desolation or that building operations still keep untidy; or you may wander into The Patch, of which I shall have more to say later, where the steel company has been unable to carry out the plans it made for the rest of the town; but, on the whole, you will be mightily pleased and even more astonished at what you see.

Gary has two hotels—one of them as perfect in its appointments as any that you can find in the country,—two banks, a newspaper, a wide



ARE UNLOADED

Behind the unloading machinery and blast furnaces are open-hearth furnaces for turning iron into steel, and mills where the steel is rolled into commercial shapes

street (Broadway) lined with stores and office buildings, an arcade building for the smaller shopkeepers, and many handsome residences. As a matter of fact, you can find almost any kind of a residence you may desire in Gary, excepting only the hovel and the palace; and they are all sightly and well constructed. I am not including The Patch in this description. Every man builds for himself in The Patch without the restrictions that are imposed on those who would build elsewhere in Gary, and it naturally follows that The Patch has structures that would not be tolerated in other parts of the town, although it also has some that are well up to the standard.

Education, both secular and religious, received attention from the very beginning; the need of recreation was recognized and provision has been made for first-class amusements. There are already one large permanent schoolhouse and many temporary ones. The temporary schools, so made that they can be taken apart and moved from place to place, have been a feature of Gary since the commencement of building operations, and they, as well as the construction camps, have been moved as work progressed. A temporary structure,

to serve as a sort of universal church where all denominations have equal rights, was erected, and permanent structures are to follow. Sites have been secured and the plans approved for several. The Episcopalians, in addition to their church, will have a building for social gatherings and entertainments, to be known as the Universal Club, and the Roman Catholics have secured sites and prepared plans for a church, a parochial school and a parish house. A Chicago manager has purchased a site and agreed to build a theatre that is to cost not less than \$125,000. For health and recreation, as well as beauty, two parks have been laid out very near the heart of the town, one on either side of Broadway and but a short distance from that thoroughfare.

I have endeavored, in this, to give some idea of the marvellous transformation that has taken place in two and one half years, but it is so big a thing that it is difficult to grasp it in its entirety. The building of either plant or town alone in that time would have been a tremendous undertaking, possible only for a corporation having courage and unlimited resources, and to build them together just about doubled the magnitude of the task.

Now let us see why Gary was built, and, more in detail, how it was built.

The primary reason for Gary lies in the fact that the United States Steel Corporation needed additional facilities for making steel. The existing plants were not sufficient—at least, if they were sufficient for the moment, they would not long be equal to the demands made upon them. Some of these plants could be enlarged, but to enlarge them, in the opinion of steel men, would be merely to postpone for a brief time a problem that would have to be met and solved ultimately. Satisfactorily to provide for the future a plant was necessary that would have room to grow. That meant a new plant. Then, too, a new plant could be built with a view to utilizing improved methods of steel making, there being many innovations that could not well be installed in an old plant. A plant that was planned in its entirety, with a view to future needs, would have many advantages over a plant that, in both plan and construction, was of gradual growth. So there was an economic reason for Gary, aside from the mere need of additional facilities. Moreover, the centre of steel consumption was moving steadily westward, and the question of freight rates on the finished product was a big item. Pittsburg was too far east to handle the western business satisfactorily, and the western plants were not equal to it. So a new plant seemed to offer the only solution of the problem.

The new plant, for reasons stated, would have to be west of Pittsburg, it would have to be situated where it would have ample railroad facilities for the shipment of its finished product, it would have to be where ore-boats could reach it, and it would have to be where the necessary land was not prohibitively expensive. To find unimproved property of sufficient extent that had all these advantages was no easy task, and it was a foregone conclusion that any such property would have many disadvantages.

The site of Gary certainly had the disadvantages as well as the advantages. There was absolutely nothing about it, except the advantage of location, that was not a disadvantage, as I have already shown. Even the river was in the way, there were gullies that had to be filled in, there was no harbor and much of the plant would have to be built on made land where the waters of Lake Michigan then rippled. Many of the buildings already constructed, by the way, are on sites that were under water when the land was purchased. Yet this tract offered all the necessary advantages, the only thing lacking being cheap coal. Pittsburg still has the advantage in proximity to a suitable coal supply, but this is more than offset by Gary's advantage in getting ore without a railroad haul.

The site being selected and purchased, then came the problem of building and building quickly. The plans made provided for a far greater plant than Gary will have for some time to come, the purpose being to arrange the buildings for the greatest convenience of operation and in such a way as to leave sites for future buildings where those buildings would fit properly into the general plan. In other words, the Gary of twenty-five or fifty years from now will be as perfect a plant as if it had all been built at one time. Not only can it grow, but it can grow systematically instead of in the haphazard way that most plants grow. All this was provided for in the original plans.

The work to be done was of such magnitude that no existing company was prepared to undertake it, in view of the time limitations. Consequently, the United States Steel Corporation found it necessary to build both town and plant itself. For this purpose it organized the Indiana Steel Company, to build the plant, and the Gary Land Company, to build the town. Subcontractors there are in plenty, of course, but they are all working under the direction of one or the other of these two companies. The subcontractors have merely un-



SITE OF GENERAL OFFICE BUILDING, GARY, AUGUST, 1906



GENERAL OFFICE BUILDING, WITH BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, GARY, MARCH, 1908

dertaken to construct certain parts of the town or plant.

Involved in the building of the town, however, as distinguished from the plant, there was much more than

through the Gary Land Company, had to do much of the building itself.

Building by individuals, with certain general restrictions, was encouraged in every possible way, and



MACHINE SHOP, GARY, MARCH, 1907

the mere problem of construction. The steel company would own the plant, but it had no desire to own the town. Paternalism has wrecked many a made-to-order town, and the company desired to avoid even the appearance of paternalism. Naturally, the best way to do this would be to sell lots and let the purchasers do the building, but that plan was open to three objections: first, the town would not be built as rapidly as was deemed necessary, and houses for many of the workmen would be lacking when the plant was ready to open; second, comparatively few of the workmen would be financially able to build their own homes; third, if others were allowed to build for these workmen it would unquestionably lead to land speculation and soaring prices. So the steel company,

many unimproved lots were sold. In every case, however, the purchaser bound himself to build a residence of a certain standard, depending upon the location, within a certain time. Gary, it should be explained, is divided into districts, and you may not build a \$2000 cottage in a \$5000 district; your house must be up to the standard of that district. Further, you may not build more than one house at a time, but, having built, you may sell your house, and the company will then cheerfully sell you another lot and permit you to build again. One woman, having a good head for business, built and sold three or four houses in this way, and the company was glad to have her do it, for it helped materially in building the town. The company merely wished to prevent the wholesale speculation

that would have followed if one person or one company were allowed to buy and build on a number of lots simultaneously. While this would assist in building the town rapidly, it might easily result in monopolizing for speculative purposes much of the best property and thus prove a serious handicap. The company was principally interested in getting the town built and *populated* quickly, and reasonable prices were essential to this purpose. The manager of the Gary Land Company informed me that the prices of lots had been arranged to cover merely the cost of the land plus the cost of improvements. Every lot in Gary, outside of The Patch, it should be remembered, carries with it all modern civic improvements, leaving no possible excuse for special taxation. Sidewalks, pavements, sewers, water mains, etc., are all included in the price, and it is certainly worth something to know that it does cover them all and that there will be no special assessments to add to the cost of the property.

Subcontractors did the actual building for the company. One might be given a contract for a hundred houses and another for two hundred, each according to his facilities for handling the job. It was not, however, a mere matter of making a certain number of duplicate houses, for individuality was desired. Many of the cheaper houses were duplicated, it is true, and there are widely separated duplicates of some of the more expensive ones, but every effort was made to avoid the sameness that is so noticeable in most made-to-order towns. Even when houses of the better class are substantially duplicates of each other, there are usually minor differences, especially in the exterior, that give them a somewhat different appearance. The company, of course, must rent where a man is unable or unwilling to buy, but it prefers to sell and gives every encouragement to those who wish to buy, this being in line with its determination to avoid paternalism.

In the business district the conditions are altogether different. A business man may reasonably be expected to provide his own capital and put up his own store or office building, so the company has done no more than erect two hotels and one bank building. Aside from that, it merely sells the lots, always with the stipulation that a building of a certain class shall be erected within a certain time and with certain other stipulations with regard to the sale of liquor. And that brings us to The Patch.

It was never the intention of the Steel Corporation to make Gary a prohibition town, but it was never its intention that it should become a saloon town, either. To this end it decided in advance just where liquor might be sold, and the deeds to all other property contain the stipulation that no liquor shall be sold on the premises. There is one large saloon, which dispenses beer principally, on Broadway, not far from the entrance to the plant, and there is a bar-room in one of the hotels. This was deemed sufficient for the immediate needs of the town. But, unfortunately, there was a miscalculation in the original plans for Gary, and it presently became apparent that more land was needed than had been acquired. A part of the desired land, having a frontage of six blocks on one side of the continuation of Broadway, could not then be purchased as acre property. Indeed, it could not be purchased at all for any price that the company was willing to pay, the owners preferring to subdivide and sell as building lots.

The land to the east and the west and the north and the south the company acquired and could place upon it such restrictions as it deemed wise, but The Patch, as this little tract was called, was independent. It was all the more independent because the control of the government of Gary was not in the hands of the Steel Corporation or its subsidiary companies, but was absolutely in the control of the workmen who

were engaged in building the town and plant and such others as had been attracted by the opportunities that a new town always offers. In brief, Gary was ruled by transients—by men who would move on when the town and plant were finally constructed—and the majority of these men wanted beer and plenty of it. So The Patch flourished. Saloon-keepers flocked to it, boarding-houses were erected and a large part of the temporary population chose it as a place of residence.

What will happen to The Patch when Gary gets settled down to business is another question. The permanent residents are quite likely to take a different view of the liquor business, and The Patch may find its activities in that line sadly curtailed. But it has had things pretty much its own way so far. Speculation has been rife in The Patch also. There is a well-graded and stable scale of prices elsewhere, but The Patch is given to startling fluctuations, and prices generally rule higher than they do in other parts of the town. This is accounted for, in part, by the fact that there are not the same restrictions upon the use of property. In effect, during construction The Patch has practically ruled Gary, the company being so little in control that the franchise for a street railroad that it wished to build, as a matter of expediency, was given to others; but Gary will ultimately rule The Patch and place upon it such restrictions and regulations as it thinks advisable.

In the meantime, the company has shown its attitude in the matter by isolating this district so far as possible. The opposite side of Broadway has been left unimproved, and the same is true of some other streets that divide The Patch from the rest of the town. It is so situated that it had to be included in the corporate limits, but it is safe to say that the property immediately adjoining it will be the last that the company improves. Then, too, it was compelled to lay its own sewers, water mains, etc.,

so lots purchased there have been, or will be, subject to special assessments from which lots purchased from the company are exempt. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks, The Patch has flourished, and many of the buildings erected there, especially in Broadway, are quite up to the standard of the rest of the town.

To make Gary attractive and really habitable, it was indispensable that there should be trees and grass, and trees and grass were generally lacking. So, also, was the soil in which they would grow. An occasional tree was found, in some favored spot, that was worthy of preservation; but the town, as a whole, was barren, and this condition of affairs had to be remedied. It was a mere question of money, of course, and the company decided to spend about a million dollars in transplanting trees and giving the lawns a covering of rich soil. Much of this work is yet to be done, but the town already boasts of four thousand transplanted trees and some beautiful lawns.

The future of Gary is something concerning which no man can prophesy with any accuracy. It had a population of 15,000 when the fire was started in the first blast furnace. The opening of other departments will double that population almost instantly. The completion of buildings now in course of construction will further add to it, and the blue-prints show many buildings that are not yet begun. In addition to this, provision has been made to accommodate various allied industries, and some of these have already purchased sites; all of which means more men and their families. The American Car and Foundry Company, the American Bridge and Iron Works, the American Steel and Wire Company and the American Tin Plate Company are among these allied industries. Estimates as to the probable population, within the next few years, run from 50,000 to 100,000; so it is safe to predict that Gary, a sandy waste less than three years ago, will

be a city of at least 50,000 inhabitants within a very short time. What it may be ultimately only a rash man would venture to guess.

The cost is another matter for speculation. The United States Steel Corporation is not exactly garrulous in the discussion of its financial affairs. And, even if it were, the figures could hardly be given with any exactness. Estimates run all the way from fifty million to seventy-five million dollars. It is said that fifty million was the basis upon which the company figured in making its plans; but, even then, this was considered in no sense a limit. Over twenty-five millions have been expended already, and the completion of the work now under way, without regard to future plans, will probably bring the total up to thirty-five or forty million dollars. And Gary will still be building for some years after that. Further, these figures represent only what the Steel Corporation has spent and is spending, without regard to what other companies and individuals are doing. Virtually all of the business district of the town is being built by outside capital; so are many of the houses; and some of the railroads, in changing their rights-of-way and elevating their tracks, have been put to heavy expense.

In concluding this summary of the history, to date, of the magic city it may be well to emphasize one point concerning which there has been some misunderstanding: Gary is to be supplementary, not destructive. It is not to put any other plant out of existence. Rumors have

been circulated at various times that certain other plants would be abandoned when that at Gary was finally in full operation; but this is no part of the plan. Gary was needed to take care of business that the other plants could not handle and to provide for the future. It is not, and never was intended to be, the biggest steel-making plant in the world or even in this country. The blue-print plans allow for an open-hearth and blast-furnace capacity at least equal to that of any existing plant; but it will be a long time before all of this space is utilized. Work has not even been begun on four of the six open-hearth buildings provided for in the blue-prints, and the same is true of eight of the sixteen blast-furnaces. This statement seems to be necessary to correct a prevalent belief that Gary is to be, in the near future, the biggest plant of its kind in existence.

It is to be a model plant, however, with all the most modern labor-saving and money-saving appliances. Even the smoke and the gas from the great furnaces will not be allowed to go to waste, but will be used to generate electricity; and the electricity, in turn, will be used for light and power, most of the machinery that is ordinarily run by steam being run by electricity. Thus it will be possible to approximate a smokeless manufacturing city, which in itself is a noteworthy achievement.

Gary's claim to distinction, therefore, lies not in the magnitude of the plant but in its perfection and the rapidity with which it and the town have been built.



A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN GARY, NOVEMBER, 1908

TWO MUSICAL CENTENARIES

MENDELSSOHN AND CHOPIN IN 1909

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN the century that has elapsed since the birth of Mendelssohn at Hamburg, on February 3rd, 1809, the art of music has under-

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

gone surprising changes. At that time Haydn, "Father of the Symphony," had still a few months to live; Beethoven, in the full activity of his second period—the period to which belong the symphonies from the "Eroica" to the Eighth, the overtures "Egmont" and "Coriolanus" and the sonatas from the "Waldstein" to opus 90,—was grafting upon classic music the ardent emotion and the pictorial definiteness of romanticism; Schubert, destined through his songs still further to personalize musical feeling, was a boy of twelve.

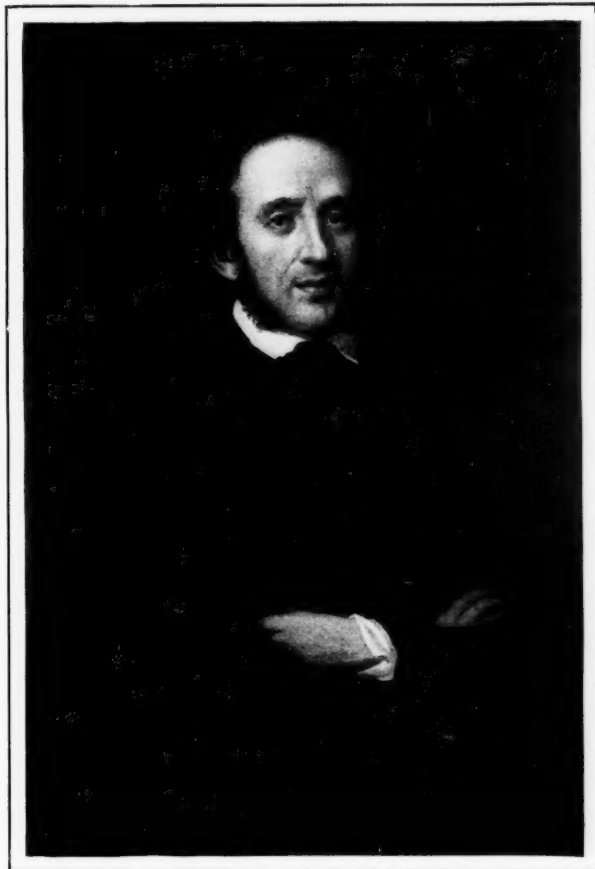
Music was thus passing, in 1809, from its classic period to its romantic, a transition in which Mendelssohn himself was to play an important part. Yet by the middle of the century, three years after his early death in 1847, romanticism was already giving place to the realism of the "programme" school, initiated by Berlioz and Liszt with the powerful aid of Wagner's innovations in the music-drama. This, the chief movement of the latter half of the century, apparently now reaching its meridian in the work of Richard Strauss, has carried music so far from the classicism of 1809, that it is difficult to believe so long a journey can have been made in so short a time.

To Mendelssohn's personal fame these changes have brought much vicissitude. During his lifetime, the

classical tradition being still in the ascendant, his music, so essentially classical in its serene expression, lucid form and finished style, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Few composers have been idolized as was Mendelssohn; in his later years he was practically musical dictator of all Germany.

Once romanticism got the lead, however, he was speedily eclipsed by the hitherto obscure Schumann, with his more rugged emotion and his freer, less conventional style. And when, still later, he began to suffer the competition of the realists, his star sank almost as rapidly as it had risen. To-day he is neglected. Of all his compositions, once so popular, only two symphonies, three or four overtures and a few piano pieces are heard in our concert rooms.

Now, indubitably some of the causes of this decline are intrinsic, and therefore likely to prove permanent. The most serious of these is the undeniable element of insipidity in his music. His melody, always graceful, is often tame and nerveless; it has none of the broad sweep, the bold and soaring flight, we find so inspiring in Schumann or Brahms. His harmonic scheme is too pure to admit of the gorgeous dissonance, the rich chromatic coloring, to which Wagner and Tchaikowsky have accustomed us. His rhythms, often animated, never lay violent physical hold upon us as Beethoven's do, compelling us to live and breathe, for the moment, only as they dictate. In short, there is something emasculate, bloodless, about Mendelssohn; he is often tender, sweet, delicate, he



From an engraving by H. Adlard

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

has his own gentle melancholy and tranquil joy, but he is too elegant, too detached, too Addisonian, to voice the ruder passions of humanity.

So much being conceded to the *advocatus diaboli*, it must next be insisted that this music has many fine qualities which are not justly recognized to-day, because they are not the qualities at present in fashion. In other words, the causes of Mendelssohn's unpopularity are in part extrinsic, and therefore, it may be hoped, temporary.

His very attitude toward art, in the

first place, is with difficulty conceivable to us, used as we are, after years of romanticism and realism, to music that strives above all to be personal, subjective, concrete. Mendelssohn did not aspire to such expression. Not the utterance of personal feeling, but the creation of plastic beauty, and the expression of objective truth were what he sought in music. No other romanticist was ever so reticent, so detached. Even in his most romantic works, such as the "Hebrides" overture, works which amply justify Wagner's characterization of him as "a great landscape-painter," he is romantic, not through self-revelation, but through keen perception of outer beauty.

Whenever he does strive primarily for expression again, it is not for expression of the kind of feeling we most affect—for the sentimental, the tragic, the "soulfully intense." Much more congenial to him is the delicately fanciful, the sort of fairy-like lightness we get in such perfection in the scherzo of the Octet, the Rondo Capriccioso, and above all in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, perhaps his most perfect work. To this peculiar kind of expression, in which no one has excelled him, he brings the utmost subtlety of



fancy, the utmost finesse in technique.

Mendelssohn's orchestration is another of his merits that can hardly receive justice from ears corrupted, as ours have been, by over-large halls and their attendant evil of orchestras overloaded with brass instruments. Nevertheless, no man ever had a keener sense of tonal beauty, or devised lovelier orchestral combinations. Surely, there are few more immortal pages than the opening of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, with its flitting violins and magical wood-wind chords; or the elastic, inspiring opening theme of

the "Italian" symphony; or the melting harmonies of the two flutes in the slow movement of the same symphony; or the trumpet-calls in the "Hebrides" Overture.

There is, then, ample reason to believe that Mendelssohn's fame, which has already undergone so many vicissitudes, may yet undergo one more. It will surely be rehabilitated, provided the sensationalism, subjectivity and enthusiasm for realistic suggestion, which mark our present taste, cease to crowd out our natural love for what is objective in conception, restrained in expression and elegant in style.

As we prepare to celebrate the centenary of Chopin's birth, which took place at Zelazowa-Wola, Poland, on March 1st, 1809, we cannot but be struck by the wonderful vitality of his delicate art. He wrote few large works in the traditional forms of the schools, preferring the simple moulds of the Polish folk-dances—polonaise, waltz, mazurka; he never attempted opera, oratorio or symphony, and after a few youthful experiments with concertos restricted himself to the unaccompanied piano; in expression tender, intimate, thoughtful, he is seldom impassioned, never grandiloquent. Yet his fragile creations have outlived already how many ponderous symphonies, and will outlive how many more!

Castling about for an explanation of this vitality, we find at least a partial one in Chopin's perfection of style. This in its turn depended upon the sensitiveness of his perceptions and the fastidiousness of his taste. That he was both sensitive and fastidious in an unusual degree we know from many indications. Slender and supple of figure, he carried himself with distinction, so that, according to Liszt, "One treated him unconsciously like a prince." His voice was low and well-modulated, his handwriting fine yet clear; he dressed with the utmost pains, always insisting, in the words of one of his own letters ordering clothes, on "something very quiet but very elegant." He was fond of Italian music of the Bellini type, because of its graceful charm, and condemned certain passages of Beethoven as too rude. He accused Liszt, with great indignation, of making concessions to bad taste for the sake of success. Mendelssohn, the idol of the contemporary public, he dismissed as "common." Of all musicians he thought Mozart the greatest, "because Mozart condescended more rarely than any other composer to cross the steps which separate refinement from vulgarity."

But at once the most reliable and the most instructive signs of this

fastidiousness are those which we find in his own compositions. In order to attain that flexible yet never sing-song melody, that many-colored but ever-luminous harmony, that profusion of ornamental detail always ancillary to the main design, how keen must have been his discrimination, how mercilessly must he have applied it in self-criticism. It was in the passion for perfection, always, for mortals, unrequited, tragic, that he would shut himself in his room, as George Sand records, for whole days, "weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar a hundred times, writing and effacing it as many times, and recommencing the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance."

First of all, it is certain that the matchless beauty and originality of Chopin's piano style were possible to him only through his sensitive perception of the piano's special limitations and advantages, and to his tact in minimizing the former and making the most of the latter. The tones of this instrument are not, like those of the organ, the voice or bowed instruments, sustained; the moment they are produced they begin to fade away. The piano is therefore not fitted to render slow sustained melodies or series of chords.

To compensate for this shortcoming, however, the piano has in the damper pedal, frequently but loosely called the "loud pedal," a unique mechanism which gives to it many inimitable effects. This pedal, by removing the felt dampers from all the strings at once, leaves free to vibrate any of them which may be stirred, either directly by the hammers or indirectly by sympathetic vibration. Thus are secured all manner of tone mixtures such as no other instrument can give in such perfect fusion.

It was only gradually that composers realized just how the piano might substitute for the few, long-held tones of organ style a numerous body of rapid, constantly changing tones, fused by the pedal. In Mo-

zart's sonatas we see the early experiments in breaking up the solid chords of an accompaniment into repeated figures in short notes for the left hand; each later composer uses the device a little more boldly, making the hand cover a wider area or enlisting the right hand also; Chopin uses it with splendid daring and success. Look at almost any of his nocturnes, in particular, and see how skilfully he can merge, by the pedal, half a hundred scattering tones into one compact, sonorous mass.

Furthermore, his keen ear perceived that a few dissonant tones, clashing slightly with the predominant elements of such a mass, add a remarkable richness and body to its color. Such dissonances, of which striking examples may be found at the end of his third nocturne, in the D-flat major section of the Scherzo, opus 39, and in countless other places, weave a shimmering veil over the solid outlines of the chords. They give to music what "atmosphere" gives to painting. So sensitive to these subtle tonal values was Chopin, so daring and original in devising them, that his innovations in music proved as revolutionary as those of Manet and his fellow-impressionists in the sister art.

They required, indeed, a new technique. The hard, inelastic touch, mechanical regularity of tempo, and clear-cut, separate distinctness given to each chord, of the classical school of playing, were to them wholly inappropriate. Moscheles, a man of the old school, never understood this music until he heard Chopin himself play it, when he wrote: "The harsh modulations which strike me disagreeably when I am playing his compositions no longer shock me, because he glides over them in a fairy-like way with his delicate fingers." Another observer speaks to the same purpose of Chopin's "sonorous effects of a vaporous fluidity, of which only he knew the secret."

All these peculiar effects of coloring, which compare with the clearer but barer effects of classical music

somewhat as a pastel compares with an engraving, were enhanced by the musician's fine harmonic skill. The versatility of his harmonic idiom has perhaps never been excelled, his use of chromatic chords being particularly subtle. Yet here again his aristocratic sense of fitness, his distinction in taste, kept him from abusing the chromatic style as some modern composers abuse it. Nothing is more admirable in Chopin than his un-failing instinct for the priceless value of the triad, the "common chord," as a relief to the ear surfeited with highly seasoned harmonies. How grateful are the clear chords of the "Meno mosso" section of the Polonaise, opus 26, no. 2, after all the foregoing clamor and complexity! How fresh and pure, how nobly simple, are the two phrases just before the first change of signature in the *Impromptu*, opus 32!

The same fine simplicity which we note here in his harmony, and which gives it oftentimes an austere grandeur such as Anglo-Saxon words impart to the Bible or to the "Pilgrim's Progress," is found also in his best melodies. Look at the second theme of the B-minor Sonata, with its rhapsodical yet sustained inflection, or at the tune in E-flat major of the *Ballade*, opus 23, or at the soaring melody of the fourteenth nocturne, and you will understand why one of his commentators has called Chopin "the supreme master of elegiac melody."

In all the matters thus far touched upon—pianistic color, harmonic subtlety and variety, melodic contour—Chopin is great because sensitive taste and fastidious selection of the best suffice to make him so. It is in the larger qualities, whether of beauty or of expression, that he falls short. Thus Mr. W. H. Hadow has pointed out that while in phraseology (that is, the composition of phrases into short themes) he is "a master whose felicitous perfection of style is one of the abiding treasures of the art," yet in structure, or the composition of themes into complete pieces, he is "a

child, playing with a few simple types, and almost helpless as soon as he advances beyond them." The truth of such a contention is generally admitted, while it has become a commonplace of criticism that Chopin was incapable of voicing the deeper and more virile emotions.

It must perhaps be admitted that, in spite of the real tragic sense he shows in the well-known Funeral March, and the real dramatic power of the Ballades and Polonaises, Chopin

is primarily a lyric poet and a miniaturist. He may be lacking in the synthetic power of a Brahms, in the profundity of a Beethoven. But whatever his limitations, and if they were far greater than they are, the fact remains that such distinction of taste as his, such exquisite intuition of style, such consummate workmanship, are rare enough to deserve immortality.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

"CORRUPTION" IN ANCIENT ROME

AND ITS COUNTERPART IN MODERN HISTORY

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO

TRANSLATED BY FRANCES FERRERO LANCE



TWO years ago in Paris, while giving a course of lectures on Augustus at the Collège de France, I happened to say to an illustrious historian, a member of the French Academy, who was complimenting me: "But I have not re-made Roman history, as many admirers think. On the contrary, it might be said, in a certain sense, that I had only returned to the old way. I have retaken the point of view of Livy; like Livy, gathering the events of the story of Rome around that phenomenon which the ancients called the 'corruption' of customs—a novelty twenty centuries old!"

Spoken with a smile and in jest, these words nevertheless were more serious than the tone in which they were uttered. All those who know Latin history and literature, even superficially, remember with what insistence and with how many diverse modulations of tone are reiterated

the laments on the corruption of customs, on the luxury, the ambition, the avarice, that invaded Rome after the Second Punic War. Sallust, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, are full of affliction because Rome is destined to dissipate itself in an incurable corruption: whence we see, then in Rome, as to-day in France, wealth, power, culture, glory, draw in their train—grim but inseparable comrade!—a pessimism that times poorer, cruder, more troubled, had not known. In the very moment in which the empire was ordering itself, civil wars ended; in that solemn *Pax Romana* which was to have endured so many ages, in the very moment in which the heart should have opened itself to hope and to joy, Horace describes, in three fine, terrible verses, four successive generations, each corrupting Rome, which grew ever the worse, ever the more perverse and evil-disposed:

*Ætas parentum, peior avis, tulit
Nos requiores, mox laturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

"Our fathers were worse than our grandsires; we have deteriorated from our fathers; our sons will cause us to be lamented." This is the dark philosophy that a sovereign spirit like Horace derived from the incredible triumph of Rome in the world. At his side, Livy, the great writer who was to teach all future generations the story of the city, puts the same hopeless philosophy at the base of his wonderful work:

Rome was originally, when it was poor and small, a unique example of austere virtue; then it corrupted, it spoiled, it rotted itself by all the vices; so, little by little, we have been brought into the present condition in which we are able neither to tolerate the evils from which we suffer, nor the remedies we need to cure them.

And the same dark thought, expressed in a thousand forms, is found in almost every one of the Latin writers.

This theory has misled and impeded my predecessors in different ways: some, considering that the writers bewail the unavoidable dissolution of Roman society at the very time when Rome was most powerful, most cultured, richest, have judged conventional, rhetorical, literary, these invectives against corruption, these praises of ancient simplicity, and therefore have held them of no value in the history of Rome. But such critics have not reflected that this conception is found, not only in the literature, but also in the politics and the legislation; that Roman history is full, not only of invectives in prose and verse but of laws and administrative provisions against *luxuria*, *ambitio*, *avaritia*—a sign that those laments were not merely a foolishness of writers, or, as we say to-day, stuff for newspaper articles. Other critics, instead, taking account of these laws and administrative provisions, have accepted the ancient theory of Roman corruption without reckoning that they were describing as undone by an irreparable dissolution, a nation that not

only had conquered, but was to govern for ages, an immense empire. In this conception of corruption there is a contradiction that conceals a great universal problem.

Stimulated by this contradiction, and by the desire of solving it, to study more attentively the facts cited by the ancients as examples of corruption, I have looked about to see if in the contemporary world I could not find some things that resembled it, and so make myself understand it. The prospect seemed difficult, because modern men are persuaded that they are models of all the virtues. Who could think to find in them even traces of the famous Roman corruption? In the modern world to-day are the abominable orgies carried on for which the Rome of the Cæsars was notorious? Are there to-day Neros and Elagabaluses? He who studies the ancient sources, however, with but a little of the critical spirit, is easily convinced that we have made for ourselves out of the much-famed corruption and Roman luxury a notion highly romantic and exaggerated. We need not delude ourselves; Rome, even in the times of its greatest splendor, was poor in comparison with the modern world: even in the second century after Christ, when it stood as metropolis at the head of an immense empire, Rome was smaller, less wealthy, less imposing, than a great metropolis of Europe or of America. Some sumptuous public edifices, beautiful private houses—that is all the splendor of the metropolis of the empire. He who goes to the Palatine may to-day refigure for himself, from the so-called House of Livia, the house of a rich Roman family of the time of Augustus, and convince himself that a well-to-do middle-class family would hardly occupy such a house to-day.

Moreover, the palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine are a grandiose ruin that stirs the artist and makes the philosopher think; but if one sets himself to measure them, to conjecture from the remains the proportions of the entire edifices, he does

not conjure up buildings that rival large modern constructions. The palace of Tiberius, for example, rose above a street only two meters wide—less than seven feet,—an alley like those where to-day in Italian cities live only the most miserable inhabitants. We have pictured to ourselves the imperial banquets of ancient Rome as functions of unheard of splendor; if Nero or Elagabalus could come to life and see the dining-room of a great hotel in Paris or New York—resplendent with light, with crystal, with silver,—he would admire it as far more beautiful than the halls in which he gave his imperial feasts. Think how poor were the ancients in artificial light! They had few wines; they knew neither tea nor coffee nor cocoa; neither tobacco, nor the innumerable *liqueurs* of which we make use; in face of our habits, they were always Spartan, even when they wasted, because they lacked the means to squander.

The ancient writers often lament the universal tendency to physical self-indulgence, but among the facts they cite to prove this dismal vice, many would seem to us innocent enough. It was judged by them a scandalous proof of gluttony and as insensate luxury, that at a certain period there should be fetched from as far as the Pontus, certain sausages and certain salted fish that were, it appears, very good; and that there should be introduced into Italy from Greece the delicate art of fattening fowls. Even to drink Greek wines seemed for a long time at Rome the caprice of an almost crazy luxury. As late as 18 B.C., Augustus made a sumptuary law that forbade spending for banquets on work-days more than two hundred sesterces (ten dollars); allowed three hundred sesterces (fifteen dollars) for the days of the Kalends, the Ides and the Nones; and one thousand sesterces (fifty dollars) for nuptial banquets. It is clear, then, that the lords of the world banqueted in state at an expense that to us would seem modest indeed. And the women of ancient

times, accused so sharply by the men of ruining them by their foolish extravagances, would cut a poor figure for elegant ostentation in comparison with modern dames of fashion. For example, silk, even in the most prosperous times, was considered a stuff, as we should say, for millionaires; only a few very rich women wore it; and, moreover, moralists detested it, because it revealed too clearly the form of the body. Lollia Paulina passed into history because she possessed jewels worth several million francs: there are to-day too many Lollia Paulinas for any one of them to hope to buy immortality at so cheap a rate.

I should reach the same conclusions if I could show you what the Roman writers really meant by corruption in their accounts of the relations between the sexes. It is not possible here to make critical analyses of texts and facts concerning this material, for reasons that you readily divine; but it would be easy to prove that also in this respect posterity has seen the evil much larger than it was.

Why, then, did the ancient writers bewail luxury, inclination to pleasure, prodigality—things all comprised in the notorious "corruption"—in so much the livelier fashion than do moderns, although they lived in a world which, being poorer and more simple, could amuse itself, make display, and indulge in dissipation so much less than we do? This is one of the chief questions of Roman history, and I flatter myself not to have entirely wasted work in writing my book*; above all, because I hope to have contributed a little, if not actually to solve this question, at least to illuminate it; because in so doing I believe I have found a kind of key that opens at the same time many mysteries in Roman history and in contemporary life. The ancient writers and moralists wrote so much of Roman corruption, because—nearer in this, as in so many other things, to the vivid actuality—

*"The Greatness and Decline of Rome." 5 vols. New York and London.

they understood that wars, revolutions, the great spectacular events that are accomplished in sight of the world, do not form all the life of peoples; that these occurrences, on the contrary, are but the ultimate, exterior explanation, the external irradiation or the final explosion, of an internal force that is acting constantly in the family, in private habit, in the moral and intellectual disposition of the individual. They understood that all the changes, internal and external, in a nation, are bound together and in part depend on one very common fact, which is everlasting and universal, and which everybody may observe if he will but look about him—on the increase of wants, the enlargement of ideas, the shifting of habits, the advance of luxury, the increase of expense that is caused by every generation.

Look around you to-day: in every family you may easily observe the same phenomenon. A man has been born in a certain social condition and has succeeded during his youth and vigor in adding to his original fortune. Little by little as he was growing rich, his needs and his luxuries increased. When a certain point was reached, he stopped. The men are few who can indefinitely augment their particular wants, or keep changing their habits throughout their lives, even after the disappearance of vigor and virile elasticity. But the increase of wants and of luxury, the change of habits, continues instead in the new generation, in the children, who began to live in the ease which their fathers won after long effort and fatigue, and in maturer age; who, in short, started where the previous generation left off, and therefore wish to gain yet new enjoyments, different from and greater than those that they obtained without trouble through the efforts of the preceding generation. It is this little common drama, which we see re-enacted in every family and in which every one of us has been and will be an actor—to-day as a young radical who innovates customs, tomorrow as an old conservative, out-

of-date and malcontent in the eyes of the young; a drama, petty and common, which no one longer regards, so frequent is it and so frivolous it seems, but which, instead, is one of the greatest motive forces in human history—in greater or less degree, under different forms, active in all times and operating everywhere. On account of it no generation can live quietly on the wealth gathered with the ideas discovered by antecedent generations but is constrained to create new ideas, to make new and greater wealth by all the means at its disposal—by war and conquest, by agriculture and industry, by religion and science. On account of it, families, classes, nations, that do not succeed in adding to their possessions are destined to be impoverished, because, wants increasing, it is necessary, in order to satisfy them, to consume the accumulated capital, to make debts, and little by little, to go to ruin. Because of this ambition, ever reborn, classes renew themselves in every nation. Opulent families after a few generations are gradually impoverished; they undergo decay and disappear, and from the multitudinous poor arise new families, forming the new *élite* that continue under differing forms the doings and traditions of the old. Because of this, the earth is always stirred up by a fervor for deeds of adventure—attempts that take shape according to the age: now peoples make war on each other, now they rend themselves in revolutions, now they seek new lands, explore, conquer, exploit; again they perfect arts and industries, enlarge commerce, cultivate the earth with greater assiduity; and yet again, in the ages more laborious, like ours, they do all these things at the same time—an activity immense and continuous. But its motive force is always the need of the new generations, that, starting from the point at which their predecessors had arrived, desire to advance yet further—to enjoy, to know, to possess yet more.

The ancient writers understood this

thoroughly: what they called "corruption" was but the change in customs and wants, proceeding from generation to generation, and in its essence the same as that which takes place about us to-day. The *avaritia* of which they complained so much, was that greed and impatience to make money that we see to-day setting all classes beside themselves, from noble to day-laborer; the *ambitio* that appeared to the ancients to animate so frantically even the classes that ought to have been most immune, was that which we call *getting there*—that craze to rise at any cost to a condition higher than that in which one was born, which so many writers, moralists, statesmen judge, rightly or wrongly, to be one of the most dangerous maladies of the modern world. *Luxuria* was the desire to augment personal conveniences, luxuries, pleasures—the same passion that stirs Europe and America to-day from top to bottom, in city and country. Without doubt, wealth grew in ancient Rome and grows to-day; men were bent on making money in the last two centuries of the republic, and to-day they rush headlong into the delirious struggle for gold; for reasons and motives, however, and with arms and accoutrements, far diverse.

As I have already said, ancient civilization was narrower, poorer and more ignorant; it did not hold under its victorious foot the whole earth; it did not possess the formidable instruments with which we exploit the forces and the resources of nature. But the treasures of precious metals transported to Italy from conquered and subjugated countries; the lands, the mines, the forests, belonging to such countries, confiscated by Rome and given or rented to Italians; the tributes imposed on the vanquished, and the collection of them; the abundance of slaves,—all these then offered to the Romans and to the Italians so many occasions to grow rich quickly; just as the gigantic economic progress of the modern world offers similar opportunities to-day to

all the peoples that, by geographical position historical tradition, or vigorous culture and innate energy, know how to excel in industry, in agriculture and in trade. Especially from the Second Punic War on, in all classes, there followed—anxious for a life more affluent and brilliant—generations the more incited to follow the examples that emanated from the great metropolises of the Orient, particularly Alexandria, which was for the Romans of the Republic what Paris is for us to-day; and this movement,—spontaneous, regular, natural—was every now and then violently accelerated by the conquest of a great oriental state. One observes after each one of the great annexations of oriental lands, a more intense delirium of luxury and pleasure: the first time after the acquisition of the kingdom of Pergamus, through a kind of contagion communicated by the sumptuous furniture of King Attalus, which was sold at auction and scattered among the wealthy houses of Italy to excite the still simple desires and the yet sluggish imaginations of the Italians; the second time after the conquest of Pontus and of Syria, made by Lucullus and by Pompey; finally, the third time, after the conquest of Egypt made by Augustus, when the influence of that land—the France of the ancient world—so actively invaded Italy that no social force could longer resist it.

In this way, partly by natural, gradual, almost imperceptible diffusion, partly by violent crises, we see beginning, growing, becoming aggravated from generation to generation in all Roman society, for two centuries, the mania for luxury and the appetite for pleasure changing the mentality and morality of the people; we see the institutions and public policy being altered; all Roman history a-making under the action of this force, formidable and immanent in the whole nation. It breaks down all obstacles confronting it—the forces of traditions, laws, institutions, interests of classes, opposition of

parties, the efforts of thinking men. The historical aristocracy becomes impoverished and weak; before it rise to power the millionaires, the *parvenus*, the great capitalists, enriched in the provinces. A part of the nobility, after having long despised them, sets itself to fraternize with them, to marry their wealthy daughters, cause them to share power: seeks to prop with their millions the pre-eminence of its own rank, menaced by the discontent, the spirit of revolt, the growing pride, of the middle class. Meanwhile, another part of the aristocracy, either too haughty and ambitious, or too poor, scorns this alliance, puts itself at the head of the democratic party, fomenting in the middle classes the spirit of antagonism against the nobles and the rich, leads them to the assault on the citadels of aristocratic and democratic power. Hence the mad internal struggles that redden Rome with blood and complicate so tragically, especially after the Gracchi, the external polity. The increasing wants of the members of all classes, the debts that are their inevitable consequence, the universal longing, partly unsatisfied for lack of means, for the pleasures of the subtle Asiatic civilizations, infused into this whole history a demoniac frenzy that today, after so many centuries, fascinates and appals us.

To satisfy their wants, to pay their debts, the classes now set upon each other, each to rob in turn the goods of the other, in the cruelest civil war that history records; now, tired of doing themselves evil, they unite and precipitate themselves on the world outside of Italy, to seize the wealth that its owners do not know how to defend. In the great revolutions of Marius and Sulla, the democratic party is the instrument with which a part of the debt-burdened middle classes seek to rehabilitate themselves by despoiling the plutocracy and the aristocracy yet opulent; but Sulla reverses the situation, makes a coalition of aristocrats and the miserable of the

populace, and re-establishes the fortunes of the nobility, despoiling the wealthy knights and a part of the middle classes—a terrible civil war that leaves in Italy a hate, a despondency, a distress, that seem at a certain moment as if they must weigh eternally on the spirit of the unhappy nation. When, lo! there appears the strongest man in the history of Rome, Lucullus, and drags Italy out of the despondency in which it crouched, leads it into the ways of the world, and persuades it that the best means of forgetting the losses and ruin undergone in the civil wars, is to recuperate on the riches of the cowardly orientals. As little by little the treasures of Mithridates, conquered by Lucullus in the Orient, arrive in Italy, Italy begins anew to divert itself, to construct palaces and villas, to squander in luxury. Pompey, envious of the glory of Lucullus, follows his example, conquers Syria, sends new treasures to Italy, carries from the East the jewels of Mithridates, and displaying them in the temple of Jove, rouses a passion for gems in the Roman women; and builds the first great stone theatre to rise in Rome. All the political men in Rome try to make money out of foreign countries; those who cannot, like the great, conquer an empire, confine themselves to blackmailing the countries and petty states that tremble before the shadow of Rome; the courts of the secondary kings of the Orient, the court of the Ptolemies at Alexandria,—all are invaded by a horde of insatiable senators and knights, that, menacing and promising, extort money, to be spent in Italy and foment the growing extravagance. The debts pile up, the political corruption overflows, scandals follow, the parties in Rome rend each other madly, though hail-fellow-well-met in the provinces to despoil subjects and vassals. And in the midst of this vast disorder Cæsar, the man of destiny, rises, and with varying fortunes makes a way for himself until

he beckons Italy to follow him, to seek fortunes and treasures in regions new—not in the rich and fabulous East, but beyond the Alps, in barbarous Gaul, bristling with fighters and forests.

But this insane effort to prey on every part of the empire finally tires Italy; discords over the division of spoils embitter friends; the immensity of the conquests, made in a few years of reckless enthusiasm, is alarming. Finally a new civil war breaks out, terrible and interminable, in which classes and families fall upon each other anew, to tear away in turn the spoils taken together abroad. Out of the tremendous discord rises at last the pacifier, Augustus, who is able gradually, by cleverness and infinite patience, to re-establish peace and order in the troubled empire. How?—why? Because the combination of events of the times allows him to use to ends of peace the same forces with which the preceding generations had fomented so much disorder—desires for ease, pleasure, culture, wealth growing with the generations making it. Thereupon begins in the whole empire universal progress in agriculture, industry, trade, that on a small scale may be compared to that of which we are to-day witnesses and participants; a progress for which, then as now, the chief condition was peace. As soon as men realized that peace gives that greater wealth, those enjoyments more refined, that higher culture, which they had sought for a century by war, Italy became quiet; revolutionists became guardians and guards of order; there gathered about Augustus a coalition of social forces that tended to impose on the empire, alike on the parts that wished it and those that did not, the *Pax Romana*.

Now all this immense story that fills three centuries, that gathers in itself so many revolutions, so many legislative reforms, so many great men, so many events, tragic and glorious; this vast history that for so many centuries holds the interest of all

cultured nations, and that, considered as a whole, seems almost a prodigy, you can, on the track of the old idea of "corruption," explain in its profoundest origins by one small fact, universal, common, of the very simplest—something that everyone may observe in the limited circle of his own personal experience,—by that automatic increase of ambitions and desires, with every new generation, which prevents the human world from crystallizing in one form, constrains it to continual changes in material make-up as well as in ideals and moral appearance. In other words, every new generation must, in order to satisfy that part of its aspirations which is peculiarly and entirely its own, alter, whether little or much, in one way or another, the condition of the world it entered at birth. We can then, in our personal experiences every day, verify the universal law of history—a law that can act with greater or less intensity, more or less rapidity, according to times and places, but that ceases to authenticate itself at no time and in no place.

The United States is subject to that law to-day, as is old Europe, as will be future generations, and as past ages were. Moreover, to understand at bottom this phenomenon that appears to me to be the soul of all history, it is well to add this consideration. It is evident that there is a capital difference between our judgment of this phenomenon and that of the ancients; to them it was a malevolent force of dissolution to which ought to be attributed all in Roman history that was sinister and dreadful, a sure sign of incurable decay; that is why they called it "corruption of customs," and so lamented it. To-day, on the contrary, it appears to us a universal beneficent process of transformation; so true is this that we call "progress" many facts which the ancients attributed to "corruption." It were useless to expand too much in examples; enough to cite a few. In the third ode of the first book, in

which he so tenderly salutes the departing Virgil, Horace covers with invective, as an evil-doer and the corrupter of the human race, that impious being who invented the ship, which causes man, created for the land, to walk across waters. Who would to-day dare repeat those maledictions against the bold builders who construct the magnificent trans-Atlantic liners, on which, in a dozen days from Genoa, one lands in Boston or New York? "Cœum ipsum petimus stultitia," exclaims Horace: that is to say, in anticipation he considered the Wright brothers crazy.

Who, save some man of erudition, has knowledge to-day of sumptuary laws? We should laugh them all down with one Homeric guffaw, if to-day it entered somebody's head to propose a law that forbade fair ladies to spend more than a certain sum on their clothes, or numbered the hats they might wear; or that regulated dinners of ceremony, fixing the number of courses, the variety of wines, and the total expense; or that prohibited laboring men and women from wearing certain stuffs or certain objects that were wont to be found only upon the persons of people of wealth and leisure. And yet, laws of this tenor were compiled, published, observed, up to two centuries ago, without any one's finding it absurd. That historic force that, as riches increase, impels the new generations to desire new satisfactions, new pleasures, operated then as to-day; only then men were inclined to consider it as a new kind of ominous disease that needed checking. To-day men regard that constant transformation either as beneficent, or at least as such a matter of course that almost no one heeds it; just as no one notices the alterations of day and night, or the change of seasons. On the contrary, we have little by little become so confident of the goodness of this force that drives the coming generation on into the unknown future, that society, European, American, among other liberties has won in the nineteenth cen-

tury, full and entire, a liberty that the ancients did not know—freedom in vice.

To the Romans it appeared most natural that the state should survey private habits, should spy out what a citizen, particularly a citizen belonging to the ruling classes, did within domestic walls—should see whether he became intoxicated, whether he were a gourmand, whether he contracted debts, spending much or little, whether he betrayed his wife. The age of Augustus was cultured, civilized, liberal, and in many things resembled our own: yet on this point the dominating ideas were so different from ours, that at one time Augustus was forced by public opinion to propose a law on adultery by which all Roman citizens of both sexes guilty of this crime were condemned to exile and the confiscation of half their substance, and there was given to any citizen the right to accuse the guilty. Could you imagine it possible to-day, even for a few weeks, to establish this régime of terror in the kingdom of Amor? But the ancients were always inclined to consider as exceedingly dangerous for the upper classes that relaxing of customs which always follows periods of rapid enrichment, of great gain in comforts: to-day, behind walls every one is free to indulge himself as he will, to the confines of crime.

How can we explain this important difference in judging one of the essential phenomena of historic life? Has this phenomenon changed nature, and from bad, by some miracle, become good? Or are we wiser than our forefathers, judging with experience what they could hardly comprehend? There is no doubt that the Latin writers, particularly Horace and Livy, were so severe in condemning this progressive movement of wants, because of unconscious political solicitude, because intellectual men expressed the opinions, sentiments and also the prejudices of historic aristocracy, and this detested the progress of *ambitio*, *avaritia*, *luxuria*, because

they undermined the dominance of its class. On the other hand, it is certain that in the modern world every increase of consumption, every waste, every vice, seems permissible, indeed almost meritorious, because men of industry and trade, the employees in industries—that is, all the people that gain by the diffusion of luxuries, by the spread of vices, on new wants—have acquired, thanks above all to democratic institutions, and to the progress of cities, an immense political power that in times past they lacked. If, for example, in Europe the beer-makers and distillers of alcohol were not more powerful in the electoral field than the philosophers and academicians, governments would more easily recognize that the masses should not be allowed to poison themselves or future generations by chronic drunkenness.

But between these two extremes of exaggeration, inspired by a self-interest easy to discover, is there not a true middle way that we can deduce from the study of Roman history and from the observation of contemporary life?

In the pessimism with which the ancients regarded progress as corruption, there was a basis of truth, just as there is a principle of error in the too serene optimism with which we consider corruption as progress. This force that pushes the new generations on to the future creates and destroys at the same time; its destructive energy is specially seen and felt in ages such as Cæsar's in ancient Rome and that in which we live in the modern world, in which facility in the accumulation of wealth over-excites desires and ambitions in all classes. They are the times in which personal egoism—what to-day we call individualism—usurps a place above all that represents in society the interest of the species: national duty, the self-abnegation of each for the sake of the common good. Then these vices and defects become always more common—intellectual agitation, the weakening of the spirit of tradition,

the general relaxation of discipline, the loss of authority, ethical confusion and disorder. At the same time that certain moral sentiments refine themselves, certain individualisms grow fiercer. The government may no longer represent the ideas, the aspirations, the energetic will of a small oligarchy: it must make itself more yielding and gracious at the same time that it is becoming more contradictory and discordant. Family discipline is relaxed; the new generations shake off early the influence of the past; the sentiment of honor and the rigor of moral, religious and political principles is weakened by a spirit of utility and expediency by which, more or less openly confessing it or dissimulating men always seek to do, not that which is right and decorous, but that which is utilitarian. The civic spirit tends to die out; the number of persons capable of suffering, or even of working, disinterestedly for the common good, for the future, diminishes: children are not wanted; men prefer to live in accord with those in power, ignoring their vices, rather than openly opposing them. Public events do not interest unless they include a personal advantage.

This is the state of mind that is diffusing itself in all Europe and is the state of mind that I have found, with the documents at hand, in the age of Cæsar and Augustus, and seen progressively diffusing itself in ancient Italy, fighter and farmer. The likeness is so great that we re-find in those faraway times, especially in the upper classes, exactly that restless condition that we define by the word "nervousness." Horace speaks of this state of mind, which we consider peculiar to ourselves, and describes it, by felicitous image, as *strenua inertia*—strenuous inertia,—agitation vain and ineffective, always wanting something new, but not really knowing what, desiring most ardently yet speedily tiring of a desire gratified. Now it is clear that if these vices spread too much, if they are not complemented by an

increase of material resources, of knowledge, of sufficient population, they can lead a nation rapidly to ruin. We do not feel very keenly the fear of this danger—the European-American civilization is so rich, has at its disposal so much knowledge so many men, so many instrumentalities, has cut off for itself such a measureless part of the globe, that it can afford to look unafraid into the future. The abyss is so far away that only a few philosophers barely descry it in the gray mist of distant years. But the ancient world—so much poorer, smaller, weaker—felt that it could not squander as we do, and saw the abyss near at hand.

To-day men and women waste fabulous wealth in luxury; that is, they spend not to satisfy some reasonable need, but to show to others of their kind how rich they are, or, further, to make others believe them richer than they are. If these resources were everywhere saved as they are in France, the progress of the world would be quicker, and the new countries would more easily find in Europe and in themselves the capital necessary for their development. At all events, our age develops fast, and notwithstanding all this waste, abounds in a plenty that is enough to keep men from fearing the growth of this wanton luxury and from planning to restrain it by laws. In the ancient world, on the other hand, the wealthy classes and the state had only to abandon themselves a little too much to the prodigality that for us has become almost a regular thing, when suddenly means were wanting to meet the most essential needs of social life. Tacitus has summarized an interesting discourse of Tiberius, in which the famous emperor censures the ladies of Rome in terms cold, incisive and succinct, because they spend too much money on pearls and diamonds. "Our money," said Tiberius, "goes away to India and we are in want of the precious metals to carry on the military administration; we have to give up the defence of the frontiers." According to the

opinion of an administrator so sagacious and a general so valiant as Tiberius, in the richest period of the Roman empire, a lady of Rome could not buy pearls and diamonds without directly weakening the defence of the frontiers. Indulgence in the luxury of jewels looked almost like high treason.

Similar observations might be made on another grave question—the increase of population. One of the most serious effects of individualism that accompanies the increase of civilization and wealth, is the decrease of the birth-rate. France, which knows how to temper its luxury, which gives to other peoples an example of saving means for the future, has on the other hand given the example of egoism in the family, lowering the birth-rate. England, for a long time so fecund, seems to follow France. The more uniformly settled and well-to-do parts of the North American Union, the eastern states and New England, are even more sterile than France. However, no one of these nations suffers to-day from the small increase of population: there are yet so many poor and fecund peoples that they can easily fill the gaps. In the ancient world this was not the case; population was always and everywhere so scanty that if for some reason it diminished but slightly, the states could not get on, finding themselves at the mercy of what they called a "famine of men," a malady more serious and troublesome than over-population. In the Roman Empire the occidental provinces finally fell into the hands of the barbarians, above all because the Græco-Latin civilization sterilized the family, reducing the population incurably. No wonder that the ancients applied the term "corruption" to a momentum of desires which, although increasing culture and the refinements of living, easily menaced the sources of the nation's physical existence.

There is, then, a more general conclusion to draw from this experience. It is not by chance, or the unaccountable caprice of a few

ancient writers, that we possess so many small facts on the development of luxury and the transformation of customs in ancient Rome; that, for example, among the records of great wars, of diplomatic missions, of catastrophes political and economic we find given the date when the art of fattening fowls was imported into Italy. The little facts are not so unworthy of the majesty of Roman history as one at first might think. Everything is bound together in the life of a nation, and nothing without importance; the humblest acts, most personal and deepest hidden in the *penetralia* of the home, that no one sees, none knows, have an effect, immediate or remote, on the common life of the nation. There is between these small, insignificant facts and the wars, the revolutions, the tremendous political and social events that bewilder men—a tie, often invisible to most people, yet nevertheless indestructible.

Nothing in the world is without import: what women spend for their toilet, the resistance that men make from day to day to the temptations of the commonest pleasures, the new and petty needs that insinuate themselves unconsciously into the habits of all; the reading, the conversations, the impressions, even the most transient that pass in our spirit—all these things, little and innumerable, that no historian registers, have contributed to produce this revolution, that war, this catastrophe, that political overturn, which men wonder at and study as a prodigy.

The causes of how many apparently mysterious historical events would be more clearly and profoundly known, of how many periods would the spirit be better understood, did we only possess the private records of the families that make up the ruling classes! Every deed we do in the intimacy of the home, reacts on all of our surroundings. With our every act we assume a responsibility toward the nation and posterity, the sanction for which, near or far away, is in

events. This justifies, at least in part, the ancient conception by which the state had the right to exercise vigilance over its citizens, their private acts, customs, pleasures, vices, caprices. This vigilance, the laws that regulated it, the moral and political teachings that brought pressure to bear in the exercise of these laws, tended above all to charge upon the individual man the social responsibility of his single acts; to remind him that in the things most personal, aside from the individual pain or pleasure, there was an interest, a good or an evil, in common.

Modern men—and it is a revolution greater than that finished in political form in the nineteenth century—have been freed from these bonds, from these obligations. Indeed, modern civilization has made it a duty for each one to spend, to enjoy, to waste as much as he can, without any disturbing thought as to the ultimate consequences of what he does. The world is so rich, population grows so rapidly, civilization is armed with so much knowledge in its struggle against the barbarian and against nature, that to-day we are able to laugh at the timid prudence of our forefathers, who had, as it were, a fear of wealth, of pleasure, of love: we can boast in the pride of triumph that we for the first time dare, in the midst of the conquered world, to enjoy—enjoy without scruple, without restriction—all the good things life offers to the strong.

But who knows? Perhaps this felicitous moment will not last forever; perhaps one day it will be seen that men, grown more numerous, will feel the need of the ancient wisdom and prudence. It is at least permitted the philosopher and the historian to ask if this magnificent but unbridled freedom which we enjoy suits all times, and not only those in which nations coming into being can find a small dower in their cradle, as you have done—three millions of square miles of land!

(Signor Ferrero's lecture on Antony and Cleopatra will appear in Putnam's Magazine for April)

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

By JAMES GRANT WILSON*



Y the general judgment of the English-speaking world, Washington, Lincoln and Grant are accepted as the three greatest Americans:

Washington the founder, Lincoln the liberator, and Grant—who commanded the Union armies at the close of the Civil War—the saviour of our country. With the *Pater Patriæ* I enjoyed agreeable associations in early youth, through intimacies with several of those who were nearest and dearest to him; with the martyr President it was my privilege to have an acquaintance extending over seven years; and with the illustrious soldier, I was on terms of familiar friendship for almost a quarter of a century. While many persons have known both Lincoln and Grant, and a few, perhaps, were acquainted with both Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware there was but a single one who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That person was the leader of the Philadelphia bar, Mr. Horace Binney, with whom I spent a memorable evening in the year 1874. On that occasion he told his guests that he had known Washington, his mother living in Market Street adjoining the President's residence; that he had seen the General almost daily for several years when he himself was a schoolboy, and was always recognized and frequently spoken to by Washington, who knew him as his friend Mrs. Binney's son. The venerable man also mentioned the interesting fact, that he had been acquaint-

ed with every President of the United States up to the time of General Grant, during whose second administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.

President Roosevelt has said of the great triumvirate among his twenty-four predecessors:

Washington fought in the earlier struggle and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as a soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant the soldier; and later Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed forever.

It would be a curious question to inquire what would have been the history of our country without the services of these three mighty men. It may be doubted if independence could have been achieved without Washington, and it is equally open to doubt whether the integrity of the Republic would have been maintained without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory, but a condition; we are now united in fact as well as in name. It is not the least glory of these three illustrious men that they were spotless in all the varied relations of private life. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory in ages that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame the stream of time shall beat unavailingly.

No year during the nineteenth century witnessed the birth of so many men and women of genius as

* See page 723; also, PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for February, page 515

seamen were not forgotten by the Convention, as they
forever must and will be remembered by the
grateful country for whose salvation they despoiled
their lives—

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary
terms in which you have communicated the resolu-
tion and other proceedings of the Convention,
I subscribe myself
Yours Obedt Servt
Abraham Lincoln.

he rarely told a story without a purpose. A balloon ascension occurred in New Orleans "befo' de' wa'," and after sailing in the air several hours, the aeronaut, who was arrayed in silks and spangles like a circus performer, descended in a cotton field, where a gang of slaves were at work. The frightened negroes took to the woods—all but one venerable darkey, who was rheumatic and could not run, and who, as the resplendent aeronaut approached, having apparently just dropped from heaven, said: "Good mawning, Massa Jesus; how 's your Pa?"

In the summer of 1856, I spent a delightful day with Burns's youngest sister Isabella, said to have resembled him more than any member of the family, of which she was the last survivor. She was past fourscore, and expressed the opinion that nothing had been written about her gifted brother equal to Halleck's lines. From her garden on the banks of Bonnie Doon she picked a rosebud for me to convey to the American poet. Four years later I presented a copy of Halleck's poems to Mr. Lincoln, and he acknowledged the gift in the following letter:

Springfield, May 2, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am greatly obliged for the volume of your friend Fitz-Greene Halleck's poems.

Many a month has passed since I have met with anything more admirable than his beautiful lines on Burns. With Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozzaris, and Red Jacket, I am also much pleased. It is wonderful that you should have seen and known a sister of Robert Burns. You must tell me something about her when we meet again.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

On Lincoln's 56th birthday (February 12, 1865), the writer's brother-in-law, James Dixon of Connecticut, who represented that State in the United States Senate from 1857 to 1866, always supporting the President's policies, invited me to meet a tall New Englander at luncheon, and later to accompany them to the White House, as he wished to introduce him to Mr. Lincoln, who was invariably interested in persons taller than himself. When the President saw the giant, lacking but two inches of seven feet, he was speechless with astonishment. As he surveyed him several times from head to foot, the well-known smile spread over his homely face, and his sad eyes sparkled with fun, as he said: "My friend, will you kindly permit me to inquire if you know when your feet get cold?"

Another evening, this month, the President related an incident that had occurred at Decatur when the Illinois Republicans named him as their choice

for the Presidency. An old Democrat from "Egypt," as southern Illinois was called, approached Mr. Lincoln and said, "So you're Abe Lincoln." "Yes, that is my name." "They say you're a self-made man." "Well, yes; what there is of me is self-made." "Well, all I've got to say," observed the old man, after a careful survey of the Republican candidate, "is that it was a damn bad job."

I find in my diary, under date of Wednesday, March 15th, 1865, the following entries: "Enjoyed a delightful afternoon drive with Mrs. S. A. Douglas. In the evening, at Grover's Theatre with the President, Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, listening to the opera of 'The Magic Flute' and occupying a comfortable box. The President, alluding to the large feet of one of the leading female singers, which were also very flat, remarked, 'The beetles would n't have much of a chance there!' When asked by Mrs. Lincoln to go before the last act of the opera was concluded, he said: 'Oh, no, I want to see it out. It's best when you undertake a job, to finish it.' Among several 'good things,' the President told of a Southern Illinois preacher who, in the course of his sermon, asserted that the Saviour was the only perfect man who had ever appeared in this world; also, that there was no record in the Bible, or elsewhere, of any perfect woman having lived on the earth. Whereupon there arose in the rear of the church a persecuted-looking personage who, the parson having stopped speaking, said: 'I know a perfect woman, and I've heard of her about every day



From G. P. A. Healy's painting "The Peacemakers"

Abraham Lincoln

for the last six years.' 'Who was she?' asked the minister. 'My husband's first wife,' replied the afflicted female."

A few evenings later, my diary mentions, the President at the White House read to three intimate friends, with much power and pathos, Halleck's "Alnwick Castle" and "Marco Bozzaris." It may be added that the closing lines of this splendid American lyric have been deemed prophetic of the President's own career and fate:

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Owing to Lincoln's great reputation as a *raconteur*, many stories and sayings were attributed to him for which he was in no way responsible. A single illustration of these fraudulent anecdotes will suffice. It was revived and widely reprinted by the papers throughout the country, recently, owing to the death of the Duke of Devonshire, who, when visiting the United States as the Marquis of Hartington, was said to have been the subject of one of Mr. Lincoln's happy strokes of humor. Like a majority of his class, the young Cavendish was an ardent sympathizer with the South, and at a public ball wore a secession badge in his button-hole. The newspapers made much of the incident, and it was said that Mr. Lincoln, not wishing to magnify it by refusing to receive the offender, who had expressed a desire to call at the



Ambrotype taken at Pittsfield, Illinois

LINCOLN IN 1858



From a photograph by Brady, 1865, presented by Lincoln to the author

Abraham Lincoln

White House, yet not caring, on the other hand, to appear to condone it, by receiving him, consented to his coming, but quietly ignored his identity, when he was presented, by addressing him as "Mr. Partington."

What actually occurred was that the Marquis of Hartington, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll), brought letters of introduction to the Secretary of State, by whom they were presented to the President, with whom they enjoyed an agreeable interview, without any Confederate badge or "Mr. Partington" incident. The authority for this statement is Secretary Seward's son, who was present. Even Lowell accepted the current canard, for in his famous essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," he writes:

One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gen-

tleman [Lord Hartington] when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the President of the Broken Bubble. Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no farther. Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henri IV done this, it would have been famous.

Some accounts had it that Lord Hartington had actually worn the badge at the White House. As a matter of fact, a young lady had pinned the emblem on his breast at a ball in Baltimore, and the young man had refused to take it off when his attention was called to its significance.

In presenting the author of this article with a photograph of Healy's painting of "The Peacemakers," General Sherman said, "I think the likeness of Mr. Lincoln is by far the best I have seen."

In allusion to the Brady photograph, Mr. Nicolay wrote to me in 1897: "I am not able to tell you when the photograph of Mr. Lincoln was taken, but during the late war period Alexander Gardner was Brady's photographer (and an excellent artist) and I think took all the pictures that were taken of the President. The family group is a made-up affair, formed of the Lincoln and Tad picture given in Vol.

VIII of our Life,* while the other two figures appear to have been added from drawings."

Gladstone once remarked of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address (first reproduced in facsimile in this magazine, last month):

"I am taken captive by so striking an utterance as this. I see in it the effect of sharp trial when rightly borne to raise men to a higher level of thought and feeling. It is by cruel suffering that nations are sometimes born to a better life: so it is with individual men. Mr. Lincoln's words show that upon him anxiety and sorrow had wrought their true effect. The address gives evidence of a moral elevation most rare in a statesman, or indeed in any man."

In his celebrated Commemoration Ode of June, 1865, honoring Harvard's young heroes who gave their lives in defence of their country's flag, Lowell devotes some sixty lines to Lincoln—

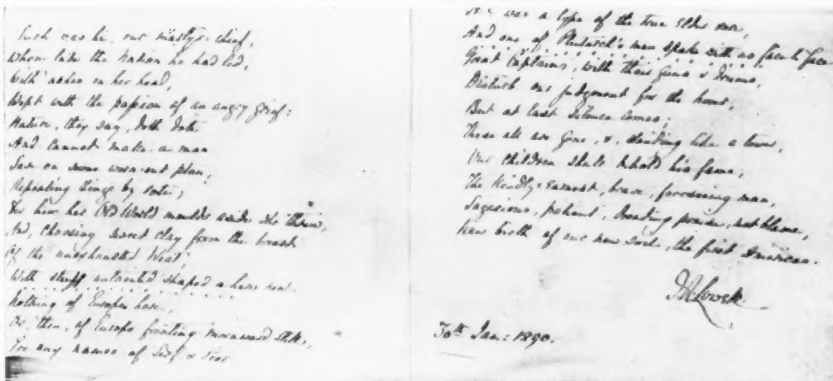
New birth of our new soil—the first American.

* * * * *

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with
us face to face.

This portion of the Ode, copied by the poet, may be seen framed with a Lincoln portrait in the library of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.†

* Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln."



† FACSIMILE OF A COPY IN LOWELL'S HANDWRITING OF THE PASSAGE REFERRING TO LINCOLN IN THE COMMEMORATION ODE READ AT HARVARD IN JUNE, 1865



Designed by J. E. Roine Copyright, 1908, by Robert Hewitt
FROM "THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MEDAL" (1908)
(OBVERSE)

A MEDALLIC HISTORY OF LINCOLN

By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER



THE sentiment of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" was by no means the universal—nor even the prevailing—sentiment of the American people when the ode was first "recited, at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21st, 1865." Its eulogy of Lincoln was then not a national, but an individual, confession of faith. The eulogist months before, in prose, in the *North American Review*, had expressed the sentiments of the poem, and thereby vindicated his own political sense and insight, and even foresight—like Burke's, of whom Fox said that he was "wise too soon." Up to the time when Booth's bullet sped to its mark, Lincoln was the storm-centre of a fierce political convulsion. His re-election was indeed recognized as a political necessity for the success of the war and the

restoration of the Union. But that he was the indispensable Moses to lead the American people to the Promised Land, there were few Americans indeed who perceived up to the day the nation lost him. He was almost even more obnoxious to the Radicals of his own party, from Garrison to Greeley, and including such formidable critics as "Ben" Wade and Henry Winter Davis in Congress, than to the "Copperheads" themselves, who sympathized with the Secession and desired the establishment of the Confederacy. For to these Radicals the end and aim of the Civil War was the destruction of slavery, whereas Lincoln never concealed his willingness, and indeed his anxiety, to restore the Union with slavery left alone. "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is," a common watchword in those days, was his motto. Throughout the struggle, he can hardly be said to have been a popular President. At no time was

his popularity at all to be compared with that which Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, has enjoyed.

It seems not amiss to remind the younger generation of these facts which their elders know so well. The *New York World*, itself distinctly in opposition during the war, though of the "War Democrats," and one of the most weighty organs of American opinion, published an article on the morrow of the assassination, from the pen of Ivory Chamberlain, who did very much to give the journal its weight, pointing out that the martyred man had in truth been a national necessity, for the reason that he had moved just so far and fast and no farther or faster than the mass of the people would go with him; pointing out how if he had issued the Emancipation Proclamation much earlier than he did, on the one hand, or delayed it much longer on the other, he would have failed of the popular backing which was indispensable to the national cause. Here also was another example of early wisdom. But the belief now prevailing, and to the currency of which the "Commemoration Ode" has much contributed, that Lincoln was recognized while he was doing his work as the national hero he is acclaimed now that his work has so long been triumphantly done is quite unfounded. Quite contrariwise. "We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt among us," as Carlyle has it about Shakespeare. And the canonization which now finds no *advocatus diaboli* to oppose it, was long in

coming, though it has long been complete here at home. Not so abroad. Those famous verses of Tom Taylor's, in which *Punch* recanted its abuse of Lincoln, were themselves of a perfunctory kind. And, twenty years later, one is astonished, in Matthew Arnold's letters, to find that, on the strength of the "Memoirs," that scholar "much prefers" Grant to Lincoln. But how possibly could the "last of the English" appreciate "the first American"? Not so much blame to Mr. Arnold, when we remember the atmosphere of detraction in which Lincoln lived and died—those of us who are old enough to remember it at all; even those who, like the present commentator, never saw the face of Lincoln until they trudged or shuffled past his coffin as units of the dusky procession that for those uncounted hours passed the exposed dead face in the dim-lit rotunda of the New York City Hall. As to many of them, that was their penance and recantation.

Four years before, when Lincoln had "come out of the West" as an uncouth Lochinvar, these penitents had sneered at his "steel watch chain" and his uncouth Western

ways, and asked, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" For, be it always remembered, Lincoln's candidacy for the Presidency, if not quite a casual candidacy, like that of Mr. Bryan in a Chicago convention thirty-six years later, was a sectional candidacy of the West, and in its inception a local candi-



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FROM "THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MEDAL" (1908)
(REVERSE)



Designed by J. E. Roiné
FROM "THE LINCOLN TRIBUTE BOOK" (1909)
(OBVERSE)

dacy of Illinois. In that earlier Chicago convention, when it met, the pro-Lincoln element was small. The division was into Seward and anti-Seward. For Seward was by common consent the leader of the Republican party; the man who had confined and guided the growing sentiment against the extension of slavery within and upon political and lawyer-like lines. And yet, four years and a half later, there was not one of these waiting millions assembled to see the corpse of Lincoln carried back from Washington to Springfield, who was not inwardly, even if inarticulately, aware that the country had had a great escape—that no Pharisee could have done the great work as it had been done by this Nazarene. When he was nominated, it is hardly too much to say that Lincoln was "The Great American Joke." Neither was this depreciating feeling dispelled by the local reputation that he had made in Illinois by encountering in debate on equal terms the most expert and formidable of the Senatorial gladiators of that time, the "Little Giant" whom he used to describe as "Jedge Douglass," nor yet by the great "Cooper Union Speech"

of February, 1860, which he had been induced to come East expressly to make, and thereby to pose himself in the Eastern mind as a Presidential availability—successful as the speech was for its immediate audience, and diligently as it was worked by the Eastern publicists and politicians who, for good or bad reasons, hated Seward as a lawyer, as an over-cautious politician, in short, as a Laodicean. Lincoln himself was far from sharing the confidence of the Lincoln propagandists that he was the "anything to beat Seward." And, during his whole Presidency, his personal demeanor was such as to alienate the respectable and "cultured" classes. As when a delegation of important business men of New York called at the White House to entreat him to take notice of certain calumnies against the Administration, and were answered by the counter-query of the heavy-laden, melancholy man to the very important chairman of the delegation, "Mr. —, did you ever try to shovel fleas?" And as in those Rabelaisian apologies which he was wont to deliver, and in those "West-country stories" which "Bull Run" Russell attests that he told so well. A singular President of the United States, as he himself said. But that he should have emerged out of all that to become the second, and hardly second, on our list of national heroes, that the canonization should have been so tranquilly and so completely accomplished, this is what one may call the formation of the Lincolnian myth.

How is all this to be made clear to the younger generation, and to "posterity" in general, which is so clear to the elder, in so far as it may not have been overlaid by the mists of memory? There is the method adopted in respect of this very subject and period, by the pious industry of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, who, *incredibili labore*, has rummaged the files of old newspapers and all man-

ner of contemporary unofficial documents, to recover what everybody knew then and nobody knows now. But this is not the only method. Epigraphy is a science which, when devoted to a remote antiquity, has its professors and eager students. Why not when devoted to the things of the past generation which already to the present are

old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago?

And when one finds a man who had the happy thought, while Lincoln was still alive or newly dead, of collecting and preserving Lincolniana in medals, then easily attainable but now quite irrecoverable, one is moved to the same gratitude which Bolingbroke relates to have inspired that "studious man of Christ-church," who was "overheard in his oratory acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." Such a man is Mr. Robert Hewitt, of Ardsley on the Hudson, who, many years ago, and while he was serving his mercantile apprenticeship, took the not uncommon fancy of collecting odd coins. It was upon the occasion of his asking his neighbor George Bancroft, the historian, the origin of some coin unknown to him, that he received the excellent advice, beneficial now to all the rest of us, to specialize in his collecting, and addicted himself accordingly to current history—history in the making. The result is a collection of medallic Lincolniana probably unequalled in number and extent.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that photography was still in its infancy in 1860, the commonest mode of solar portraiture at that time being the "ambrotype," successor to the daguerreotype. The "snap-shot" was far in the future, and equally the now prevailing "campaign badge" or button, with a photograph of the candidate of one's choice. The substitute was the metallic and medallic "token" struck from dies—a mode



Designed by J. E. Roiné
FROM "THE LINCOLN TRIBUTE BOOK" (1909)
(REVERSE)

of commemoration as old as history but far more commonly employed in Lincoln's day than at any previous time in our annals. While Washington's career may be said to have lasted for a full generation, that of Lincoln as a national figure was comprised within the five years from his nomination to his assassination. And yet there are but very few Washington medals of Washington's time known to numismatists, while of pieces relating to Lincoln more than eight hundred varieties are recorded and catalogued.

And what a recall of old times it is to look over Mr. Hewitt's collection! The very first is probably that which was most familiar to the "Wide-Awakes" who composed the Republican torchlight processions of 1860, just as the "Little Giants" were their Democratic rivals, each side clad in cheap and showy oilcloth capes to protect their clothing from the drip of the very crude oil that fed their fuliginous torches, so-called. And this is noticeable at once, nowadays, by the beardlessness of the face. In fact, Lincoln's beard was coeval with his Presidency. It was reported and believed at the time that he had let his beard grow while yet he tarried at Springfield, in deference

to the advice of one of his admirers' a little girl who had written him that he would look better bearded. At any rate, he arrived in Washington with a growth of stubble which, in connection with his shaven upper lip, rather enhanced that rustic and provincial aspect which his antagonists decried. The advice was in fact bad, for there was more character in the shaven face than in that fringed with beard. The first piece struck in the campaign of 1860 was the token with the inscription, "Millions for Freedom, not one cent for Slavery"—a pointless parody, of course, on the very pointed Revolutionary watchword of "Millions for Defence, but not one cent for Tribute."

The medal catalogued in Mr. Hewitt's collection as No. 155 is obviously also a campaign "token" or badge, and is notable as perpetuating the long-forgotten campaign cry of "The Rail-Splitter of the West." That was one of the proclamations of an humble origin which was the badge of Democracy rather than of Republicanism in those days, the Republican party being mainly recruited from the Whigs, who believed in having their candidates, like St. Patrick, "come of decent people." Henry J. Raymond, in the *New York Times*, was solicitous to point out that rail-splitting was not statemanship, and that it was the misfortune of the candidate, and not a recommendation, that he had been engaged

in that occupation. But of course that line of argument did not eradicate the tendency to abase the origin of a candidate that he might be exalted—a tendency of which I noted an extreme example the other

day in a "scare head" over a biographical sketch of Mr. Elihu Root, "From College Boy to Leading Lawyer," which probably sounds the extreme depth of this particular variety of bathos.

No. 192 (with its inscription, "Made from Cop-

per taken from the Ruins of the Turpentine Works, Newbern, N. C., Destroyed by the Rebels March 14, 1862") belongs not only to the Presidential period, but to the darkest days of the war, when the Peninsular campaign was not yet begun, and when a little raid like this into North Carolina, compelling the "Rebels" to burn some turpentine works, was a success worth chronicling in perennial copper.

The gold medal, No. 4, has a curious extrinsic interest. It was the piece struck by the proceeds of a subscription raised in France and limited to two sous for each subscriber, to convey the sympathy of the French people to the widow of the martyred American President. The curious interest is that Louis Napoleon, having his eye on Mexico and far from foreseeing

the day when Bazaine would be ordered out of Mexico from Washington, and Sheridan arrayed with 75,000 veterans along the Rio Grande to enforce the order, should have



THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860 PIECE. THIS WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ISSUED AND WAS WIDELY CIRCULATED



THE FIRST COMMEMORATIVE TOKEN OF THE CIVIL WAR, EXCEEDINGLY SCARCE, FROM THE FACT THAT IT WAS MADE FROM COPPER CAPTURED DURING AN EARLY RAID

forbidden the minting of the piece in France. One notes with pain that the original is "announced for sale."

But all the medals are well worth looking over, though most of them on historical considerations. How they bring back old times, and what tales hang by them! By the mere inscription "Honest Old Abe," for example; which recalls

John Van Buren's speech in New York at the anti-Lincoln meeting presided over by Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York. "Honest Old Abe!" exclaimed the "Prince," with the familiar twinkle in his eye which denoted that a "good thing" was coming. "And have we come to this, that a man is to be supported for President with no other claim than that of ordinary honesty? It is an insult to us. It is almost an insult to him. Why, here is our worthy Mayor. Did any one ever insult *him* thus? Did anybody ever call *him* 'Honest Old Fernando'?" It is needless to add that the house was "brought down." And, along with the motto, of Horace Greeley's authorship, "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional," one comes upon the motto, "We will not interfere with the Constitutional Rights of Any State," a distinction between restriction and abolition, and a disclaimer of any intention to put down slavery where it already existed, that, undoubtedly, for the first two years of the war, was the policy of Lincoln and the Lincoln Republicans. It would have done some recent historians no harm to bear this in mind.

Naturally, the interest of the collection, as already intimated, is al-

most exclusively historical, and only in a minor way artistic. In contrast is the Lincoln Centennial Medal,* undertaken at the instigation of Mr. Hewitt himself, in a volume containing the most memorable of Lincoln's written and spoken words. This has the pretension to attain the highest grade of the medallic art of the young twentieth century, with what

success readers can judge for themselves. At all events, the fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has accepted the gift of the original design of it, indicates that in the judgment of accomplished critics the work is of high artistic quality. The medal in question was struck in



A MEMORIAL TOKEN MADE AT THE TIME
WHEN LINCOLN'S BODY WAS BORNE
THROUGH THE VARIOUS STATES
TO ITS FINAL RESTING-
PLACE

bronze; in silver, limited to one hundred examples—this edition is exhausted and now selling at double its original price; and in gold—a single medal, which went to Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, widely known for his great collection of *Lincolniana*. This, alike in its bronze, silver and gold editions, is presented, too, in a most original form, which is the result of the art of both the medallist and the book-maker; it is set in a heavy board leaf, and bound into a volume entitled "The Lincoln Centennial Medal." This binding of the commemoration medals, detachable from their setting, in the midst of text, itself commemorative, is a fitting way of presenting and preserving works of the kind.

One may, perhaps, be allowed to express the hope that the unique interest of this collection, which has for so nearly half a century been in the making, may protect it permanently from dispersal.

* See pages 676 and 677.

WINDS O' MARCH

WINDS, winds, winds o' March,—
Singing winds, stinging winds;
Wooing, cooing,
Sighing, crying,—
Fickle winds o' March!
Now you tell of Winter dreary;
Now you whisper, panting, weary;
Now you beat the leafless larch,—
Throbbing, sobbing winds o' March.

Winds, winds, winds o' March,—
Waking winds, breaking winds;
Half you fear me;
Half you cheer me,
Fickle winds o' March.
Ah, how like my moods your changing!
Like my nomad-heart your ranging;
Temper not your breath to me,—
Shake me with your savage glee!

Winds, winds, winds o' March,—
Chilling winds, thrilling winds;
Shy, retreating,
Restless, beating,—
Fickle winds o' March!
We have souls that know each other;
We have souls that Law would smother;
Let us off to fright the larch!—
We are comrades, winds o' March.

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

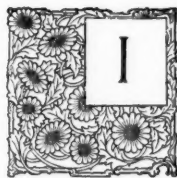


"NEVER AGAIN," HE REMARKED GLOOMILY

A STRANGER IN NEW YORK

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS



I MET him in New York in "the good old summer time." He was from the West, and so was I. In this there was a bond of fellowship. He was lonely, and so was I. In this there was another bond. He was thirsty, and so was I. Here was a third bond; and it followed naturally that we drifted into conversation as soon as the waiter had attended to our immediate wants.

"Never again," he remarked gloomily.

"Never again what?" I inquired.

"Never again will you see me in this home of the big graft unless I

bring a section of the West with me."

"It's a pretty good town," I argued, although I was wishing myself back home at that very moment.

"Oh, the town's good enough," he conceded, "if it was n't for the people. I could make something nice out of this town if they'd let me populate it."

"We happen to be here at the wrong time," I suggested. "Nothing doing in New York in the summer, you know."

"Plenty doing," he retorted, "but it is n't worth doing."

"Suppose," I said, mindful of the fact that New York's complacency is so great that it finds entertainment in all criticisms that come from west of the Hudson, "suppose you tell me what's the matter with New York

and let me pass it on to the benighted souls that live here."

"You don't need to be told; you know."

"How do you know I know?"

"Because you don't live here."

"Is the truth, as you see it, open to every stranger that comes to New York?" I queried.

"No," he answered. "If you had a title or fifty million dollars they'd keep the truth from you until they'd hitched you up to some New York girl or found some other way of making you sorry. What you see through a champagne-glass looks pretty good, you know; but a headache and a whole lot of regret usually follows."

"All of which convinces me," I said, "that you have an interesting message for New York, and I should like nothing better than to deliver it. New York is always looking for diversion, is always willing to pay for it, and always finds the remarks of such insignificant mortals as you and me highly diverting. I know of no other town that will pay to be roasted. Let us, therefore, get even with New York by taking away some of its coin in exchange for such 'hot ones' as we are able to pass out."

"Son, I'm with you," he declared. "The money don't tempt me—you'd know I was n't a New Yorker by that—but there's relief and relaxation in the job."

"I'll interview you," I suggested. "You're a distinguished stranger, just arrived, and I'm a reporter. Now, what do you think of New York?"

"I try not to think of it," he replied promptly, "because I can't reduce my general impressions and feelings to language without jeopardizing my immortal soul."

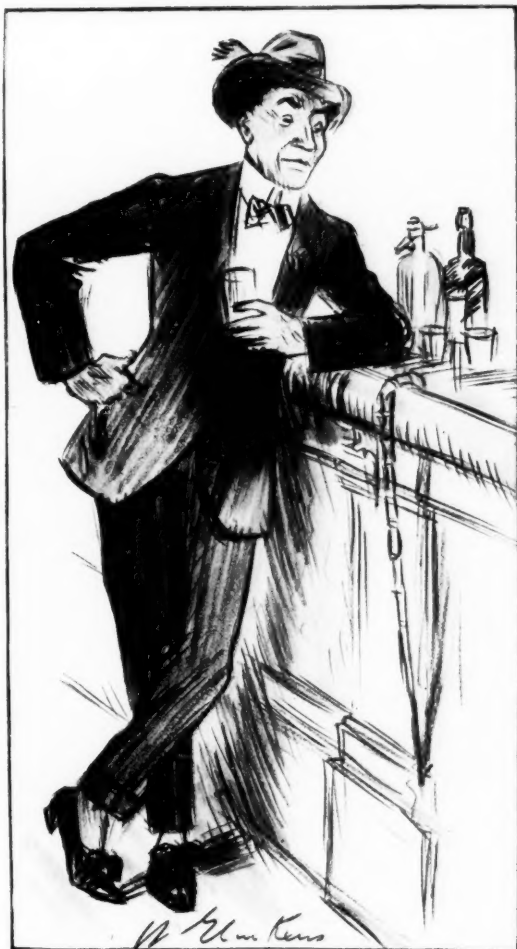
"But you must think of it," I insisted. "Eliminate your personal feelings and you may be able to speak without danger to your soul. Now, blaze away."

He beckoned to the waiter first. Then, being strengthened for the task, he leaned back in his chair and thoughtfully released these remarks:

"Every time that New York looks in the glass she thinks she sees all there is to North America. That is the main fault, briefly stated; but there are others. New York is the only city in the world, so far as I know, that invests money in lemons. The rest of us have lemons handed to us occasionally, but New York buys them—the sourest of financial lemons. Then, when she finds that she has tied up all the cash in her possession—most of which did not belong to her—she goes into hysterics and frantically calls upon the rest of the country to provide her with pocket money. The sole mission of the rest of the country, in her opinion, is to furnish her with cash for her financial eccentricities, and the rest of the country has usually done it. And she is n't even grateful. She is so accustomed to having other people's money to play with that she has come to look upon it as her own. Therefore, instead of being grateful to us, she demands gratitude from us when she lets us have the necessary cash to move the crops. But it's mostly our money—the money that our banks have kept on deposit here and that she has been using in her financial operations. Why, hang it all! New York relies on our cash to do business! If you don't believe it, just note the fit she has whenever we decide to keep our money at home. New York is the spoiled child of the nation; she gets so reckless at times that we have to shut down on the cash until she promises to be good; and, through it all, except in moments of dire need, she is superciliously patronizing."

"Very good," I commended, "but somewhat too general. I am seeking a phase of this great subject upon which you can talk with real feeling—something based upon your personal experience. Let us tackle the New York that we, as strangers, know instead of the New York we read about."

"Easy enough," he returned. "New York is the loneliest spot on earth for the stranger. The only people disposed to be friendly are



THAT'S BROADWAY—A VAUDEVILLE CONTINUOUS

those who will take away your reputation or your cash—very likely both. Every man here will warn you against most other men and all women, if he condescends to recognize you at all. That shows New York's opinion of New York."

"Have you no friends at all here?" I asked.

"Not a one. I thought I had two or three, but I was mistaken. They're very friendly when they're in my part of the country, but here they

give me only the telephone glad hand, which is easy and cheap. You've been up against that, of course."

"Possibly," I admitted doubtfully.

"Sure you have." He rattled along with the confidence of one who knew his subject thoroughly. "Everybody gets it here. I had it passed out to me the first day, when I gleefully called up a man I'd been clever to out our way. He was mighty glad to hear I was in town—tickled to death. 'But I have n't a minute to spare to-day, old man,' he said. 'I'll be up to your hotel in the morning.' That was five days ago, and I have n't even found his card in my key-box. He might at least have taken the trouble to bribe the clerk to put his card in the box some time when I was out, don't you think?"

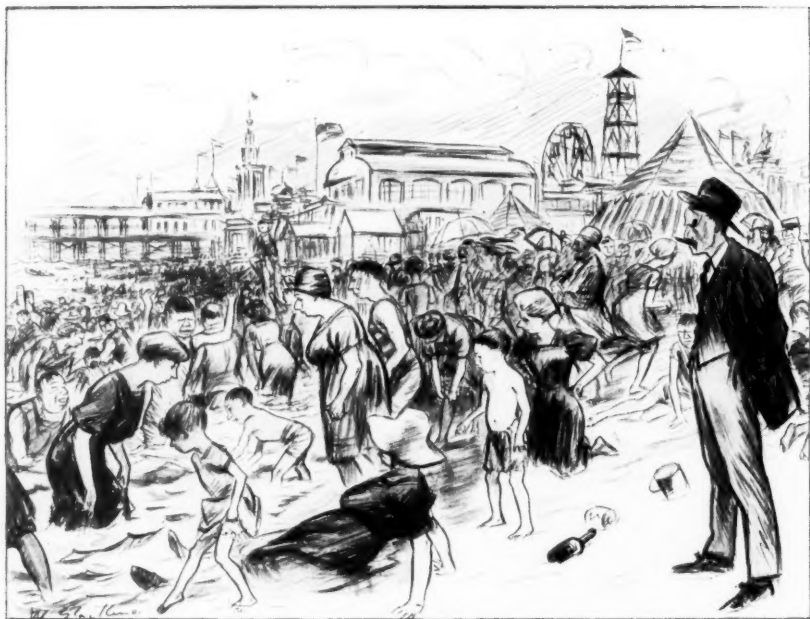
I agreed that a man was entitled to that much consideration, and then asked how he explained this disinclination to see him.

"He's afraid of my 'graft,'" was the prompt reply. "I have n't any,

but no New York man can understand that."

"Still," I persisted, "there's the Great White Way. No other city has a street like Broadway."

"And it's a good thing," he retorted. "There is n't another street in the world as superficial and insincere as Broadway. You can't believe anything that you hear on Broadway, and mighty little that you see: even the figures are mostly made by dressmakers and tailors, Nature



I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME AT CONEY WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO COME OUT OF THE OCEAN
SO THERE 'D BE ROOM FOR ME TO GET IN

apparently having slipped a cog in the making. And you've got to be *blasé* or you get fooled. 'The child died,' was a remark that caught my attention—in a café, of course. You have to get into a café to hear anything on Broadway, except the news-boys and the cable-cars. Anyhow, I heard that the child died, and I was mighty sorry about it. 'He carried himself splendidly in the scene that followed,' was the next thing that drifted to my ears. One of the little tragedies of life, I thought, and I was tempted to ask if there was anything I could do. 'After that,' the man went on, 'he thought he ought to get more. You see, he was only getting \$25 in real money and \$100 on the bills, so he kicked for a raise, and the manager gave him the boot.' That 's Broadway—a vaudeville continuous."

"There 's more to New York than Broadway," I suggested.

"Not if you let a New York man tell it."

"Nevertheless, there is."

"Well, there 's the subway," he grumbled. "That has its advantages, one of which is the relief you feel when you get out of it. Then it makes some of the Broadway musical productions sound pretty good, too: anything sounds good after you've heard a subway train rounding a curve. And its history is a complete treatise on the art of handing lemons to unsophisticated investors."

I beckoned to a waiter, feeling that my comrade from the West deserved some slight tribute for his masterly presentation of New York's attractions for the stranger.

"You should try Coney Island," I then ventured doubtfully, fearing that he might weaken.

"I have," he returned promptly; "I went down to Coney for a swim, and came back to New York for a bath. I needed the bath. I went down on the sunny side of a boat because I failed to board the boat the

day before to reserve a shady spot, and I came back on an 'express train' that made about ten unscheduled stops between stations. A fat man stood on my toes most of the time. Oh, I know all about Coney. I spent a good part of my time down there waiting for somebody to come out of the ocean so that there would be room for me to get in."

I lured him on by suggesting that there is lots to do there, anyhow.

"Sure, sure," he agreed. "You can buy things you don't want all day long; there are more opportunities to

for you can't escape the tip there any more than you can in New York. The tip is one of the big items hereabouts; you have to add about twenty-five per cent. to your estimate of expenses to cover it. They say that ten per cent. is enough, but that's safe only when you're sure you'll never have the same waiter again."

"Still," I persisted, "I think the waiters here say 'Thank you' better than they do anywhere else."

"They ought to. Look at the rate per word they get for it."

"Let's get back to Coney," I said.



SHE WANTED ME TO PAY THE MANAGER TO LET HER SKIP HER TURN

buy what you don't need than anywhere else on earth. Then you can look for a place where you can sit down without having to buy a drink and tip the waiter. That's an interesting occupation, but unprofitable,

"Sure. I learned the Coney Island game for \$4.75, which was cheap. Anybody will tell you that. It has cost some people so much that they have had to swim back. I just wanted to sit down somewhere, even

at the cost of a glass of beer and a tip. I sat down. Then I paid \$3 for a small bottle. I don't know what it contained; I know what I paid for, but I don't know what I got. Nobody ever knows that at Coney. Add \$1.50 for a bottle of Rhine wine—alleged. The waiter got only a quarter because the situation was such that I was rather anxious to be thrown out. What! Oh, I guess the girl got a commission on the sale. She wanted me to pay the manager to let her skip her turn and help me reduce the visible supply of small bottles, but I would n't so she went back on the stage and sang

that touching ballad, 'He told me that he loved me, but I found his name was Punk.' It was my chance to escape."

"Did you try Brighton?"

"Both Brighton and Manhattan. A little higher prices for the things you don't need, that's all."

"You should try Rockaway."

"I have—Rockaway and Far Rockaway. Got a highball and a light lunch at Far Rockaway, and a financial stringency set in immediately thereafter. I was glad I took my swim first—while I had money. The



SHE WENT BACK ON THE STAGE AND SANG A TOUCHING BALLAD

permits herself to be upset again. What! No, my girl did n't do it again. You see, I lacked practice in this sport, so I inadvertently caught her by the wrong end, got her feet above water first, and she had a hole in her stocking. That settled me. So I came back to New York with the rest of the population, and just as lonely as ever."

I beckoned for the waiter again.

"No, son," he interposed, "this is on me."

risqué bathing suits at these beaches—and Coney—are all on the picture postals, which was a disappointment. One of the things I learned is that mighty few girls look well in bathing suits. They'd wear 'em on Broadway if they did. Still there seemed to be compensations. Father Neptune is the originator and general manager of the greatest public hugging-matches in the world, no holds barred and many of the young men were very busy picking girls out of the waves. I tried it myself. You can tell whether you are *persona grata* in the matter by the promptness with which she

"But you have been entertaining me," I urged.

"Entertaining you!" he snorted. "Well, you 've been a regular escape-valve for me: I had to let off steam or bust. And I've got to linger here another week. Think of that! Another week in this supercilious, superficial, self-complacent home of graft and lemons."

"You'll never come back, of course."

"Never, that is— Well, son, that's the funny part of it! I have an idea that I'll come scooting back here at

the very first opportunity. How about you?"

"I'm with you," I said, "from start to finish. You have sized New York up in a way that makes my heart go out to you—you see the town as I see it—but I'll be looking for an excuse to come back within a month after I get away. I wonder what the secret of it is."

"Let us," said my western comrade, "look for it in the bottom of the glass."

We searched industriously, but found it not.



YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

X.—THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH RISE TO THE OCCASION



TWILIGHT was deepening as Col. and Mrs. Dowe came out on the long vine-covered gallery. Autumn was stealing over the fair South and the wistful, pensive mood of nature was reflected on the faces of our friends as they stood silently and looked at the falling leaves and faded garden.

"I declare, Jared," began Mrs. Dowe after an expressive sigh, "it does seem mighty unreasonable to think that after all the South has had to endure we must continue to be the victims of the misdirected energy of people who come down here and who never will understand us. You remember I told you that

Miss Howard had taken Professor and Mrs. Baker to board with her. Of course I knew Miss Howard had made a mistake and that it was going to be hard on her; but I never dreamed what a mistake it was until yesterday when Miss Howard told Tillie Carter all about it. It certainly was remarkable the way the Bakers acted and how much they expected.

"Just as soon as Miss Howard consented to take them to board, she began to see a difference in their way of talking when Professor Baker said he wanted his meals promptly and that he must have breakfast in time to get to the Institute at half-past eight. So naturally Miss Howard began to see how it would be. She had breakfast ready at eight and being a Northerner and always eating

in a hurry, he did n't complain; so Miss Howard said she began to feel more reconciled. Would you believe me, Jared, when he came home at one o'clock he was very impatient, and just because dinner was n't ready until half-past one he was put out? So Miss Howard said she lost her reconciled feeling and began to be mighty uncomfortable, because she could easily see how exacting the Bakers were going to be; but even then she never thought they would be so particular about supper. You know, Jared, nobody ever is very particular about supper, so you can understand Miss Howard's feelings, when she was out in the kitchen making brandied peaches, to have Mrs. Baker walk right in where she was at work, and say it was half-past six and they expected supper promptly at six. Miss Howard certainly was upset, and she tried to make old Julia hurry; but it was half-past seven before supper was ready, and the Bakers were so put out they never spoke a word, although Miss Howard said the way they ate showed her they did enjoy their supper.

"Well, the real trouble did n't begin until the next day, when Miss Howard was over spending the morning at Aunt Polly's and trying to get some comfort by telling her about it. When she got home at a quarter past one, would you believe me? there sat the Bakers eating dinner, just as though Miss Howard's home belonged to them. Only, Jared, they could n't eat anything as the whole dinner was burned. Miss Howard said the way the Bakers behaved was scandalous, but she did n't know how bad it was until she went to speak to Julia, and she said she did get a shock when she saw the kitchen stove red hot and Julia with her bundle all ready to leave. Julia said she 'would n't live with no folks that spiled her cooking and made her burn up her dinner.' And then Miss Howard found out that Mrs. Baker went down to the kitchen at twelve o'clock and told Julia she did n't care what happened, that dinner must be

ready by one o'clock. Miss Howard certainly did feel badly about Julia's going away, after having been with Miss Howard's family ever since Miss Howard was born. She said Mrs. Baker acted like one possessed and said it was time somebody did something. Miss Howard said she knew it was, and as Mrs. Baker did n't seem inclined to do anything but talk, Miss Howard went to work.

"It being Saturday, and as she had commenced her tomato pickles and had to finish putting up the peaches, she was too busy to go to see anybody or to go to church the next morning. She never heard anything about the announcement that was read in church about the meeting of the ladies at the Institute Thursday afternoon to form a Relief Society. Having nobody but a trifling half-grown boy to help her, Miss Howard's been too busy this week to see anybody, and it was just an accident that Miss Tillie stopped at Aunt Polly's gate on her way home from the meeting, and so heard enough to make her go right over to see Miss Howard. And, Jared, Tillie Carter was indignant after she heard all about the Bakers at Miss Howard's, and it did n't take her long to make everybody else indignant, too. You know, Jared, how convincing Tillie Carter is when she's indignant! Knowing nothing about the trouble at Miss Howard's and not knowing what the Relief Society wanted to relieve, most of the ladies had gone to the meeting. After only living here two weeks we never thought of Mrs. Baker beginning to meddle so soon. But, Jared, instead of being grateful for the courtesy we have shown her in calling on her and being pleasant, she wanted to begin interfering right away. With her coming from Ohio we might have expected it, because you know, Jared, just as surely as courtesy is the characteristic of the Southerner, meddling is the stamp of the Northerner.

"It does seem as though we had n't had any peace since General Sherman made that misguided march to the sea.

He came with an army of mercenaries to fight valiant patriots and won because fire could burn more rapidly than we could build, and not satisfied with that, the descendants of those same people continue to annoy us and are coming South with their money and demoralizing the descendants of the slaves their ancestors took away from us. Our own servants are becoming mercenaries, Jared, nothing else, and our beautiful old plantations are being bought and lived in by Northerners. I can't think they can be right happy down here; they must feel the wrong they have done. The South certainly is long-suffering. We are always kind and courteous, even when they have the audacity to come down here and make public speeches, saying they forgive us. Sallie Potts says that just shows they have no sense of humor! Is n't that remark just like Sallie Potts?

"Well, as I was saying, the announcement was read in church on Sunday, and as we never once thought about the negroes we all went. And would you believe me, Jared? Mrs. Baker began by making a speech and saying the object of the meeting was to solve the servant problem for the South, and to discourage the vagrancy of the negroes. Only, Jared, she said 'nigger,' and you know how offensive that always is. She said that the first thing we must do was to promise to stop giving anything away ourselves, that everything was to be sent to the Relief rooms and that Mr. Marchant had said she could have the rooms over his store until they were rented. Then she smiled and said as they had been empty for over a year, she guessed we could safely count on having them for some time. That made Mrs. Peyton mad, because Mr. Marchant is her brother-in-law, so she said she was going right over to Miss Belle Green and tell Miss Belle she could get the rooms cheap for the school she is trying to get up. Of course she did n't tell Mrs. Baker that—she just whispered it to me and I knew she meant it. She was

very indignant because Mrs. Baker spoke as if she was glad Mr. Marchant could n't rent the rooms. Mrs. Baker said she would be at the Relief rooms on Saturday morning at ten o'clock, and that we were all to come or send the things we had to give away or any donations of food or money, and that she would appoint a committee to investigate all cases reported. We were to take the names of the darkies we were in the habit of helping. And then she said the committee would investigate them, and that the worthy ones would be helped and the idle ones forced to work.

"Sallie Potts was there, and she repeated every word to me, so I am sure it's what she said, although I was so busy listening to Mrs. Peyton I did n't hear it all myself. But I did hear her say that the only way for the Society to flourish and to meet the vagrancy of the negroes and to solve the domestic problem of the South, was by the determined and concerted action of the women of the South. Mrs. Garnett said she agreed with Mrs. Baker. Then Mrs. Baker said Mrs. Garnett ought to be the first president, and that unless there were objections we would elect her unanimously. Then Mrs. Garnett said she accepted and that Mrs. Baker should be vice-president. And just then the fire-bell rang and everybody was so uneasy that they started to go and Mrs. Baker said, 'Remember, ladies, be on hand at ten o'clock Saturday; it will be a proud day for the women of the South when they rise to the occasion and meet this question.' By the time she finished no one was there. I was the last to leave, because I had left my portemonnaie and had to go back after I had got to the door. Well, you know, the fire was right next door to Miss Belle Green's, and as soon as it was put out, Mrs. Peyton told Miss Belle she could get the rooms over Mr. Marchant's store, and that she must go down right away and see Mr. Marchant. That certainly did settle the Relief room and this

morning, I think, settled the Relief Society.

"Now, Jared, you know I want to be kind, but you know even to help Mrs. Baker I can't after thirty years tell Mammy to stop coming here for dinner, and you know Uncle Peter would starve if we did n't feed him. And then they are too proud to allow anyone to investigate them or to receive alms or to be patronized. We must protect them, Jared. The old slaves are our heritage and my father would never have allowed anyone else to take care of his darkies. Oh, Jared, all this makes me heart-sick—soon there will be no South. Naturally, being a Northerner, Mrs. Baker can't understand us, but I reckon after this morning she knows a little more about our feelings, even if what happened *was* an accident.

"I was so occupied this morning I could n't go to the meeting, and not knowing what might have happened, I was glad when Mrs. Peyton came over to tell me about it. Mrs. Peyton said Miss Belle came to see her just as soon as she took Mrs. Baker home, and, Jared, it certainly was interesting to hear her tell what Miss Belle said. Wanting to fix up the schoolroom, Miss Belle went down early, and not wanting to be bothered, she just put a card on the door saying it was a schoolroom, went in, and locked it. She said when she went up the stairs she noticed one or two negroes standing around the door at the bottom of the steps, and when she asked them what they were doing, they said they had come to get the things the ladies were going to give away. It seems Mrs. Baker told that boy at Miss Howard's about the Relief Society, and naturally it did n't take long for all the darkies to hear.

"Miss Belle said that about ten o'clock she heard Mrs. Baker coming, but not having gone to the meeting she did n't think it was her duty to interfere, so she just kept on with her work. She said Mrs. Baker sat down on the top step to wait. Naturally, she expected the ladies would

come, and Miss Belle said about half-past ten she looked through the keyhole and there must have been twenty negroes on the stairs, and there sat Mrs. Baker on the top step talking to them about work and position and self-respect, in the patronizing way Northerners have. Well, after a while Mrs. Baker got tired waiting for somebody to come and help her investigate, so she just began investigating by herself, and then Miss Belle said it began to be interesting. The darkies crowded so close that Mrs. Baker had to stand up. She began her investigating with Maria—you know, Jared, she's the most dangerous darky in the country. Well, Maria had been drinking, and when Mrs. Baker asked her what she wanted, she said a little money to help give Jim a funeral. Mrs. Baker listened with real sympathy, Miss Belle said, until she asked Maria when Jim died, and found out that it was a year ago and Maria had married again. Then she was indignant—and when she said she would not contribute a cent for a funeral for anybody who had been dead a year, Maria got excited and came right up to her and began to talk very loud, and all the darkies were angry when Mrs. Baker said it was scandalous to have anybody wait a whole year for a funeral—no Christian would do it. Miss Belle said she was frightened, because naturally Mrs. Baker did n't know anything about how negroes always wait a long time before they have the funeral 'preached,' and then to say they were n't Christians did make things look mighty bad.

"Well her saying that, and not having anything to give away, certainly was unfortunate, and Miss Belle says there's no telling what would have happened if that half-crazy negro Al had n't said—'Shoo, she ain't no quality—she don't know nothin', her pa never owned a nigger in his life—she ain't nothin' but po' white trash—I'll gwine right up to Miss Tillie Carter's and git my dinner.' And then Miss Belle said

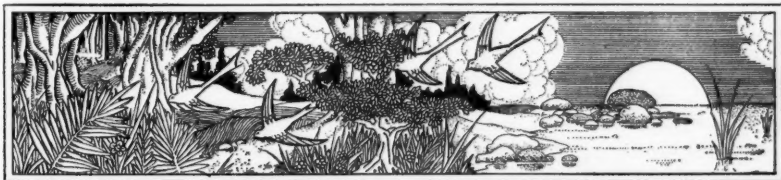
it was curious to see the way those negroes gave Mrs. Baker one contemptuous look and left. Miss Belle said that just then she finished her work, so she opened the door, and it was fortunate she did, because Mrs. Baker was nearly fainting, and Miss Belle said the air on those steps was suffocating. As soon as Mrs. Baker was able to walk, Miss Belle took her home.

"Well, Jared, Mrs. Peyton was no sooner gone than Miss Tillie came over—she had heard Al telling the cook—and Miss Tillie said she felt so badly about it that she was going right over to see Mrs. Baker and explain how it happened she could n't go. So I went with her, and although Miss Tillie had told everybody about Miss Howard, we could n't help wondering what had kept the other ladies at home. Of course I knew about Mrs. Peyton—her little boy had a bad cold and naturally she could n't leave him. Well, when we got to Miss Howard's, Mrs. Peyton was already there and Mrs. Baker looked mighty pale and was acting very dignified. While we were still explaining, Mrs. Beals and Mary Robinson came. Mrs. Beals's cook had gone to a funeral and Mary Robinson had a visit from an old friend who lives five miles in the country. Then Mrs. Perkins came, and she said Elizabeth had burned her hand just as Mrs. Perkins was starting, so she had to go back. It certainly did look like the whole town had had an accident, and we were just wondering about Mrs. Garnett, when a note came from her saying she'd gone off with the Senator most unexpectedly. Did you

ever hear of anything so unusual, Jared?—and anybody could see it was all an accident.

"I do think we did the graceful thing to go right to see Mrs. Baker and explain how it happened—but, Jared, the way she accepted it certainly was anything but graceful. She kept smiling while we were talking, and then said it was what she might have expected, and that she would resign her position in the Relief Society. Having decided there were no worthy poor here, she had no interest in helping to encourage the unworthy poor. If we chose to continue to take care of and feed worthless negroes, we could do it without any help from her; and then she looked straight at Tillie Carter. I could see Miss Tillie was getting indignant, so I said good-evening to Mrs. Baker and started to leave, and all the ladies came, too.

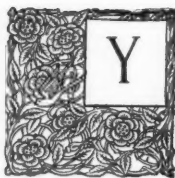
"Just as soon as the front door closed, I looked up and saw Mrs. Baker sitting by the window, so I was shocked when Tillie Carter began. You know how she can imitate anyone—and Jared, I declare, at first I thought it was Mrs. Baker speaking, when I heard, 'Yes, ladies, it will be a proud day for the women of the South when they rise to the occasion.' Knowing Mrs. Baker was listening, I did feel that although it was rude to interrupt Miss Tillie, still Mrs. Baker being a stranger, I did n't want to wound her feelings. So I said: 'Yes, Tillie, you are right, it is a proud day for the women of the South; every day is a proud day for us—for every day the women of the South rise to the occasion.'"



PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA

ITS FAILURE TO PREVENT DRINKING IN ATLANTA AND OTHER CITIES

By S. MAYS BALL



YEARS ago, by means of local option, all of the one hundred and forty-six counties in Georgia, except those having large cities as county-seats, had succeeded in closing their open saloons. Some counties had done away with the whiskey traffic entirely; others—a few only—operated “dispensaries,” where nothing less than a pint or a quart of any alcoholic liquid could be purchased, and none could be drunk on the premises. This necessitated, of course, the renting by dispossessed saloon-keepers of vacant property next door to the dispensaries where liquor could be drunk; still, the saloons had been closed. In many instances the income from the few dispensaries in the State more than supported the county government, schools, etc., and the project seemed to work very satisfactorily to all concerned. Under local option, in the '80's, Atlanta, the capital, had attempted prohibition—between elections, so to speak. The experiment was a farce. Business men insisted that the city was injuriously affected, and its growth grievously retarded. Prohibition was killed by an overwhelming vote at the next election.

For years, every time the Legislature of Georgia met in annual session there was introduced a bill for prohibition throughout the State. These bills came from the representatives of “dry” counties; their argument being that prohibition would

close the whiskey depots in the large cities which were nullifying the “dry” sentiment and “dry” regulations in the country districts by shipping liquor thither in great quantities. The conservative city members of the Legislature answered that, even if the large cities were made “dry,” liquor would still be shipped into other districts from outside the State. These annual efforts to prohibit liquor-selling entirely were fruitless save for the introduction of the Williamson bill, about ten years ago, which caused a great deal of excitement in the large cities. This out-and-out prohibition measure, similar to all thitherto offered, passed the House, but was killed, like all the others, in the “conservative” Senate.

In 1906, on a platform of railroad regulation and local option in the whiskey traffic, Hoke Smith was elected Governor of the State. In Atlanta, before the passage of the Prohibition Bill in 1907, the best liquor laws in all the Union were in operation. The saloons were under the strictest scrutiny and control of a police commission and City Council committee. They were allowed to open at 5.30 in the morning and were required to close at 10 o'clock at night. No minors or women were permitted to enter them; and it was not unusual, when the clock struck ten, for a barkeeper to take from a customer's hand a drink already served, so strict was the enforcement of the closing law. In many cases saloons forfeited their licenses for being open one or two minutes after 10 P.M.; even the barkeepers were

not permitted to remain in their places of business after the saloons were closed. After the closing hours, of course, liquor *could* be secured in the city; liquor can be secured *anywhere* and *at any time* upon the face of this earth where it happens to be stored. But no stranger, no unindorsed or unintroducted person, could get *any* liquor in Atlanta between the hours of 10 o'clock at night and 5.30 in the morning, or on Sundays. There were, however, in Decatur Street, the Bowery of Atlanta, a great number of disreputable negro dives which caused comment adverse to the open saloon; but they were closed at the regular time and kept closed. These dives bring us to the eternal Negro question in the South, which is not to be discussed in this article.

When Hoke Smith was inaugurated Governor in the summer of 1907, and the Legislature met in annual session, almost the first measure submitted was our old friend of annual appearance, the Prohibition Bill. The liquor people smiled their annual smile, settled back in a sense of security based on experience, and calmly awaited the performance of the Senate's annual killing act. The city press of the State was against the bill, the only exception being the *Atlanta Georgian and News*, owned and edited by F. L. Seely. Of course, in all of the small cities and country districts the press was in favor of it. The fact of the matter was that in Hoke Smith's gubernatorial campaign every other issue had been subordinated to the successful demand for railroad legislation; and it is a question whether (as the liquor people insist) the Prohibitionists took advantage of this situation and quietly elected their candidates to the Legislature then in session, or the people of the State simply arose and demanded prohibition. The fact remains that the liquor interests awoke one day to find that everything was over but the shouting, that the Prohibitionists were in full sway, that it was too late even to spend money where it *should* do the most good.

Then the minority in the House and Senate began to filibuster as to amendments to the act; but in the end Governor Hoke Smith—a professed local optionist, part owner of the Piedmont Hotel in Atlanta in which was an open saloon—being unable to get any of his proposed railroad legislation acted upon, compelled action on the Prohibition Bill to make way for his own pet measures. The bill for prohibition over the entire State was finally passed, with a few amendments, one practically legalizing the keeping of liquor in clubs for an annual tax of \$500.

When the bill was passed and promptly signed by the Governor, the Prohibitionists went wild. There were parades of women and children, day and night; calls on the Governor; speeches before the monument of Henry W. Grady. Meanwhile the saloon people sat as if stunned, almost incapable of realizing their position; for they had been legislated out of business before they knew what was going on. The bill was to take effect on January 1, 1908, and did so. The saloons were closed all over the State. But not before a wild orgy had taken place in the city of Atlanta on December 30th and 31st. Every man who was in the habit of taking his dram regularly stocked up on those two days, buying his liquors and beer at greatly reduced prices from the expiring saloons.

For the first month or two the newspapers were full of accounts of the great decrease in crime as a result of the new law. City Recorder Broyles stated in his police court that the decrease was from sixty to eighty per cent; and the solicitor of the higher city court reported a similar state of affairs.

The stock of liquors purchased when the saloons closed held out fairly well; but the Southern Express Company evidently knew what it was doing when the Superintendent of the Atlanta Division rented a vacant store to be used solely as a depot for the import-liquor trade, and had extra delivery wagons brought

to Atlanta. The saloon men, bar-keepers and proprietors, with their families, some fifteen hundred all told, moved from Atlanta to other cities. The wholesale liquor people simply moved their establishments across the Georgia state lines into Chattanooga, Tenn., Jacksonville, Fla. and other "wet" cities, and began to get ready for the rush they knew would come so soon as the people in the larger cities of Georgia had exhausted their purchased stock of liquors. The brewers sat steady in the boat, awaiting the developments they expected, hoped and worked for.

Very soon "walking blind tigers" began to be apprehended. Raids were also made, and arrests were followed by convictions in the City Recorder's court, binding the defendants over to the higher courts. One case, since used as a precedent, was carried to the City Court and received a ruling there that the Prohibition Bill did not specify the percentum of alcohol in a drink, but did specify that, *if sufficient to cause intoxication when drunk to excess*, this alone would be just cause for conviction. This decision was upheld by the State Court of Appeals. The old saloon people, when that decision was announced and upheld, began to sit up and take notice.

In the meantime, the Southern Express Company, at its special depot in Atlanta, was doing a rushing business, employing nine to twelve extra wagons daily in the delivery of whiskey and beer. On a certain day in May, 1908, a wagon of the Express Company, usually employed in delivering "dry" goods, was added to the list of "wet" wagons, and delivered, between early morn and dewy eve of that day, 265 cases (gallons) of whiskey and six barrels of beer to different consumers in the residential part of the city.

As soon as the Court of Appeals upheld the decision that it was not the percentage of alcohol in a drink, but its power to intoxicate, when drunk to excess, that permitted or

prohibited its sale and manufacture, the brewers took action, and upon the local markets from Macon, Savannah, Atlanta and outside of the State there appeared a "near-beer," which had the appearance of real beer and was *said* to contain all its good qualities, but was non-intoxicating. This near-beer not only made a great hit in Atlanta and other Georgia cities, but its sale grew to such an extent as to interfere with the Express Company's beer business, but not with its whiskey trade. The old saloon houses, only a few of which had been rented for other purposes, were now opened as near-beer saloons, in which the new concoction was sold to appreciative customers; and even at the soda-water stands the near-beer was put on sale. Simultaneously the number of "drunks" at the police court began to increase, simply because near-beer is in reality nothing but real beer under another name. The decision upheld by the Court of Appeals hit the Anti-Saloon League heavily, and spoked its wheels.

Many who are in a position to know say that prohibition has hurt business in Atlanta; the Anti-Saloon League say that it has not. The renting of residence property of the better class has not been materially affected; but the renting of houses occupied by the laboring classes has been. A friend of the writer owns five small cottages, formerly rented to laboring men, which though never before empty, he now claims he is unable to rent at any price. Estimates of the amount of money annually sent out of Georgia to Chattanooga, Jacksonville and other "wet" towns, to purchase liquor, are variously stated at from two to six million dollars. Owing to the panic which hit the State about the same time that prohibition struck it, it is wellnigh impossible to say what the financial effect of prohibition has really been. As a matter of fact, more property is standing idle in Atlanta to-day* than was the case

* December, 1908.

before the Prohibition Law went into effect. Prohibitionists say that this is simply due to hard times. Anti-Prohibitionists say that it is caused chiefly by the Prohibition Law. So there you are! To an unbiased observer, it really seems to be from the combined effects of hard times and prohibition. Postmaster Blodgett advises the writer that, according to his last report,

The records of the money-order division of this office show that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, there were sold at this office 85,280 money orders aggregating \$735,467.70, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908 (only six months of that under prohibition law), there were sold 116,676 money orders aggregating \$908,992.26. Of course I am unable to state what portion of increase in money-orders covered purchases of whiskey.

Anti-Prohibitionists say that this increase was whiskey-money going out of Atlanta. If it were a natural increase, as the Prohibitionists insist, they ask, why did not the bank-clearings of Atlanta increase proportionally, instead of falling off during the panic at the rate of fifty million dollars annually?

It may be difficult, but is *not* impossible, for anyone well informed as to the *modus operandi*, to buy *all* of the whiskey he wishes in Atlanta. The writer has been informed by a reliable business man that there is not the slightest difficulty in getting whiskey, if the would-be buyer is known to be "reliable"—that is, not an Anti-Saloon-Leaguer. This gentleman claims that he recently purchased at 10 o'clock in the morning, a quart of whiskey to be shipped to him by express from Chattanooga; and that in thirty minutes the whiskey was delivered to him. (Note that Chattanooga is 140 miles away.) This is not a general practice, however, for the risk to the seller is too great.

There are at this writing, in the city of Atlanta, about three hundred open saloons and stands selling real

beer under the name of near-beer. These saloons occupy the same old stands formerly used by the saloons, with the same old fixtures, same old barkeepers, and same old effect. Every now and then one of these saloons and stands is hauled up in a police court and sometimes shut up; but the number actually open will average three hundred. When they were first reopened, they sold beer to women and children, but an ordinance has been passed by the City Council prohibiting the sale of near-beer to women and minors. Then came up the legal point, when was a woman a woman. A case was brought against a saloonkeeper in the police court for selling near-beer to a seven-year-old girl, and the question was argued, whether a girl of seven was a woman. The Recorder ruled that the child was a woman, and fined the saloonkeeper, who promptly took proceedings to carry the case to a higher court, where it is now pending. As previously mentioned, under local option the saloons in Atlanta were closed at 10 o'clock at night, and no minors or women were ever permitted to enter them. Under prohibition, the saloons and stands are practically under no regulations except those made by the City Council, all of which have been held up by legal proceedings. The near-beer people have openly defied the Council, claiming that *if their product is salable at all under the Prohibition Law, as interpreted by the Court of Appeals, it cannot be heavily taxed or unusually regulated*. These questions will have to be settled later in court.

On Sunday, August 16th last, the police of Atlanta found a "blind tiger" of superior growth operating in the very halls of the State Capitol of Georgia; which was rather startling to the citizens—"wet or dry." As Confederate veterans are allowed in Georgia to do business without the payment of any license whatever, state or city, they have become in great demand among the near-beer people. (The question whether a

Confederate veteran can sell near-beer without a license is one of the many that have been carried to the courts.)

In August last two brewing companies filed a bill to test the constitutionality of the Prohibition Law. Part of the pleading, sets forth that the law interferes with the use of wine at communion service in the churches, and hence restricts the citizen's worshipping according to the dictates of his conscience, and is therefore contrary to the Constitution of Georgia and that of the United States. (Since this article was written, the United States District Court, claiming lack of jurisdiction, has referred the plaintiff to the State Court.)

In the first few months after the Prohibition Bill took effect, the lack of promiscuous drinking in cities was very noticeable. Whether this was because only the well-to-do were able to secure alcoholic drinks, or because the stocks purchased from the ousted saloons at the end of 1907 had not given out and the *hoi polloi* had not learned the *modus operandi*, the fact remains that the Anti-Saloon League was able to point with pride to the wonderful change as shown in the records of the city police courts. One could read in the foreign outside press letters and opinions from the Georgia Anti-Saloon League stating how well the prohibition law was affecting morals, etc. This state of affairs did not last very long. It was a new condition, that of having to "speak easy" to procure one's dram, and it required some time to acquaint oneself with the handling of the ropes—but not a long time. Gradually the number of "drunks" in the city police courts of Atlanta increased. On Monday, August 17th last, there were before the Atlanta police court 171 cases of drinking and disorderly conduct (first cause, drinking). The sum of \$912.25 was collected in fines, most of the prisoners being sent to prison in default of payment of the fines imposed. The record at police court for prohibition times up to August 17th had been made on August 10th, the week

before, when \$678 was collected from prisoners, many others being sent to prison. Of the 171 prisoners tried on August 17th, ninety-three had been arrested on Saturday and seventy-eight on Sunday. On the corresponding Monday in 1907, when everything was "wet" and wide-open under high license, there were 186 cases tried in the police court—only fifteen more. For a while the number of cases daily under prohibition was only one sixth or one-tenth as great as during the preceding year; but there is no longer any very marked discrepancy in the figures. At the beginning of 1908 the number of drunk-and-disorderly cases in the police court ran from five to ten only; now it runs from 100 to 150 per day, as in "wet" times. These cases always include a stationary or walking "blind tiger," sometimes only one, often two or three a day. In August last, one of the city policemen was relieved from his post for being intoxicated from near-beer, of which he claimed he had only drunk two glasses, and that it was "doped."

In view of this open violation of the law, action was of course taken by the Anti-Saloon League, but not enough to cause any decrease in the police records. The Prohibitionists seemed to be literally stunned by the increase in drinking. To be sure, arrests were made here and there for breaches of the law, but apparently no concerted action was taken by either the prohibition people or the press against the open violation of the law in Atlanta. All of this seemed strange to those who, from outside, so to speak, had watched the passage of the law and were perfectly willing to aid in giving a fair trial to prohibition in Georgia; they had heard so much about what it *could* do. The only newspaper of any size in Georgia which had advocated prohibition before the passage of the law, kept reporting an increase of "crime," but advocated no steps to be taken to prevent the violation of the law. The question arose: Was

the Prohibition Law passed in good faith, or for political ends and in hope for office, or merely for notoriety? For little or nothing has been done by the Anti-Saloon League or its newspaper to compel the strict enforcement of the law in Atlanta, except an instance which will be mentioned farther on.

Before the law was passed, numberless speeches were made and countless communications were sent to the press, telling what *could* be done by prohibition if only an opportunity were given; yet when the Legislature gave the people what they seemed to demand, nothing was done to force a fair trial of the experiment. This has caused wonder.

Now, the Legislature met again in June, 1908. There had been a great deal of talk of forcing it to inaugurate some plan, no matter what, by which the open violation of the Prohibition Law could be prevented. But nothing was done in the regular session to that end; on the contrary, the Wise bill, to tax \$200 yearly the open-beer saloons in cities, was killed by the "conservative" Senate in regular session. Some of the Prohibitionists in the House, led by the Hon. Seaborn Wright, pleaded for laws to strengthen the prohibition measure, but they could get no help whatever from the very same body which, by an overwhelming vote, had passed the bill in 1907. Said outsiders: "Was the bill passed in 1907 in a condition of hysteria; or have the legislators seen a new light; or have they been home, held their ears to the ground and noticed a change in their constituents?" Before the passage of the Prohibition Bill in 1907, one hundred and twenty counties of Georgia were absolutely "dry." Under the Prohibition Law, near-beer saloons were opened in many of these counties, which flooded them and the counties adjacent with intoxicants which the Court of Appeals had decided did not violate the law. And yet, the same Legislature that had passed the Prohibition Law of 1907 refused absolutely to do anything

in 1908 to prevent a flooding of Georgia with a near-beer which was and is really nothing but real beer. Some representatives went so far as to say in regular session, "Georgia is dry enough—let her alone." Asked by the Prohibitionists to memorialize Congress to pass a bill prohibiting the shipment of liquor from one State into another that was "dry," the Legislature declined to do so. But when, after adjournment, Governor Hoke Smith called it in extra session to abrogate the Convict Lease—a disgrace to the State,—the Legislature was forced to raise revenue to take the place of money formerly coming from the convict leasing; so the rejected Wise bill, taxing near-beer saloons \$200 yearly, was finally passed. Needless to say, the new law is now being contested in the courts.

Prohibition in Atlanta? Well, there is n't any. As to the law's effect on local business, that is a debatable question. But as to the temperance effects of the regulation of the sale of beer and whiskey in Atlanta, to be perfectly candid, they are simply farcical.

The writer does not simply give his own opinions based on a careful study of Atlanta's trial, but quotes from statements of the Chief of Police, representatives of the Anti-Saloon League and prominent ministers of the Gospel.

In August last Assistant Superintendent J. B. Richards, of the Anti-Saloon League, was credited with these statements in the Atlanta press:

Beer is being sold here, right and left, and I know it. One fellow has the nerve to put up a sign "The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous." You can get any brand you want. You can get whiskey too; for what does it mean when twenty-seven carloads of whiskey and beer are shipped here. That is what a man told me. He knows, although I myself have n't verified his figures as yet. We claim that the sale of near-beer is a violation of the law. . . . The clause, "which, if drunk to excess," etc, which Judge Calhoun [Atlanta

City Court] said must be the proof of a violation, was put in the Prohibition Law to apply to certain things of drug-stores. We claim that the clause which prohibits the manufacture and sale or keeping in any place of business of "any alcoholic, spirituous, malt or intoxicating liquors" applies to near-beer. Still, we would not have quarrelled about near-beer, provided its percentage of alcohol had been kept down to $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2%, but this was only an entering wedge. The town is being flooded with real beer that contains the standard amount of alcohol. Proof, though, is difficult. If we Prohibitionists should go into a place and ask for beer, we would be given harmless near-beer that the courts allow to be sold. The dealer knows exactly what bottle to give us. To people they know well, they take out a hottle of real beer, slip off the label and serve it.

Mr. Richards spoke also of the difficulty of prosecuting cases in court; that is the trouble, as he ought to know, in all prohibition States in the Union. He referred to the Cohen case, where a dealer was arrested for alleged violation of prohibition law and the city ordinance affecting the sale of near-beer. That case has been postponed and postponed again and again, and as Mr. Richards says, truly the authorities experience many technical difficulties in the way of prompt and effective punishment of violators.

Dr. J. C. Solomon is the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. His jurisdiction extends over the entire State. In the course of a letter to the *Atlanta Journal*, Dr. Solomon says:

Men of the near-beer department, my poor words of advice may fall on deaf ears. You may mock me for my folly. Nevertheless, I advise you. Let me say to you, in all candor, You are conducting an unholy and dangerous business. You are constantly violating the Prohibition Law of Georgia, and you know it. Daily drunks and disorderlies are coming before our courts. And those men, not a few, swear that they get drunk on your near-beers, and the drunks on these near-beers are becoming more and more numer-

ous. You are bringing our State more and more into disrepute; without a blush, you are casting the vilest aspersions on her fair name. Many of you fellows are impudent and arrogant. You defy the law and you despise it. With impious hands you have taken the reins and like a Jehu you are driving furiously. Your tether is long . . . Now, hear me, though you be swift and strong, and though you intimidate a thousand cowardly officers, you are handling the ropes that are destined ere-long to swing you up. . . . Complaints are coming up everywhere, and we are almost ready to sound your death-knell. But you say that the Court of Appeals has decided that near-beers are not intoxicating. . . . Let that be as it may, all Georgia knows that the mischief is to pay, and that it comes from your near-beer shops. You are defiant and desperately bold. You absolutely advertise your beer plainly, and openly you are defying the law. . . . You know you are violating the law.

This letter was written on August 30th. The death-knell of the saloons has not yet reached the ears of their proprietors.

Dr. Len G. Broughton, a prominent Baptist minister, who fought strenuously for prohibition, writes to the *Atlanta Constitution*:

The near-beer business is a straight violation of the Prohibition Law, and every judge in Georgia knows it. It is making drunks. The recorders' courts show it. The police know it. . . . Near-beer intoxicates, and the law plainly forbids intoxicants. The grand juries are violating their oaths of office by allowing it. Judges, likewise, are doing the same thing by not putting the full force of the law on the guilty.

And the good Doctor notifies Atlanta that something must be done. There is usually something doing when Dr. Broughton begins action.

Dr. A. R. Holderby, another minister of the Gospel and a great Prohibitionist, stated in his pulpit recently:

The near-beer situation in Atlanta has reached a critical stage. The Prohibition Law is being openly violated and that too with the knowledge and by the consent of

the city authorities. Atlanta has become the laughing-stock of this country and a stench in the nostrils of the Almighty. The City Council is winking at the violation of the law and hand-cuffing the Police Department. But the "bosses" who have sworn to enforce the law will not allow the Chief of Police to do it. Atlanta is still in the clutches of the liquor gang and the authorities are dominated by it. The Brewers' Association fiddles and the City Council dances to the music. Atlanta is being debauched by the godless gang of liquor men. *The Legislature is afraid to stand by the very law which it enacted twelve months ago.* White men and black men, white women and black women, and even children, are now seen at the bars of the beer saloons, drinking together.

The writer realizes that he could not better picture the farce of prohibition in Atlanta than by calling attention to the utterances of the very men who were responsible in a great measure for the passage of the law and who promised so many good things to come to pass when it should take effect.

"Prohibition will not prevent in Atlanta," said the conservatives. "Look at Maine and Kansas! It has never prevented *anywhere*. Then why should it prevent here?"

"Just wait until we give it a fair trial here," replied the Prohibitionists. "Prohibition *will* prevent in Georgia; it never had a fair chance in Kansas or Maine." And the Legislature listened and heeded, and gave them the very law they said they wanted. Now, by the very men who imposed prohibition on Georgia and said they would compel its enforcement, we are told, many months after the law went into effect, that it is not preventing what it was intended to prevent.

When the Prohibitionists called on the Chief of Police for an explanation, some means to prevent the increase in drinking, the constant violation of the Prohibition Law, he said:

While of course there are some "blind tigers" in the city, I believe they are responsible for only a very small percentage of the drunkenness prevalent at present. The people are simply sending outside the State and having whiskey shipped in to them, and are drinking until they get drunk. There is not any excuse for a "blind tiger" any way, when people can get beer and whiskey as easy as they can here, with only a few hours' wait. The average man is not going sneaking through the streets and alleyways hobnobbing with "bums" on a hunt for a "blind tiger," when he can communicate with Chattanooga and shortly afterwards have all the liquor he wants dumped right at his doorstep. This is the problem the police are up against and it is the solution of the amount of drunkenness in Atlanta. Of course, we run down every report of the existence of a "blind tiger," but it is nearly impossible to get evidence to convict.

Any unbiased observer of conditions in Atlanta must, in fact, be forced to the conclusion that, under the present prohibitory law, beer is being openly sold and whiskey can be purchased; and that, while there is no decrease in city and state cases in the police court, there is, on the contrary, an increase of perjury on the witness stands and of easily handled juries in the city courts.

While this article applies to one city only, the writer is firmly convinced that conditions in Atlanta are paralleled in every other large city in the State of Georgia, and that in some cities they are worse. For instance, it is charged that, in Savannah, through an alleged arrangement between certain city authorities and the "blind tigers," the latter are permitted to operate openly and (except on Sundays) sell anything drinkable they choose, on the understanding that the "blind tigers" are to be raided twice each year and fined in the city court. In this indirect way does Savannah, it is alleged, license its saloons. It is said that one raid, in 1908, yielded over \$15,000 in fines.



THE WHITE BUILDINGS OF HEREDIA, COSTA RICA

COSTA RICA

A CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC THAT IS PEACEFUL
AND PROSPEROUS

By HENRY WELLINGTON WACK



THE construction of the Panama Canal and recent events of a quasi-political significance, point to our greater interest in the Central American republics. Only a few months ago Mr. Carnegie gave \$100,000 for a peace palace at Cartago, the ancient capital of Costa Rica. A peace congress held in 1907 proclaimed the brotherhood of these turbulent countries. We were promised a long era of peace. Promptly following the peace congress, several of the republics plotted new wars upon each other. The difficulty, however, is not with the Central American people so much as with some of their accursed political leaders. Presidents Zelaya of Nicaragua and Cabrera of Guatemala have been the principal disturbers of the peace which, it is apparent to any traveller in that region, the people earnestly desire.

In this region of constant political upheaval and periodic revolution and rebellion, the miniature Republic of Costa Rica stands up as a rock in the agitated sea. She has not had a first-class revolution in over forty years. She has shrewdly minded her own business and kept herself clear of the imbroglis to the north. She has had several stormy political campaigns of her own, but nothing which rent her people into factions seeking to destroy each other. Her politics are at times cathartic, but seldom destructive of the ideals of her people. Observe the fact that she employs more school-teachers than soldiers and you have one view of her serious and national purpose.

The United States and Costa Rica have secretly become intimate lately. If we have not in formal terms guaranteed her peace, we have certainly dedicated the Big Stick to her protection. Just south of her lies the zone of our colossal enterprise, the Panama Canal, into whose maw we

are pouring hundreds of millions and the talent and lives of many men. Between that zone where we can enforce peace and order, and the mountains and jungles of Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador, where we shall find that we can not, lies the peace-loving, enterprising Republic of Costa Rica, with ports on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, practically inaccessible except from its coasts, save perhaps through certain narrow cattle-passes from the northwest along the valley of the San Juan and San Carlos rivers in the Province of Alajuela. It is there-

powers interested in the Monroe Doctrine. That they exist, there is hardly the shadow of a doubt. Representatives of the Costa Rican official life, whom the writer in his journeys through that country has charged with the fact, have virtually admitted our secret protectorate over their miniature republic.

This relationship with us and the development of the Canal Zone will mean much to the smallest of the Central American countries. It will mean the readjustment and the unification of her public debt, much of which, issued during a previous gov-



RUBBER GATHERERS' CAMP IN COSTA RICA

fore altogether natural, as well as characteristic of the prescience of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, that Costa Rica should be adopted as a buffer state between the incorrigible republics to the north and the Isthmus of Panama to the south. The diplomatic detail of this Theodorean foresight may not, for a time at least, be vouchsafed to the

ernment, is now in dispute. It will mean a great impetus to American enterprise there, and it will give greater stability to our own and the British investments which have modernized that country, such a large proportion of whose 350,000 people dwell along the tenth parallel.

The area of Costa Rica is about 22,000 square miles, divided into



HARVESTING BANANAS IN COSTA RICA

the provinces of San José, Cartago, Alajuela, Heredia and Guanacaste, and the *comarcas* of Punta Arenas in the Bay of Nicoya on the Pacific, and Limon on the Caribbean coast. It is exceedingly mountainous, and confines its inhabitants to within a few miles north and south of the tenth parallel. Within fifteen miles from either coast, most of it lies between 3000 and 6000 feet above the sea. Volcanoes, some of rare magnificence, distinguish the two principal mountain ranges. They are Irazú (11,200 feet), Turrialba (11,000), Buenavista (10,800), Chirripó Grande (11,850), Pico Blanco (9650), Barba (9335) and Poaz (8675). Of these, Irazú has been the only active crater during recent years.

The scenic beauty of Costa Rica is as yet unsuspected even by the widely travelled, and the country is particularly interesting to the observant traveller. Her dense forests contain over one hundred and forty varieties of merchantable timber. She is rich in cedars, nispero, mahogany, cocobola, guayacan, teak

and satinwood. The finest bananas and coffee in the markets of the world come from Costa Rican plantations. The United Fruit Company of Boston operates a banana fleet between Port Limon and New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and Mobile. Thirty thousand bunches leave Costa Rica daily for the north. Ships sail weekly with banana cargoes for England and France. Over 13,000,000 bunches left Port Limon in 1908. Costa Rica coffee is of the finest quality and flavor, which accounts for the vigilant manner in which it is all bought up for European courts and by other special bidders. When the coffee crop fails, as it did in 1907, there is woe in Costa Rica, for the loss is about \$2,000,000.

As its name signifies, Costa Rica (Rich Coast) has abundant natural resources. The soil is very fertile, and the mountain slopes and valleys are dotted with the *finka* of the planter. In the northwestern region gold mines are yielding bullion, and throughout the coastal regions bananas, cocoanuts, plantains, cacao, rub-



COSTA RICA, THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA



CURING THE BEANS ON A COFFEE PLANTATION IN COSTA RICA

ber, dyes, medicinal roots, figs, nuts and many other varieties of fruit and vegetables abound. The country's annual imports are worth between seven and eight million dollars, about fifty-one per cent. being from the United States. The exports amount to about nine millions, about forty-seven per cent. going to the United States. The gold standard was adopted in 1896, the unit being the *colon*, worth 46½ cts., United States money. The principal banks of the country are those in the capital, San José. They are the Banco Anglo-Costarricense, the Banco de Costa Rica and the Banco Commercial. The usual rate of interest is ten per cent., but twelve is frequently paid.

The law-making branch of the Government is called the Constitutional Congress, to which one deputy is chosen for every 8000 inhabitants. The members serve for four years, assembling annually for a session of sixty days. The President is elected for a term of four years and is not eligible to succeed himself. He and the members of Congress are chosen

by electoral bodies elected every four years by popular vote. The judges of the Supreme Court are elected by the Congress. The legislative, judicial and executive departments of the government are entirely independent of each other.

President Don Cleto Gonzales Viquez, who now rules the destinies of this gem of the Central American group, is a man of great executive ability. It is probable that during his administration the national debt will be unified under a less burdensome rate of interest. A large part of the debt is held by New York and London bankers.

But neither politics nor statistics are Costa Rica's principal charm. To the people of the United States and to the traveller in search of a quaint and a delightful country from January to June, when the season is dry, this toyland of the southern nations has much that is romantic, much upon her face that no history in our tongue has yet recounted. It is only about thirty-three years since the ox-cart made way for the first Costa Rica

railroad. Thereby was shattered, or nearly shattered, one of the country's most stubborn institutions. Now the bullock-drivers were a numerous and a politically powerful band, to whom the invasion of the steam-boweled iron horse meant financial ruin. The *boyero*, as the ox-cart driver is called, had to be placated by the government which constructed the railroad—a line running from Alajuela to Cartago, about fifteen miles west and east of San José, the capital.

one hundred and twenty-nine miles. The government first undertook its construction, but after building forty miles, surrendered the work to Mr. Minor C. Keith of New York, the practical head of the United Fruit Company, and Mr. Keith induced English capital to complete the road. It was heroic work for both the *peon* and the foreigner, the first twenty miles through the tropical swamp and jungle having, it is popularly narrated, cost a man's life for every tie laid. They



A PEON FAMILY

So the *boyeros* were employed to haul all the material for the road in ox-carts over a mountain route nearly fifty miles long. Theretofore all freight moving from Punta Arenas on the Pacific to points inland toward the Caribbean was hauled in ox-carts, twenty-two kilometers, or thirteen and three quarters miles, being a day's haul.

By far the most important material development in Costa Rica is due to the construction of the railroad running from Port Limon on the Caribbean coast to San José, a distance of

died by the hundred from the tropical fever which prevailed in that lowland, where the exudation from rank vegetation, I observed, is not unlike that along the west coast of Africa. Nor were these conditions the only hindrance to the railroad pioneers of that time. The river Toro Amarillo (Yellow Bull) either swept bridges away or changed its wild course in a night. The torrential rains of last December flooded the railroad in the lowland, wrecked three bridges and hindered the harvesting and shipment of the banana



RIO GRANDE BRIDGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, COSTA RICA

crop. An occasional earthquake added to many surface difficulties, and a frequent lack of funds for the pay-roll and consequent mutiny made the final completion of this railroad one of the miracles of that sturdy little republic. That the genius of an American, Mr. Keith, should have accomplished what the natural conditions had made seemingly impossible, is a matter of satisfaction to our compatriots who have substantial interests in that country.

The Ferrocarril al Pacifico, or Pacific Railroad, was also built by an American, a man from Ohio. This road runs west from San José to Santo Domingo, a village about twenty-seven miles from the Pacific coast, where it stops. From there the traveller proceeds on a horse or a mule to Esparta, a comfortable village in which to stay overnight, where he may again board the railroad train and go on to Barranca and Punta Arenas. The bridge over the Rio Barranca having been recently washed away, passengers cross the river in trolley baskets suspended

from cables. Those who travel a-horse swim that stream when and if they can. The incomplete condition of this road is due to the government's financial circumstances, the cost of the work proving much greater than original estimates indicated. In the first twenty-five miles seven iron bridges span turbulent mountain rivers, the highest being 312 feet. This is the bridge over the Rio Grande, a combination arch and cantilever having a clear span of 450 feet. At the time of its erection it was the only bridge of its kind.

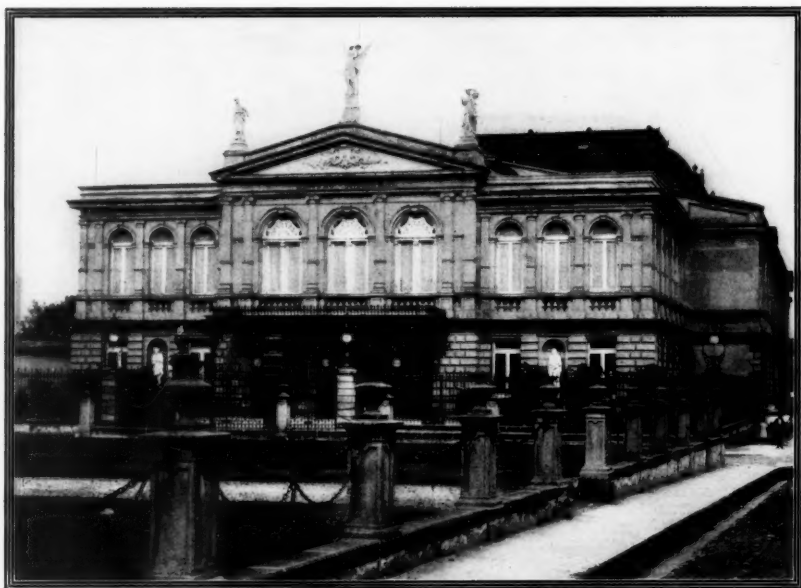
These railways, together with their branches north and south, have revealed significant possibilities in the material development of the land of the "Ticos," the name by which Costa Ricans are known in Central America. They have also brought the northern traveller and the southern white man into the region for health and observation, or for considerations of trade and commerce.

There are two ways of reaching Costa Rica from the United States. From San Francisco the Pacific Mail



CENTRAL PARK, CARTAGO, COSTA RICA

The Central American Peace Palace given by Andrew Carnegie will stand near this park



NATIONAL THEATRE, SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA

line sails to Punta Arenas and Peruvian ports with passengers and cargo. To Punta Arenas the time is twenty-one days in fairly comfortable vessels, albeit that route is generally employed by Costa Rican interests directly for the haulage of freight purchased in San Francisco, from which port rates are very low compared to the rate from the Atlantic seaboard.

From the east the American visitor to Costa Rica may sail in a United Fruit Company steamer from Boston every Friday; or from New York on the Hamburg American line every Saturday; or, going by rail to New Orleans, he may sail from that port every week to Port Limon on the Atlantic Coast, the direct route to Colon and the Isthmus of Panama. Travellers from the west coast of South America debark at Punta Arenas on their way north, journey across Costa Rica and embark for New York at Port Limon. The same method may be pursued across Panama from its west coast to Colon and the north.

One of the most delightful winter

voyages on this continent is the nine-days cruise from Boston or New York to Port Limon, the trip across Costa Rica, down its west coast to Panama, back across the Isthmus to Colon, thence north to where you will. If you have not visited Spanish-American countries before, you should find much to interest you. *Coloradillas* and *niguas* (tropical insects) will not molest you much from January to June. The wet season, from June to January, when torrential rains at four o'clock daily make the country steam like a laundry, is not the time to get a favorable impression of equatorial America. Wear the lightest khaki, mesh linen and soft collars.

At Port Limon you will see the first *zopilote*, the hideous black scavenger buzzard which, protected from destruction by law, is regarded by the natives as their greatest hygienic expert. This great-beaked bird of prey, known in South America as the *gallinazzi*, is everywhere—in the atmosphere and in the air, as Bill Nye said of the falling autumn leaves.

It eats all the refuse which the people, the country and its animal life produce. Thus it is that in Costa Rica the sewers are open gutters down the middle of the streets. Stand anywhere in Costa Rica near the habitation of man or domestic beast, cast anything edible upon the ground, and a flock of *zopilote* will dart down and fight for it. But for these ugly birds, typhoidal fevers would rage in some parts of Central America.

You will find the affairs of the United Fruit Company overshadowing everything at Limon, and in fact, all through the banana belt along the Caribbean Coast. It has nearly 25,000 acres planted with the fruit; employs thousands of Jamaican negroes to harvest it; provides hospitals on the coast for its white employees and clubs and dormitories wherever its staff abounds. You pass through its plantations on your way inland to San José, the salubrious capital sitting in the mountains at an altitude of 4000 feet, with the world's record for equable temperature, the mean being 71° Fahrenheit.

On your way you will observe fence-posts branching and leafing into fine trees around a *potrero* (pasture), or the *finca* of the planter. Everything grows in Costa Rica. Stick your alpenstock in the ground, recite the prayer of the *peon* (native Spanish-Indian laborer), and lo!—there is something that looks very much like a tree; and all without the aid of an Indian fakir. The land is fertile beyond our present appreciation, and everything that expects to stand and look at the sun must take root and cover itself with leaves as protection against the undermining rain. Even the railroad ties are of iron—to discourage them, I presume, from branching and becoming foliate.

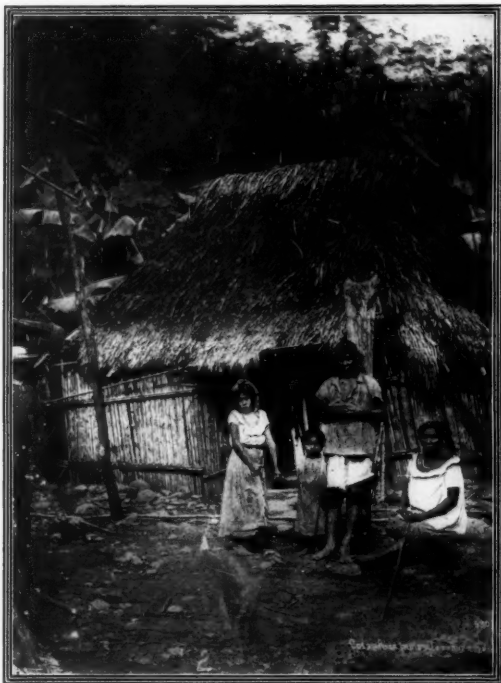
At Matina, in the banana belt, I observed a traveller from the north pay a negro five cents from the car platform for ten bananas he had purchased. When he re-entered, manifestly elated by the quality and the cheapness of the fruit, his Costa Rican acquaintance upbraided him:

"Never pay for a banana you eat in this country! To do so violates our religion. Besides, you'll spoil our niggers."

The train from Limon stops at every station. For a hundred miles inland Jamaican negroes predominate along the route, these imported laborers excelling the peon in the banana region. At Alajuela the blackest of black negroes flock to the train with japanned trays laden with sliced pineapples. When you have gorged yourself on this luscious fruit after a hot, dry train-journey of six hours, you will recall the imitation pines you have eaten in the north—fruit beside which the Costa Rican pine is as nectar to malic acid. The pulp of the Costa Rican pine is very white, and when ripe, can be eaten from the skin with a spoon. This tender consistency renders them too perishable for exportation. The oranges, limes, mangoes and avocados, or "alligator pears," there so abundant are of delicious flavor and great food value.

The peon is an interesting character, in his independent state in the villages, as planter, or as a worker in the mining camps. In the larger towns the houses are built of adobe, with tile roofs upon the best of them. In the small villages along the ox-cart trails, a few sticks of bamboo (bound together with the *bejuco* vine and thatched with tall local grass), or a few sheets of corrugated iron, constitute the permanent abode of his often numerous family. One peculiarity of these huts is their inmate's utter disregard of side and end protection. As the rains always fall straight down and are never wind-driven from a vertical course, he simply provides a roof. For domestic privacy he would not inclose the sides and ends of his hut, for privacy is not important to his comfort. Moreover, in a country where the air is so still, he argues that it is undesirable to shut it out. Consequently the domestic architecture and the domestic dress and habit of the peon are scandalously "open-work."

A forge-like charcoal stove built of mud usually occupies one corner of the combination kitchen-dining-bath-pig-chicken-room-and-nursery, leaving the other room of 8 x 11 feet entirely free as the highly-ventilated



HUT OF A CARIB INDIAN FAMILY

sleeping apartment and guest-dog-and-goat-room of the peon, his wife, eleven or twelve children and any weary traveller who may have strayed in upon them during an equinoctial storm. Life here is shorn of its non-essentials—of so much that is burdensome to man in his simple estate. Even in the custom of personal adornment the peon is an observer of severest simplicity. Occasionally you may see plain gold rings in his ears or in those of his wife, but it seems for every such bauble put on they take off some necessary garment. When a peon woman wishes to be "real smart," she wears a gaily-colored *rebozo* (a narrow shawl) in imitation of the native white Costa

Rican lady who wears her pretty *pañalon*. When they can, they all drink *guaro*, a native brandy made and monopolized by the government. It is a white liquor composed of sixty parts of distilled water and forty parts commercial alcohol. Lacking a thousand deleterious flavors included in the liquor of the north, it is regarded as less injurious than either Scotch or American whiskey. It has the power, nevertheless, in that very humid climate, of making a howling *gila* monster of the tamest peon. He looks very fierce, brandishing his *machete* at men of his own class and emitting what the mine foreman at Montezuma calls "plenty tall hellish screech." But the peon shrinks from his white superior and quickly subsides under his commands.

It is from the peon class that the Costa Rican army of six hundred soldiers is recruited. This is the most simply dressed civilized army in the world. A blouse and pair of trousers of blue dungaree is all there is of the uniform. Bare feet and any sort of head covering, repeating rifle and *machete*, complete this modest warrior. You can inspect him daily in the Plaza de Artilleria at San José. There are his *cuartels* (barracks); and there, while on sentry duty in his boxes, you can hear his response to the officers of the guard—a weird, musical sound made by the sentry tapping a keyed triangle in each box. The peon makes a good soldier in his native habitat, the military code making no fancy exaction upon his intelligence or his skill at arms. The blue and gold dress of the superior officers of the Costa Rican army is as elaborate and costly as the uniform of the private is plain and shoddy. It appears to be worn daily, and ex-

hibited on the street corner of San José more to impress the *señoritas* than for any useful military purpose. The corsetted young men who are jammed into these rich uniforms—so vivid a contrast to their surroundings in a town of 30,000 inhabitants—are withal a fine and spirited lot of fellows, displaying the cockiness of the Prussian and the glorified suavity of the French officer. No wonder that the San José *señoritas* dress up and ostensibly go somewhere along the narrow streets when officers foregather on the corner.

You will see hundreds of children on the streets wearing the same pattern, color and quality of dress. Years ago the upper-class school-children showed their contempt for those of the middle class, and the latter class found it hard to respect the peon class. There were quarrels, bitterness, anguish. Then some wise man conceived the idea that a public school, being for the equal benefit of all and not a showplace for ostentatiously dressed children, should tolerate no external mark of rank begot merely by money and bad taste. So they passed a law that all public-school children should wear the cheapest and the cleanest uniform which the least of the pupils could afford. That is why Costa Rican school-children look neat and clean and very much alike to the casual observer—a very wholesome lesson for them, too, at their impressionable age.

The Liceo is a well-organized college for young men, and there is a Superior College for young women at San José. Besides these there is a school of law, one of pharmacy, one of commerce and one of music. The government sends many young men to Europe and the United States to study practical professions.

With modern conveniences, only excepting the buzzard sewage system, the larger cities of Costa Rica are fairly well equipped. Telephones, tramways, electric-light plants, hotels and markets are generally operated

in cities of the first class; while the telegraph, owned and operated by the government, extends throughout all the inhabited area of the republic, even to its most distant mining-camps.

At the present time, while the Pacific Railroad is truncated between Santo Domingo and Esparta, Costa Rica affords the traveller an experience generally packed with incident and humor. This is the enforced journey of about twenty miles on mules or horses between these villages on the way from San José to the west coast. If you know something of the *mañana* lands, you will procure the friendly offices of an influential native in San José to telegraph to Santo Domingo, from two or four days ahead of your departure, a "requisition" for the best saddle-pony in the country, with a command that the pony be immediately fed up, and pastured without work until you arrive to ride him. Anything less than this foresight and these orders, together with the inflated debt they incur, will result in your meeting a dead horse, with neither wind, legs nor hope in his patched-up and upholstered carcass.

There are no more hospitable white people in the world than the Costa Ricans. They are refined and cultured, live in excellently appointed homes and raise beautiful families of boys and girls, many of whom are educated in the United States or in Europe. Remember that they are wholly unrelated to the Carib, the Indian stock from which the peon (laboring) class has been bred. The latter is a dark-skinned, broad-faced Indian type reared in the mountains since the Spanish colony was established in 1520. Costa Rica became independent of Spain in 1821 and joined the Confederation of Central American States in 1824-9. In contrast with Nicaragua, Guatemala and Honduras, we shall frequently hear of her henceforth in the annals of peace, thrift and national progress.

(The photographs which illustrate the above article were made by Rudd of San José)

THE CHILD SPIRIT

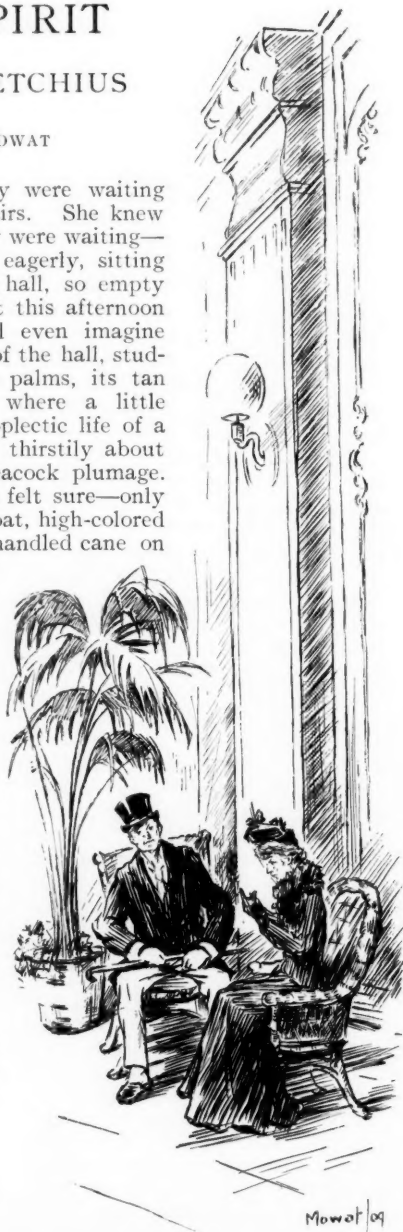
By MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



HE knew that they were waiting for her downstairs. She knew also just how they were waiting—uncomplainingly, eagerly, sitting in the vast hotel hall, so empty and cavernous at this afternoon hour. She could even imagine the cheerlessness of the hall, studied as it was with its imitation palms, its tan wicker chairs and round tables, where a little later in the afternoon all the apoplectic life of a passing world in Paris would settle thirstily about the teacups, and flutter wide a peacock plumage. But now there was no one else, she felt sure—only her father, in his rather worn frock-coat, high-colored tie and top hat, balancing his thick-handled cane on his knees and casting occasional anxious glances at his short, stout reflection in the mirror opposite, while her mother, small, pale-eyed, with her new French hat at the same angle which it always assumed above the scarcity of her pepper-colored hair, buttoned nervously a shiny, thin pair of black gloves. Both of them would look up expectantly at each click and rattle of the elevator, each swift step on the slippery parquet floor.

The very fact of the almost wearied ease with which she could summon this picture to her mind, made any haste to join them seem less necessary. So she went lingeringly about her big sunny room, pausing once in a while before her window, which opened on the Champs Elysées, and drinking, as if it were wine, the drone and buzz of the swift passing motors, the wooden clatter of the carriages, the light tapping of horses' hoofs on the smooth driveway, and watching the strolling couples beneath the chestnut trees, which, like enormous green fans, shaded the avenue



Mowat '09

THEY WERE WAITING FOR HER

from the shining blue sky. The sound and sight of these things aroused in her vague longings. She would have liked to plunge into them alone, free to wander over this enchanting Maydeck world of Paris without the drag of the two slow-moving figures at her side. But they were eternally wishing to accompany her, to bend themselves even painfully to her young energy. Now that she was to leave them, they used their future desolation as a reason for demanding these last assertive days of her girlhood. But it was too late to demand—after having surrounded her for so long with their selfishness. They had done their best to spoil her. Was it her fault because she had found the strength to combat this present overpowering claim upon her—to ask in her turn the right of self-expression—the new intoxication of an unfolding personality?

She took up His picture which stood always on her bureau. How good looking He was! *He* understood her. She missed Him dreadfully, and would be glad when all this trousseau buying was finished and she could sail back to Him—never, never to leave Him again. At even the thought of this, such a thin quiver of nameless joy filled her soul that she closed her eyes, her lips parted instinctively, light flooded behind her eyelids. The world contracted to a pin-point of radiance—there was nothing beyond. But even as she strove to keep the light at white pitch, it faded, and a nervous sense that someone—that *They*—were waiting all this time brought her back to practical consciousness. She resented their intrusion on her dream, and as she continued dressing, mechanically, faster and faster, in reluctant admission of the lateness of the hour, she allowed her mood deliberately to saw its rough edges on what she felt to be a grievance—the patient waiting of the two downstairs, and how much her coming meant to them. She

became oppressively aware of all the things they had bought for her, scattered thickly over the room—half of them she never used—bright baubles sufficient for a child, ridiculously expensive no doubt—scarfs, chains, books she never read, ribbons and hair ornaments, most of them in bad taste. . . . She laced her shoes savagely as she reflected that they spent more than they could afford on such fripperies and then were hurt to their foolish hearts when she did not accept each gift as a child accepts candy. If only they would not give so lavishly! A reluctant sweep of affection drowned for a moment her indignation as, in rummaging through her drawer for her favorite veil, her hand touched a little box in the corner.

That was a beautiful cigarette case her father had bought for Him. Yes, they did mean to be kind. The tragedy of it lay in their overwhelming kindness, and all the corresponding obligation it entailed. She wished that they would not remind her so constantly of what they had done for her. It is true that they asked a very simple thing in return—her appreciation. But there was a proud, conscious expectancy in their eyes, which waited shamelessly for recognition. She pinned on a lace jabot at her throat with a jerk, remembering, in retrospective fury, how as a child they had laid traps and invented countless ways to start the spring of her apparently boundless enthusiasm. She had given then because she was a child—because pleasure meant pleasure. Now that she was older, she could see the impossibility of whipping into life what had ebbed away with all joyous irresponsibility. It was as if after having once lived upon the eager smile of her ever-smiling child lips, the clapping of her ever-ready hands, they simply could not reconcile themselves to any new condition—and in their hearts they thought her ungrateful. Even when He had come, they had struggled against Him—she could



SHE HAD BEEN STANDING IN FRONT OF HER MIRROR

never quite forgive them for that,—although, once acknowledged, they had done all in their power to include Him in their plans for her. She felt vaguely the pathos of this last trip alone with them, as she observed their efforts to pretend that she was still a child—the small ways by which they wilfully blinded themselves to her independence.

Suddenly with a start she realized that she was fully dressed and that she had been standing in front of her

mirror staring at her own reflection without any apparent consciousness of time. She continued staring for a little while, almost impersonally registering what she saw there—the soft, straight hair, low brow, searching dark eyes, thin-chiselled nose and slightly thick, curved pink lips. She turned aside, realizing that there must be no more delay. As she closed the door gently behind her, somehow her sense of injury changed to a gentle patience, her immediate recognition of which soothed her delightfully.

As she had imagined, they were waiting for her—uncomplainingly, eagerly. They had heard of her step on the stairs and they were coming forward now, her mother with a foolishly proud expression which, travelling over each pretty detail of her daughter's dress, ended delightedly at sight of a parasol which had been sent home on approval that morning.

"I knew you'd like that parasol as soon as I saw it, Dolly," she said.

The daughter turned aside impatiently. She had often signified her dislike of the pet name.

"Thank you, mother," she said.

"It's just what you needed," continued the mother; but some of the pleasure had gone out of her voice.

"You might show a little more gratitude to your dear mother who is always thinking of you," remarked her father.

"I am always thanking mother," she answered with a snap in her voice. She was angry because she no longer possessed that sweet sense of patience with which she had approached



THEY STARTED STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE

them, and she felt frettingly ashamed of herself for losing it so soon.

They walked silently behind her to the big swinging door. She knew that their feelings were hurt—quite unreasonably, perhaps, though, after all, she might have avoided one of those little scenes so recurrent at this point of her rebellion. Bribing her conscience she addressed a gentle remark to them, at which they brightened so immediately that by the time they stood in the full, glitter and sunshine of the Champs Élysées, they were both smiling again. At her suggestion, they started strolling down the avenue, her father swinging his cane and strutting a little, her mother trotting beside her, both of them naively overjoyed at being with her—jealously remarking the occasional glances cast in her direction by the men who passed.

"It's disgusting, how they stare," observed her mother at last. "Stand up straight, Dolly dear."

"They're not staring at me," she answered. It was as if she felt compelled to tear away all the innocent fabric of their pride.

The bright little world on the Champs Élysées seemed to have been spilled out from some big basket and to be rolling off at random in gayly colored particles. The sun sifted through the thick green chestnut branches and splashed in sudden yellow spots beneath the trees. On the edge of the avenue sprawled slender iron chairs upon which sat brilliant, ruffled beings toned down becomingly to pastel shades by their soft-petalled parasols. Men lounged in the shadows or walked slowly with seeking eyes in and out of the fluttering throng of women. And above, the great silken blue sky seemed to fan with its scented breath these joyous, vivid creatures.

But the note of it all, which twittered and thrilled incessantly through the rustle of passing skirts,

was the note of the children. It was as if they had taken possession of the very ground beneath the feet of their elders, so unconsciously did they dodge and circle, radiating sunshine, spreading exuberantly in tiny, swift, dissolving groups of tangled joy. Such children they were—such curly-haired, beribboned children, watched over at proper distances by pink-cheeked, white-capped *bonnes*, who looked, many of them, as if they too would like to play.

The mother and father watched these children raptly, exclaiming, now and then, "Dolly, that child has your eyes, I declare," or "Dolly, you looked just like that when you were her age."

The daughter stared at them wonderingly; their pleasure in the joy of the children seemed almost undignified.

"How you used to play when you were a child," said her mother; and "My, but you could run," the father exclaimed wistfully. "I used to call you, 'Dolly! Dolly!'" he raised his voice as if he were really calling her. She interrupted him:

"Sh, father; we're not at home."

"And," he continued, paying no attention, "you'd come running to me, your little arms out, puffing and snorting like—like a steam-engine! But you never cried—no, sir, you never cried, even if you fell before you reached me."

Both of them were talking eagerly now, reminding each other of incidents in her playtime days. Feeling annoyed at such doting reminiscences, she looked around to find something to distract their attention from her. Suddenly, in a cool, shaded corner beneath the trees, she noticed one of the Guignol theatres which she had always passed heretofore with superior indifference. From a distance it looked to her like some half-open matchbox on end, with matches being jerked up and down in the aperture. It seemed to her now at least useful for a change of topic, so she exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the Guignol, mother, father."

As she spoke, she told herself it was just so she would have called a child's attention. They turned, immediately responsive. They appeared to have warmed to youth again, in the excitement of the little playing children about them. They followed their daughter delightedly as she walked towards the Guignol. She moved on ahead of them—so tall, so graceful, so beautiful. The pleasant sense of virtue was touching her complacently once more. And then it was not as stupid as she might have imagined, this soft spring afternoon among the little playing children. She became less self-conscious. A spirit of holiday, deliberately shelved some time ago, slipped wantonly from its high place, and danced at her feet. She thought how He would enjoy this walk—He loved children she remembered with a quick sweep of tenderness. A light blush fluttered on her cheek. She felt His adoring eyes upon her, and looked away—at the little playing children. Her mother and father were on each side of her, peering over her shoulder. The Guignol smiled crookedly at them as they drew near. A funny, thin music trickled merrily at intervals out of a rusty harp and a shiny violin, played by two dark, kind-faced boys.

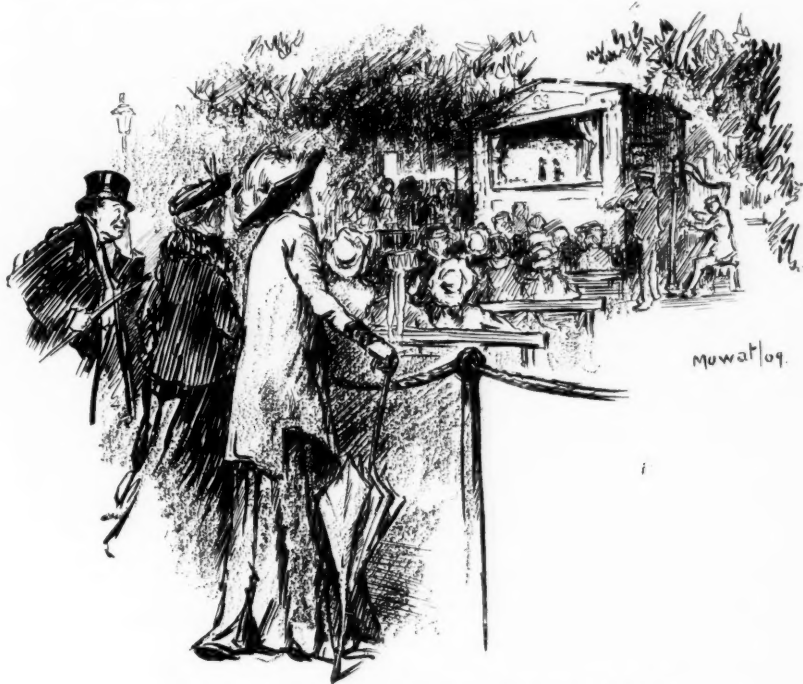
Quite a crowd rimmed good-humoredly the outlining rope of the magic square. There were full-grown men as well as women and children. All of them lingered in a splendid disregard of time, enjoying with Gallic enthusiasm the play of the Puppets.

Inside the rope were long-ankled, high benches packed tight with an absorbed little audience—rows of small-flowered mushroom hats flapping up and down, short arms waving in the air and squeaks of delight running riot like so many organ stops being pulled on and off.

Meanwhile, the colored wooden dolls leaning far out of their scenic

pasteboard interior banged and whacked and squealed through a side-splitting farce, twisting about their painted, smiling faces which never changed expression, flourishing

conspicuous, more at her ease. Accordingly she allowed her dreams to slide again from their pink coverings, and to have their way with her. Strangely enough to-day they all had



THE MOTHER AND FATHER PUSHED CLOSE UP TO THE ROPE

their stiff bodies and making marvelous jokes about "*les petits enfants*."

The mother and father pushed close up to the ropes, straining their necks forward to see and to hear. The father cupped his half deaf ear with an attentive hand. They laughed when the people around them laughed. The daughter, who had moved behind them with an instinct to let them have the first place here, was watching them closely now with an amused tolerance. At first she glanced up at each burst of laughter to see if anyone were noticing or laughing at them, but the indifference and absorption of the faces around her was reassuring. She began to feel less

tangled curls and laughing baby eyes. She accepted them doubtfully at first with a sense of mingled fear and tenderness for their phantom caprices. She forgot again the mother and father, until suddenly the mother turned to her.

"Dolly, let's go in," she coaxed, "let's—just for once."

There was the slight urging of anticipated refusal in her voice.

"Why, mother," answered the daughter, immediately awakened. "Can't you see just as well here? It would be ridiculous, our prancing in there. We have no children to take in, we——"

She stopped—aware for the first

time of her mother's pleading eyes. Why, there were tears in them—they were glistening.

"We can be nearer those little darling children," the mother was saying. "I want to see them nearer, Dolly. That one on the end laughs just the way you used to laugh. We can sit on those chairs. There are other women in there."

"But those are nurses and mothers—mother."

Her father looked up with rare authority. "Dolly, if your dear mother wants to go, we shall go," he said, his own face betraying a not unwilling eagerness. He led the way, the mother trotting timidly after him. The daughter followed, crimson with self-consciousness, feeling all eyes upon them. The father gave the curtsying one-eyed old ticket woman a franc, refusing the change. She bowed them profusely to three small iron chairs behind the benches. They sat down a trifle stiffly; the father held himself erect, grasping his cane firmly in one hand—his frock-coat fell in a black curtain over the edge of the chair, his top hat glistened smooth in a ray of sunshine,—the mother darted perturbed glances at her daughter, who sat remote, unsmiling, in her chair. The Guignol was commencing—over and over it played its wooden, smiling piece to the benches full of tiny devotees. The mother and father leaned forward, whispering to one another in low, pleased tones—they forgot the displeasure of their daughter. They were warmly suffused by the play of it all, intoxicated by the quivers of joy that shook the small straight lines on the two benches. An infant in front of them turned suddenly with an imperative need to share her delight.

"*Il l' a battu—il l' a battu*," she lisped to them, clapping her dimpled hands. The little boy next to her seized her round elbow and pinched it excitedly. Hauling himself up by its uncertain aid, he stood on his wobbling sailor-clad legs, balancing

himself and crying in shrill tones, "*Il l' a battu*." The mother and father glanced at one another rapturously. The daughter stirred in her chair. The voices of the children like thin wire hooks caught her attention. The same tireless sense of wonder which caused all things to turn restlessly beneath her investigating mind began again now to work at this kaleidoscopic scene before her. She felt as if she had been flopped down into the very centre of something new—something she had never passed or seen before. A sense—recent with her late acuteness—dawned in her that a hidden word lay beneath this colorful surface. She groped intelligently, obeying her instinct for unearthing the word. She had learned in her questioning soul that all surfaces held seeds and roots, but heretofore she had looked at more sober surfaces—fearing shallows—suspecting bubbling surfaces that smiled and danced, because she remembered how thin her youth had been. She allowed herself to have a contempt for this skipping, gay beginning of things—feeling justified in so doing since she included in it her own earlier childhood. But now for the first time forces of questioning aroused her eyes, as she sat in the very heart of this fluttering, joyful world, open-mouthed before its innocent amusements, giving its little all out to the wooden dolls who grimaced companionably back to it.

She turned her eyes to the first row of children, sweeping their bent, beruffled figures with a slow, concentrating gaze. They seemed to her to have been blown about by tiny flippant winds, which had driven them here and there in excited flurries. But gradually as she stared behind their wide eyes and pink mouths and scattered hair, she detected a small spark of something—what was it? Did her imagination put into their round, childish faces a meaning that was not there? She leaned forward, focussing her eyes more intently. She began to see a half-frightened, almost invisible some-

thing, as of the departing shadow of a swift moving wing. It hesitated, coming and going—it flickered down the row. What was it? She grasped it gradually—catching at it as it came and went. It was a child of her own wonder, a pin-point of coming sadness, so slight that it resolved in twinklings of light; it was a pallor of expression, like the opening of some tiny, scentless bud.

Wistfulness—that was it,—and a longing which strained and tugged at every passing pleasure, releasing itself now and then, only to dart back again for an eye's breadth in some other little face down the line. It was strange that she should imagine this something. There!—it had alighted for more than a second on a small boy sitting next to her father—such a small atom of a boy, with a peaked chin, large, sharp-cornered eyes and a slanting, pale forehead. This boy seized and held the something with a wistful eagerness for the noise about him—an intangible hunger to seize this play moment, because of the flickering fear of what was coming later.

Her eyes slid unconsciously from the child to her father—on to her mother. Why, it was there, too!—it was the same, hiding in their wrinkles, in the tired lines she had never noticed before. It rose and fell in the corners of their mouths, in the strained attention of their eyes—the same spirit of wistfulness, the formless leaping of the moment, and shadow of tears to come. Only it was more accentuated there in their faces, more clearly revealed to her startled eyes. It lay still tremulous, as they bent forward drinking in the youth about them. Their faces seemed suddenly, grotesquely young and wondering—while the children's faces about her, as she looked more closely, seemed strangely old and wondering. Then it came down to the same fundamental something. It touched and quivered and passed from one to the other.

Was *she* like that, too? Was He like that—He of the strong, straight

limbs and adoring eyes? Or had He been so, and would He grow so, as He met the wonder in His children's faces? A flash shot through her soul,—His children and hers! Then to find that something—the great mystery must have passed from tiny hand to older eyes! Children must have come, to make children. And those between, neither one thing nor the other, the something passed silently. But then, if that were so, it changed things; it changed the whole relationship of the world; it showed her wrong, absolutely, blindly wrong. The entire fabric of her superior reasoning came tumbling down about her like an absurd sugar tower, reared by an improvident child. A great light which she had never known before broke upon her slowly in widening, clear ripples. She felt as if she had been trampling on a very beautiful, simple thing, without—mercifully enough—the power to crush it. As she looked again at the little world before her, she heard for the first time comprehendingly the uneven pattering of its applause, the piping tremolo of its music, the wooden banging of its marionettes; she saw for the first time the flash of their red and gold, the bending—as in a wind—of the audience; and she felt over the whole rainbow surface of its changing lights, the simplicity of never-fading youth.

It was over. The wiry bell had rung down the curtain, and there followed the tumbling, helter-skelter, eager darting of small bright bodies, here and there, scattering in the sunshine. Now that the play was over, their hungry little souls sought after other joys. She stood up quietly, looking down at her mother and father. They were still absorbed, as if they were afraid to break, by moving, the enchantment of the moment; but as she looked, she saw their faces contract and grow strangely tired.

"Little mother," she said very tenderly, as much later she might say, "Little child."

The mother rose slowly.

"I know I'm a silly old woman, Dolly," she said brokenly. "But it just took me back to when you were my girlie."

The father coughed hoarsely and turned away. The one-eyed old ticket-seller came up and stared at them curiously—the benches began to fill up again. There were enough children for many performances.

"I know, little mother," went on the daughter. "But come now, we'll go somewhere else. I have it—" she cried suddenly. "Suppose we go to that cake shop you spoke of the other day, and eat cakes and tea?"

"Why, Dolly dear, do you really want to? I thought—" began the mother. The daughter put one hand out impulsively.

"Never mind; we're going to be—foolish children, for the rest of the afternoon," she said.

She guided them out on the avenue again. She felt happy and wonderfully tender. The surface of things had changed. She was learning a strange new truth which she doubted if anyone knew but herself.

They walked down the avenue in a soft pink twilight. She found herself helping them over crossings and touching their arms protectingly. They passed many little children trotting home with their nurses and mothers. The world seemed only to hold little children.

At the cake shop it was the same. In the large room with its polished tables, there was a hungry babbling of children; they swarmed about the long, rich-laden counter at the end, peering over its edge with greedy wide eyes. Cakes and still more cakes were piled in sticky sweet platefuls, the air was heavy with honey and clean with the white smell of milk. She watched her father and mother go to the counter and choose cakes. It seemed natural that they should love the cakes and that her mother should insist on bringing an extra plate piled high for her; that they should watch her for coveted signs of joy in the

cake they ate so gratefully themselves. It seemed natural that the moving throng of little ones coming and going should press forward one by one full-heartedly. How simple it was to make them all happy or sad. She did not feel alone. He seemed to be there, with her, looking on, tenderly, expectantly. So would they be, too, some day—He and she; so would they crowd forward and hunger for the sweetness of the moment, reflected on some laughing young faces; so would weariness turn again simply to little children, as its own. There was time yet—time to understand and give the child spirit what it craved. Then she turned toward them. They were watching her adoringly. Her father was crumbling his cakes to bits before swallowing them.

"I don't know when I've had a happier day, Dolly," her mother said. "Somehow you've been more like you used to be."

"I have n't quite grown up yet, little mother," she answered.

They seemed to her from now on very precious—two beings who needed her, as later she would need—she smiled tenderly. This knowledge had come to her then, in a flash, among the children. It was not that she would never grow up in her father's and mother's eyes. That was the wonderful part of the truth. It was that life reversed itself. The dear mother and father were the children. Let those of this world go on singing and sobbing, leading and being led—the most beautiful and tender thing that it contains is the wistfulness, the longing for child joys of those who have been born children—the turning to the ones who can never grow up, by those who have grown young again—and the love which makes the scheme of understanding and giving possible. She thought of Him, and she felt grow within her suddenly the child spirit.

"Little mother," she whispered, "dear father—we shall have many more days like this—now."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1854*

By HORACE WHITE



WHEN I was asked to address you on some particular event or feature of Mr. Lincoln's career, I chose the period of 1854, because I then first became acquainted with him, and because he then received his first great awakening and showed his countrymen what manner of man he was. His debate with Douglas in 1858 became more celebrated, because it focussed the attention of a greater audience and led to larger immediate results, but the latter was merely a continuation of the former. The subject of debate was the same in both years, the combatants were the same, and the audiences were in part the same. The contest of 1858 has been more talked about and written about than any other intellectual encounter in our national annals, and that is perhaps another reason why I should address you on the earlier one which was its real beginning. . . .

THE SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD ON OCTOBER 4TH

Mr. Lincoln began his speech with an historical sketch of the events leading to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and then took up the fallacy of Douglas's "sacred right of self-government," to which he gave a merciless exposure, turning it over and over, inside and out, stripping off its mask, and presenting it in such light that nobody could fail to see the deception embodied in it. Such an exposition necessarily involved a

discussion of slavery in all its aspects, and here for the first time do we find any broad and resounding statement of Mr. Lincoln's own attitude toward the institution. Here, perhaps, was the first distinct occasion for his making such a statement. He had voted in Congress some forty times for the Wilmot Proviso, so that his opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories was not doubtful. As a stump speaker he had languidly supported the compromise measures of 1850. But until now there had been no occasion which imperatively called upon him to declare his position on the slavery question as a national political issue.

Such a call had now come, and he did not hesitate to tell the whole truth as he understood it. The telling of it makes this speech one of the imperishable political discourses of our history, if not of all time. It is superior to Webster's reply to Hayne, because its theme is loftier and its scope wider. The keynote of Webster's speech was patriotism—the doctrine of self-government crystallized in the Federal Union; that of Lincoln's was patriotism plus humanity, the humanity of the negro whose place in the family of man was denied, either openly or tacitly, by the supporters of the Nebraska bill. I think also that Lincoln's speech is the superior of the two as an example of English style. It lacks something of the smooth, compulsive flow which takes the intellect captive in the Websterian diction, but it excels in the simplicity, directness and lucidity which appeal both to the intellect and to the heart.

I heard the whole of that speech. It was a warmish day in early Oc-

*Passages from an address delivered before the Illinois State Historical Society, at its ninth annual meeting at Springfield, Illinois, January 30, 1908.

tober, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native State, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared and he passed into that attitude of unconscious majesty that is so conspicuous in Saint-Gaudens's statue at the entrance to Lincoln Park in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.

LINCOLN'S IMPASSIONED UTTERANCES

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures were made with his body and head rather than with his arms. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type,

which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it. In such transfigured moments as these he was the type of the ancient Hebrew prophet as I learned that character at Sunday-school in my childhood.

That there were, now and then, electrical discharges of high tension in Lincoln's eloquence is a fact little remembered, so few persons remain who ever came within its range. The most remarkable outburst took place at the Bloomington Convention of May 29, 1856, at which the anti-Nebraska forces of Illinois were first collected and welded together as one party. Mr. John L. Scripps, editor of the *Chicago Democratic Press*, who was present—a man of gravity little likely to be carried off his feet by spoken words—said:

Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of hitherto incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union.

The speech of 1854 made so profound an impression on me that I feel under its spell to this day. It is known in history as Mr. Lincoln's Peoria speech. Although first delivered in Springfield on October 4th, it was repeated twelve days later at Peoria. Mr. Lincoln did not use a scrap of paper on either occasion, but he wrote it out afterwards at the request of friends and published it in successive numbers of the weekly *Sangamon Journal* at Springfield. In like manner were the orations of Cicero preserved. In this way has been preserved for us the most masterly forensic utterance of the whole slavery controversy, as I think. . . .

Twelve days after the Springfield debate of 1854 the two champions met again at Peoria. Douglas was evidently troubled by the unexpected vigor of his opponent, for after the Peoria debate he approached Lincoln and flattered him by saying that he was giving him more trouble on the territorial and slavery question than the whole United States Senate, and therefore proposed that both should abandon the field and return to their homes. Lincoln consented. Douglas, however, broke the agreement by making a speech at Princeton on the evening of the 18th of October. He afterwards said that he did not want to speak at Princeton, but that Lovejoy provoked him and forced him to do so in self-defence. Lincoln was not satisfied with that explanation, but he considered himself released from the agreement, and accordingly spoke at Urbana on the evening of the 24th.

THE URBANA SPEECH

Henry C. Whitney heard the Urbana speech. He gives an account of it in his book, "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln." Whitney was a resident of Urbana. He says that he called at the old Pennsylvania House on the east side of the public square on the evening of the 24th, and that he there found Mr. Lincoln and David Davis in a plainly furnished bedroom with a comfortable wood fire. It was his first meeting with either of them. He was received cordially by both. Lincoln was in his storytelling humor, and after some time spent in that way they went over to the Court House opposite, where eleven tallow candles, burning on the lower sashes of the windows, gave a sign of something unusual going on in the town. The house was full of people, and Lincoln then and there made his third speech on the mighty issue of slavery. Whitney was impressed, as I had been twenty days earlier, that he had been listening to "a mental and moral giant." The men went back to the hotel togeth-

er, and Lincoln resumed his storytelling at the point where he had left off, "as if the making of such a speech as this was his pastime." . . .

LINCOLN SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT

Lincoln took his defeat [for the Senatorship] in good part. Later in the evening, at a reception at the house of Mr. Ninian Edwards, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and who had been much interested in Lincoln's success, he was greatly surprised to hear, just before the guests began to arrive, that Trumbull had been elected. He and his family were easily reconciled to the result, however, since Mrs. Trumbull had been from her girlhood, as Miss Julia Jayne, a favorite in Springfield society. When she and Judge Trumbull arrived they were naturally the centre of attraction. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln came in a little later. The hostess and her husband greeted them most cordially, saying that they had wished for his success, and that while he must be disappointed yet he should bear in mind that his principles had won. Mr. Lincoln smiled, moved toward the newly elected Senator and saying, "Not too disappointed to congratulate my friend Trumbull," shook him warmly by the hand. Mr. Lincoln's own testimony as to the facts and his own feelings regarding them are set forth at length, and quite minutely, in a letter to Elihu B. Washburne, dated February 9, 1855, the next day after the election. He says in conclusion: "I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it. I could have headed off every combination and been elected had it not been for Matteson's double game—and his defeat now gives me more pleasure than my own gives me pain. On the whole it is perhaps as well for our general cause that Trumbull is elected."

And so it seems to me now. Lincoln's defeat was my first great disappointment in politics, and I was slow in forgiving Judd, Palmer and Cook for their share in bringing it

about. But before the campaign of 1858 came on, I was able to see that they had acted wisely and well. They had not only satisfied their own constituents, and led many of them into the new Republican organization, but they had given a powerful reinforcement to the party of freedom in the nation at large, in the person of Lyman Trumbull, whose high abilities and noble career in the Senate paved the way for thousands of recruits from the ranks of the Democratic party.

PERSONAL ASSOCIATION WITH LINCOLN

As I have already remarked, my personal acquaintance with Lincoln began in 1854. I had just passed my twentieth birthday. I was introduced to him shortly before he rose to make the speech [at Springfield on October 4th] which has been here feebly described. I had studied his countenance a few moments beforehand, when his features were in repose. It was a marked face, but so overspread with sadness that I thought that Shakespeare's melancholy Jacques had been translated from the forest of Arden to the capital of Illinois. Yet when I was presented to him and we began a few words of conversation this expression of sorrow dropped from him instantly. His face lighted up with a winning smile, and where I had a moment before seen only leaden sorrow I now beheld keen intelligence, genuine kindness of heart and the promise of true friendship.

After this introduction it was my fortune during the next four years to meet him several times each year, as his profession brought him frequently to Chicago, where I was employed in journalism. I became Secretary of the Republican State Committee and was thus thrown into closer intercourse with him, and thus I learned that he was an exceedingly shrewd politician. N. B. Judd, Dr. C. H. Ray and Ebenezer Peck were the leading party mana-

gers; but Lincoln was a frequent visitor at the campaign headquarters, and on important occasions he was specially sent for. The committee paid the utmost deference to his opinions. In fact, he was nearer to the people than they were. Traveling the circuit he was constantly brought in contact with the most capable and discerning men in the rural community. He had a more accurate knowledge of public opinion in central Illinois than any other man who visited the committee rooms, and he knew better than anybody else what kind of arguments would be influential with the voters and what kind of men could best present them.

I learned also by this association that he was extremely eager for political preferment. This seemed to me then, as it does now, perfectly proper. Nor did I ever hear any criticism visited upon him on account of his personal ambition. On the contrary, his merits placed him so far in advance that nothing was deemed too good for him. Nobody was jealous of him. Everybody in the party desired for him all the preferment that he could possibly desire for himself. In the great campaign of 1858 I travelled with him almost constantly for four months, the particulars of which journeying I have related in the second edition of Herndon's "Life of Lincoln." After his election as President I was sent by my employers to Washington City as correspondent of the *Chicago Press and Tribune*, and thus I had occasional meetings with him until very near the day of his death. In short, I was privileged to be within the range of his personal influence during the last eleven years of his life, when he was making history and when history was making him.

THE HUMORIST AND THE MORALIST

Mr. Lincoln was a many-sided man and one who presented striking contrasts. He was the most humorous being I ever met, and also one

of the most serious. His humor was of the impromptu and contagious kind that takes possession of all parts of the person as well as all the parts of speech. As a master of drollery, he surpassed all of his contemporaries in Illinois, and yet his solemnity as a public speaker and a political and moral instructor was like that of an Old Testament prophet. He was the only public speaker I have ever known, thus doubly gifted, whose powers of mirth did not submerge or even impair his powers of gravity. "He combined within himself," says Mr. Henry C. Whitney, "the strangely diverse rôles of head of the State in the agony of civil war, and also that of the court jester; and was supremely eminent in both characters." This sounds like a paradox, but it is quite true. The Lincoln who fought Douglas on the stump in 1854 and 1858 took all of his jocose as well as his serious traits to Washington in 1861.

How are we to account for these wonderful turns "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"? Well, he was not the only person thus doubly endowed. The same genius that gave us Macbeth, and Lear, and Hamlet gave us Falstaff, and Touchstone, and Dogberry. Shakespeare was the superior of Sophocles in tragedy and of Plautus in comedy. Lincoln did not have the gift of poetry, but within the range of prose his power of expression was akin to that of Shakespeare. I chanced to open the other day his Cooper Institute speech. This is one of the few printed speeches that I did not hear him deliver in person. As I read the concluding pages of that speech the conflict of opinion that preceded the conflict of arms, then sweeping upon the country like an approaching solar eclipse, seemed prefigured like a chapter of the Book of Fate. Here again he was the Old Testament prophet, before whom Horace Greeley bowed his head, saying that he had never listened to a greater speech, although he had heard several of Webster's best.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ORATOR

The subject of human slavery, which formed the principal theme of Mr. Lincoln's speech, has touched many lips with eloquence and lighted many hearts with fire. I listened to most of the great anti-slavery orators of the last half-century, including Wendell Phillips, Owen Lovejoy, and Henry Ward Beecher, but I must say that Abraham Lincoln, who was not classed as an anti-slavery orator, or even an anti-slavery man, before he issued the Emancipation Proclamation, made a stronger anti-slavery impression upon me than any of them.

The reason why he was not reckoned by the anti-slavery men as one of themselves was that he made the preservation of the Union, not the destruction of slavery, his chief concern. But he held then, as he did later, that the Union must be preserved consistently with the Constitution and with the rule of the majority. Preserving it by infringing these was, in his view, an agreement to destroy it.

Mr. Lincoln quickly gained the confidence of strangers, and, if they were much with him, their affection as well. I found myself strongly drawn to him from the first, and this feeling remains to me now as a priceless possession. James Russell Lowell said that he counted it a great gain to have lived at the same time with Abraham Lincoln. How much greater the gain to have felt the subtle influence of his presence! This personal quality, whose influence I saw growing and widening among the people of Illinois from day to day, eventually penetrated to all the Northern States, and after his death to all the Southern States. It was this magical personality that commanded all loyal hearts. It was this leadership that upheld confidence in the dark hours of the war and sent back to the White House the sublime refrain:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Could any other man then living have grappled the affections and confidence of the plain people and held them steadfast and unwavering as did this homely giant of the prairies? He was himself one of the plain people. What was in his mind and heart was in theirs. He spoke straight into their bosoms. He translated the weightiest political and social problems this country has ever dealt with into language that all could understand. Nobody was so humble, nobody so high, that he could not draw new lessons and fresh inspiration from Abraham Lincoln during that great crisis.

Looking back upon the whole anti-slavery conflict, is it not a cause for wonder that the man who finally led the nation through the Red Sea, and gave his own life at the very entrance of the promised land, was born in a slave State, of the most humble parents, in crushing poverty and in the depths of ignorance, and had reached the age of fifty before he was much known outside of his own State? Was there ever such unpromising material from which to fashion the destroyer of American slavery?

LINCOLN'S GROWING FAME

Abraham Lincoln has been in his grave more than forty-two years. When he was stricken down by an assassin's hand, it was said by many of his contemporaries, and perhaps believed by most of them, that he had passed away at the culminating point of his fame.

The world's history contains nothing more dramatic than the scene in Ford's Theatre. The Civil War, the emancipation of a race, the salvation of our beloved Union, combined to throw the strongest light upon "the deep damnation of his taking off." In spite of these blazing accessories, we should have expected, before the end of forty-two years, that a considerable amount of dust would have settled upon his tomb. This is a busy world. Each generation has its own problems to grapple with, its own joys and sorrows, its own

cares and griefs, to absorb its thoughts and compel its tears. Time moves on, and while the history of the past increases in volume, each particular thing in it dwindles in size, and so also do most men. But some men bulk larger as the years recede.

The most striking fact of our time, of a psychological kind, is the growth of Lincoln's fame since the earth closed over his remains. The word *Lincolniana* has been added to our dictionary. This means that a kind of literature under that name, extensive enough to be separately classified, catalogued, advertised, marketed, and collected into distinct libraries, has grown up. There is a Lincolnian cult among us as well as a Shakespearean cult, and it is gaining votaries from year to year.

LINCOLNIAN LITERATURE

The first list of Lincoln literature was published by William V. Spencer, in Boston, in 1865. It included 231 titles of books and pamphlets published after Lincoln's death, all of which were in the compiler's possession.

A Lincoln bibliography was compiled by Mr. Daniel Fish of Minneapolis and published in the year 1900. It was revised, enlarged, and republished in 1906, containing 1080 separate titles. It does not include periodical literature, or political writings of the period in which Lincoln lived unless they owe their origin to him as an individual. Judge Fish has in his own collection of *Lincolniana* 295 bound volumes, 559 pamphlets and 100 portraits.

Mr. Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., has a very notable collection of *Lincolniana*, embracing 380 bound volumes, about 1200 bound pamphlets, several unpublished letters, between 700 and 800 engravings, lithographs and paintings, and many songs and pieces of sheet music. All of these items have been passed upon by Judge Fish as purely *Lincolniana*. Mr. Stewart has more than 100 titles which are not included in Fish's bibliography.

A very remarkable collection is that of John E. Burton of Milwaukee, Wis., consisting of 2360 bound volumes and pamphlets, the collection of which, Mr. Burton says, "has been the restful and happy labor of twenty-eight years." Among other things he has the original proclamation of emancipation signed by Lincoln and Seward and attested by John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

Mr. Charles W. McLellan of Champlain, N. Y., has 1921 bound volumes, 1348 pamphlets, eight manuscripts, 138 autographs of Lincoln, 1100 engravings, and 579 songs and miscellaneous pieces, in all more than 5000 items.

Mr. D. H. Newhall of 59 Maiden Lane, New York, has a list of 487 collectors of Lincolniana, for the most part unknown to each other, who are now living; that is, persons who have such collections and who are constantly adding to them. I have corresponded with some of them. . . . Mr. Newhall informs me that he has 2874 titles in his card list of books and pamphlets,—*i. e.*, that he knows of the existence of that number, not counting periodical literature or broadsides. His list is still incomplete, and he believes that it will reach 3000 when finished.

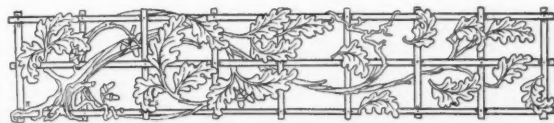
Mr. D. S. Passavant of Zelenople, near Pittsburg, Pa., deals in Lincolniana in foreign languages. Lives of Lincoln have been published in the French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Welsh and Hawaiian tongues. Mr. Oldroyd's great collection of such relics, now placed in the house where Lincoln died in Washington City, is too well-known to need special description.*

*To Mr. White's list of collectors may be added Mr. Robert Hewitt of Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, whose unrivalled collection of Lincoln medals is described in pages 676-681.—THE EDITORS.

Equally significant is the daily citation of Lincoln's name and authority by public writers and speakers and in conversation between individuals, as an authority in politics and in the conduct of life. Everybody seems to think that a quotation from him is a knock-down argument. His sayings are common property. They are quoted as freely by Democrats as by Republicans. All help themselves from that storehouse, as they make quotations from Shakespeare, or Burns, or Longfellow. He is more quoted to-day than he was in his lifetime, and more than any other American ever was.

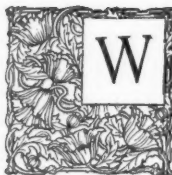
CONCLUSION

So we see that Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but that it has been rising and widening ever since and shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr President. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities but a silent response to the magnetic influence of his humanity, his unselfish and world-embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women and children who never saw him; and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, world without end, Amen.



THE PIPE OF PAN

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



WHEN I think of Leo now, all the strange, unreal happenings of what might be called the last year of his life slip away and the picture that his name calls up is of a little boy in a sheepskin girdle with a chaplet of leaves about his head, playing upon a shepherd's pipe. I do not recall the literal background of the picture—it was one of De Long's famous tableaux at Newberry, almost twenty years ago now,—but in my mind I seem to see a sun-burned hill-top against a blue sky piled high with white clouds. "Pan and the Young Shepherd," De Long called it; and, at that evanescent moment when the soft roundness of the child merges into the slim strength of the boy, Leo was surely as beautiful as any shepherd boy that ever piped upon the Attic hills.

I had often seen him before, of course, about the village streets. His older sister Hedwig was my little sister Sue's music-teacher. But probably more boy than artist in my perceptions at that time—I had just finished my first year at the art school,—I seemed never to have realized Leo's peculiar, distinctive beauty until I saw him in the frame there, freed from his uncouth boyish garments, transformed into a little lad of Greece.

Leo's parents were German. His father, of aristocratic antecedents, a fact to which their name and the family features bore testimony, was one of the many who fled to America in the early seventies. But, socially

deteriorated as is often the case with the better class of Germans in this country, he seemed quite content with the maintenance of his honest little grocery shop. And our acquaintance, except for Sue's professional connection with Hedwig, was limited to the exchange of cordial greetings on the street. But we knew, as one knows even one's humbler neighbors' affairs in a small community, that they were all more or less talented musically, and played together in the evening after the pleasant German fashion. We knew, also, that an older brother was a violinist in a New York orchestra and that Leo (whose whole name was Leopold) was something of a youthful virtuoso upon the flute.

Sometimes I stopped to talk with Hedwig when she came to give Sue her lesson. Without possessing Leo's extraordinary beauty, Hedwig had a delicate aristocratic charm of face and manner—I can recall her distinctly even now,—and, being far more intelligent and interesting than the other Newberry girls, our meetings might easily have become more frequent and assumed a more personal character, had it not been for the watchfulness of my conservative mother, and, even more than that, for the girl's own gentle yet impenetrable dignity. One conversation we had, in the summer of the De Long tableaux, which I had occasion to remember afterwards. I had inquired for Leo, and I noticed that a little shadow came upon her face at my question, although she answered with an obvious sense of pride in her announcement,

"Oh, Leo—he has gone to New York to study the oboe."

And I had inquired, "Why not the flute?"

"The oboists receive more," Hedwig explained. "There are fewer of them, so they are more in demand."

I asked why that was, and it seemed to me that she answered less simply and directly than usual. I remember she said, for one thing, that not every musician, however talented, could become an oboist, and that a bassoon-player in the same orchestra with Otto who had recently visited them had said that Leo had the equipment of one man in a thousand,—the flexible lips, the chest development, the breath control. Oboists, she quoted the bassoon-player as saying, were born, not made. So he had taken Leo away with him, to work for a scholarship at a conservatory.

"It is a poetic instrument," I said, "and it seems to belong to Leo somehow. It suggests green rushes and brooks and Greece and Arcady."

But Hedwig, instead of meeting my outburst with her German responsiveness which I found so charming, looked suddenly grave. "But my mother is so unhappy about it. Her oldest brother was an oboist."

"But why should she be unhappy?" I wondered. "You mean because he is leaving home?"

I remember that Hedwig hesitated, then, merely saying, "It is bad for the health," changed the subject.

I did not see Leo again for twelve or fifteen years; for the next summer I went to France to study, and after that the break-up of our home kept me from spending any more summers at Newberry. It was just after I had received the contract to decorate a new Western state-house that one spring evening, as I sat in a front-row seat at a concert in Carnegie Hall, I noticed among the wood-wind players a smooth-shaven young man with an extraordinarily beautiful profile that had something vaguely familiar about it. He was the very type I had wanted, without hope of discovering it, for the youth in the Grecian outdoor scheme I was working

out for this decoration. I watched him through the rest of the performance, mentally posing him, adjusting him in my composition, yet all the while vaguely tormented by the resemblance that eluded identification. Then at a certain moment, the angle of the raised arms, the turn of the head, suddenly brought it to me. It was Leo.

I recalled having heard that orchestral musicians were moderately paid, and it occurred to me as quite possible that I could get him to pose for me. So directly after the performance I went around to the musicians' entrance, and happening to catch him just coming out, I introduced myself to him. He did not recollect my face, of course, but he recalled quickly, with a native charm of manner that I remembered as characteristic of the family, my name and my little sister Sue—now grown up and married. I enquired for Hedwig. "She still teaches music," Leo answered. "All the others are married. She is the only one at home with father."

I felt a little pang at the sense of her wasted youth and charm. Hedwig had been too fine to accept the kind of man that her family's social status in their adopted country would conceivably furnish. Then I spoke of the De Long tableaux of Leo's childhood. "I want you in that same character now," I said, and went on to elaborate more fully. After a moment's consideration Leo said he thought he could manage it, and asked whether he should come to see me to make the arrangements or if I would come to him. I decided in favor of the latter, for I have a fancy for seeing the people I am going to paint in their own environment however remote from their everyday character is the intention of my representation, and hastily took down his address on the edge of my program.

He lived, I discovered, in an old-fashioned house with a small square of grass in front of it, in a neighborhood bordering upon that part of

the town known as Greenwich village. It had a sort of continuous veranda built out from every floor with wrought-iron railings which were covered with wistaria vines, at that time just beginning to blossom. Leo's room was rather bare and fitted out with depressingly cheap furniture, but it was large, sunny and clean, and was saved from any air of loneliness by the large display of family photographs, among which babies and half-grown children conspicuously figured. There were also a print of Beethoven and one of Schubert upon the wall. Leo greeted me with his cordial, half-formal German courtesy, which American birth and plebeian associations seemed not to have obliterated, then saying, "It is pleasanter outside," led the way out through the open French window to the balcony. I discovered a canary in a particularly roomy cage hanging among the wistaria vines. Leo stopped and whistled to it, and with the pathetic quivering response of the caged bird it broke at once into a joyous soft little song full of overtones.

"What an extraordinary song!" I exclaimed. Leo smiled. I saw that he loved the little bird.

"Oh, Hans, he is a musician also," he said.

"Hans," I laughed. "What a funny name for a bird!"

"Does it seem so? In Germany almost all canaries are Hans, as in America they are Dick. All our canaries at home were named Hans. But you shall hear him perform." Leo went back into the room and came out again directly with his oboe, upon which he played a few bars of a Mozart melody, and the canary, to my astonishment, after the prelude of a few chirps, repeated it exactly.

"I didn't know a canary could be taught a tune," I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, with a little patience. But few birds are so clever as Hans." Then he made the bird repeat his little solo. "You recognize it? It is the melody with which Tamino

charms the birds and beast in 'Zauberflöte.'"

"I had n't just placed it, but the divine Mozart simplicity is unmistakable," I replied.

Leo looked off at the drifting clouds above the dingy roof-tops. As he stood there among the vines, the light and shade from the wistaria playing over his head and face, he looked more than ever like a young wood god; yet I realized, in the revealing outdoor light, some tired, worn lines in his face that should not have been there, for he was built like a young Hercules.

"Yes, there is but one Mozart," he said. "But after all one could not easily mistake them one for the other, the inspired ones." He turned and looked at me, a light kindling in his blue eyes. "There is Schubert,—he is the wild woods, the smell of ferns and the sound of the brook. Beethoven is the placid meadows and yet also the fury of the storm. And Wagner, he is everything—the winds and the tempest, the earth, the sea and all that in them is, and the morning stars singing together. But Mozart—he is an eighteenth-century formal garden, with wide green lawns and clipped yews and little temples—but always, above, the great eternal sky and the eternal sunshine."

It was not only his little rhapsody that held me silent for the moment, but the rapt look in Leo's face. Certainly he had made no mistake in choosing his profession. "Now I do not know which you love best," I said.

"I love them all best," he replied smiling. "They are all music, and they are all outdoors. All great music is cosmic, a part of nature. Such music as the compositions of Rossini and Donizetti is the music of indoors. It is charming, of course, in another way, like a quaint little spinnet in an old-time drawing-room. But one cannot listen to them for long."

"You seem to me to belong outdoors," I said. "I had thought it might be the association of that

childish tableau, but I see now that it is your real self."

"It is the way I feel," Leo answered. "Perhaps because I was born in the country. Sometimes I feel suffocated in these streets. That is why I live down here where I can at least see the vines and sit in the sunshine. Unfortunately one cannot be a professional musician and live outdoors—that was for the golden age in Greece. But how beautiful it must have been to play one's pipe under the trees and have the birds answer from the branches!" He paused; then, with the air of one laughing at himself for his fantastic imaginings, turned to the little concentrated fragment of life in the cage. "But here I have Hans—and we are both in a cage—although mine is a bit larger." Then he asked Hans if he would like to come out for a while, and the bird as if it understood began to jump excitedly from perch to perch.

"Aren't you afraid of losing him?" I asked as Leo opened the cage door and drew the bird out upon his hand.

He shook his head. "I could not lose Hans."

Then we sat down on the veranda and discussed the best days and hours for sittings, while Hans flew about like an embodied sunbeam among the violet wistaria blossoms, returning from time to time to perch upon Leo's hand or shoulder.

"I am never lonely since I have had him," Leo said. "We have lived together five years, Hans and I. When I go away they say he will not sing a note."

His remark induced a reflection which I saw no reason for not voicing frankly, for our old Newberry association, slight as it had been, seemed to have placed us upon a friendly, informal footing.

"You have evidently escaped matrimony so far."

Leo's face became grave. "I am too poor."

"I suspect that you have made your choice," I observed.

"Yes," he replied simply. "It is

Anna Schultz. She lives in the house here on the second floor. If I could make money enough I should marry her."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "a musician in a big orchestra is well enough paid for that!"

"I get eight dollars for each performance with the orchestra," Leo explained frankly. "But there are only fourteen concerts in the year, so I have to make up at the theatres, and there they pay only two dollars and a half a night, and one must play such stupid music! It is not music at all, usually. And I have to play there all summer, if I am not fortunate enough to get a place in a summer concert orchestra. But next year, perhaps I shall get a position at the opera-house. There I would have six performances a week at eight dollars each. There is much hard work about it, but then we could afford to get married and spend the whole summer outdoors."

"But two dollars and a half a night!" I exclaimed. "Why the stage carpenters must get more than that!"

"More than twice as much," replied Leo calmly. "Art often does not pay—from that standpoint."

"And yet I am told that good oboists are scarce," I wondered.

"Yes, and good reason," replied Leo with an odd little smile. "I did not understand when I began to study. And now it seems hard to start anything else. But then I am so strong I shall escape."

"Escape!" I echoed. But Leo did not explain. Instead he returned to the subject of his prospective posing.

We arranged for three or four afternoons a week. During these hours in my studio our acquaintance developed into that impersonal sort of intimacy that frequently comes about between the painter and his subject; yet I never came to feel that I actually understood what was going on in Leo's mind, and from the look I often caught in his eyes I felt sure that something was going

on. I had an idea that he had some worry or trouble,—the uncertainty of his little love-affair, perhaps; but he never confided in me. In the beginning he had talked a good deal, although seldom of personal matters, but as time went on he became more and more silent, so that when I spoke to him it seemed as if his mind had to travel a great distance to reach me and I had invariably to repeat my remark. Then again he would have little sudden fits of gayety that somehow did not seem natural. One day he told me suddenly out of a long reverie that he expected to be married next fall, as he had finally succeeded in securing a position in the opera orchestra.

"Then Hans will be jealous," I remarked, after I had congratulated him, for Hans's name had appeared frequently in our desultory conversations.

Leo laughed. "Anna says that she has been jealous of Hans a long time." As I glanced at him I saw in his eyes the happy light of the lover. But the next moment an odd gleam came in them. "She has reason. I tell Hans all my secrets."

"A safe confidant," I observed, and to my surprise the strange look in Leo's eyes became more marked; it was almost a look of cunning.

"That is what I think. Hans cannot tell. He can only say what I teach him." Then he laughed. I could not explain what it was about that laugh that jarred upon me.

"I am sure," I replied hastily, "that you have no secrets you would mind having any one know."

He gave me a sidelong look. "We all have our secrets," he replied non-committally. Then he relapsed into one of his silences.

One day, about a week after that, when he had finished posing we walked down through the park, which is near my studio. A storm was coming and the wind was rustling the leaves. The sky was quite black. I noticed that Leo cast frowning

glances at the trees as we walked along.

"What an ominous sort of whispering sound they make," I said. "It always gives me a sense of impending disaster."

I noticed that he looked at me curiously. "You hear them, too?" he said.

Then he came closer to me and spoke in a low tone, looking about as if he feared being overheard. "What have you heard them say?"

Instinctively I moved a little away from him. "Heard who say? I don't understand."

He made a motion of his head in the direction of the trees, saying "*The voices.*"

I hesitated, scarcely knowing how to answer. He again edged closer to me. "Have they said the same thing to you?"

I began to feel as if I were in a bad dream. "What have they said to you?" I asked.

But he only moved away from me and laughed, shaking his head as if to say that I could not get it out of him that way. "You tell me first," he said childishly.

The whole little episode made me so uncomfortable that I was relieved when we had covered the few remaining yards to the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to the park, where Leo took his Eighth Avenue car. I turned back into the park again, thinking over his strange words and manner all the way home. Suddenly Hedwig's remark that morning long ago when she had announced Leo's choice of his profession returned to me. She had said that oboe-playing was bad for the health—for the nerves, she meant, no doubt, for Leo certainly was either very much run down or seriously upset about something.

A few days after that I had occasion to change the hour of our appointment and, glad of an excuse to get out in the wonderful May sunshine, I walked down to Leo's house instead of sending him a note. I found him sitting at a table with a piece of

manuscript music paper before him. He rose as I entered but greeted me a little absently, I thought. One of the first things I noticed was the canary's cage covered with an old coat.

"What has Hans done?" I asked, "and what are you doing?"

"Composing," he answered; but I observed that the sheet of paper was quite blank except for the name scribbled across the top: "The Snake's Song."

Leo looked up and my expression must have conveyed to him the necessity for some explanation, for he remarked: "Snakes and birds were originally of the same species, as you, of course, know. And that to my mind is the explanation of the fascination which snakes have for birds and of the treacherous nature of the bird."

"The treacherous nature of birds," I gasped, wondering if I could have heard aright.

Leo did not answer directly. His eyes returned to his strange title. "The idea is the song of the snake that fascinates the bird and lures it to death," he explained calmly—so calmly that it almost reassured me, although I could not but feel his motive to be a most unpleasant manifestation of the German fantasticism.

I did not pursue the singular subject farther, however. "I suppose Hans wanted to sing his own songs. Is that why he is in disgrace?" I asked.

"No, he did not sing," replied Leo slowly.

"What then?" I asked, for a canary's facilities for self-expression after all seem limited. Leo stared a long time at the covered cage before he answered me, and as his face was almost entirely turned from me I could not see his expression.

"He was laughing," he said at last.

"Laughing!" I exclaimed. Then I laughed myself, but as one laughs at the shock of the incongruous, not with any sense of mirth. After

a moment Leo laughed also, but artificially, as if he wanted to put me off my guard, or seem to fall in with my delusion. I began to be distinctly uncomfortable, and as soon as we had fixed upon an hour for the next pose I rose to go. But as I was leaving I said,

"My dear boy, you ought to get away to the country. You look quite run down."

"I would like to get into the country," replied Leo wistfully. And looking at him at that moment I felt that I must have imagined these last two strange conversations, for his face had again its gentle boyish look. "Some days I feel as if I must just run away to some cool brook and lie down among the rushes."

It was so exactly the way one pictured Leo, yet a thing one would be so unlikely to put in practice unless one were a wood god!

"I know such a place," he went on. "It is by a river in New Jersey. I would go there for the whole summer, but you see Anna must stay here this summer. So I shall wait until her vacation. Another year we can both go."

"That is very foolish of you," I said. "And you ought to go much farther away than New Jersey." And I decided if possible to get Leo away from New York before I left myself.

The next day he did not come to keep his appointment with me, and as I had found him the soul of punctuality and reliability I feared—especially in consideration of his recent strange symptoms—that he might be ill. So late in the afternoon I started down in the direction of his lodgings.

As I walked up the half-light staircase I met a young girl coming down. Her cheeks were flushed and there was a frightened look in her eyes. It occurred to me that it was Anna—I had seen her photograph in Leo's room—and from her manner I feared that something might have happened; but in answer to my knock he called to me to come in,

in a perfectly natural voice. He was working over his instrument and looked up and nodded as I entered, but continued his work without apology. That was not like Leo; but I noticed the two thin bits of wood that belong in the mouth-piece of the oboe lying on the table, and supposing that, like many other players of wind instruments, it was his custom to make these reeds exactly adapted to his individual use, I felt a sense of relief at the apparently normal and commonplace nature of his occupation.

"It has played false lately," he explained, "but now I have fixed it. Listen." He picked up the instrument and blew into it, but there was no sound, for he had removed the reeds. Then he looked up at me with a smile of peculiar radiance. "Is not that a wonderful tone? So fine, so delicate, so ethereal? At last it is perfect. It is the pipe of Pan!"

He laughed softly. For the moment I could not be sure that this was not some obscure irony on Leo's part, both voice and expression were so natural. Yet somehow I shrank from continuing the conversation. Instead I inquired where Hans was, for I did not see his cage about.

An odd expression came into Leo's face. "He is outside," he said.

I walked over to the open window and looked out and saw Hans's cage on the railing of the balcony, but again covered.

"Does his singing bother you?" I asked, wondering if his strange delusion still persisted.

Leo shrugged. "He sings no more," he said.

"Then why must the poor little chap be covered up this hot weather?" I ventured. "He will smother."

Leo frowned. "When he is uncovered he talks. I am tired of hearing him."

"Talks!" I cried.

Leo's eyes met mine a moment, then glanced aside. I noticed that the pupils were very much contracted. "The people in the next room have a

parrot. I suppose it has taught him," he said.

I left Leo determining to consult a physician at once. On the stairs I almost stumbled over a woman sitting on the steps. As she glanced up in apology I saw the girl I had passed going up, and I asked her if she were Anna Schultz, Leo's sweetheart. She nodded without looking up. I saw that she was crying.

"But now we shall never be married," she said.

"Why, have you quarrelled?" I asked, thinking to find out how much she realized of Leo's condition.

"Quarrelled, oh, no." Then I saw by the look in her eyes that she understood. "But it has happened as Poehlmann said it would. They say it always does. But they are not always so bad. Sometimes they are only a little queer."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Surely you have noticed. It always happens to oboists, if they keep on playing long enough. It is because they have to hold so much air and send such a very little through the small tube. It makes a pressure here." She put her hands to her temples.

"But that cannot be possible," I exclaimed, horrified at the picture of this human sacrifice upon the altar of music. "Men would not study the instrument."

"I suppose they think always that they will escape," said Anna. Then her eyes filled again with tears. "Oh, it is so terrible. It is Leo and it is not Leo. He looks at me with strange eyes."

I tried to console her. "Of course he can be cured if we take it in the beginning. I am on my way now to consult a doctor about him. I dare say a little rest in the country will straighten him out."

"We are going to the country to-morrow to spend the day" she said. Then she tried to control her tears and thanked me prettily for my kindness in a little shy German fashion.

But my visit to the doctor did

not prove encouraging. He corroborated Anna's story, explaining more fully and scientifically than she had been able to the physical causes and effects of oboe-playing. The result, he said, was not usually so serious as in Leo's case, but when the thing had taken that turn it was practically incurable. Then he promised to call and see the poor boy on Monday. I went there myself the first thing in the morning, worried over Leo and troubled by a tardy compunction for having let Anna go off alone with him. As I reached the house I met her hurrying down the little path as if late for her work. Her cheeks were pale and she had evidently been crying again.

"How about the day in the country?" I asked. "Did Leo enjoy it?"

She shook her head and turned away her face.

"Did anything happen?"

She shook her head again. "But he says such strange things." She spoke in a low voice as if putting the thing into words was difficult for her. "He seems to hate everything he used to love. When we were coming home late and the frogs were singing in the marshes—he has always loved the sound of them—he said they were mocking him."

Assuring the poor child that the doctor would be there in a few minutes and that he would do everything that could be done for Leo, I hurried on up to the boy's room.

I cannot recall calmly even now the subtle horror of the thing I saw taking place in that room. The door stood wide open, the canary's cage was upon the table, and before it sat Leo. And as I stood there I saw him put his hands in through the cage door and draw out the bird. Then—for a moment not quite grasping his grim intent—I saw his fingers tighten about the tiny throat. The next instant I rushed into the room and caught his arm, and in the shock of surprise his fingers loosened and the bird slipped from them and

flew up to the top of a picture frame—fluttering, frightened, but safe. Then as I turned and met Leo's eyes I knew beyond all doubt that the mysterious tragedy of his profession had overtaken him.

"Where is he? You made me lose him. Did you hear what he said? He cursed me. Day after day he has cursed me. I shall stand it no longer. . . . It is worse than that. . . . He has told my secrets. He has told every one. The children laugh at me in the street! . . . They all laugh when I pass. Just now he screamed at me. Hans . . . if you had heard what he said. . . ." Then he shook his fist at the bird out of his reach and began babbling German, the tongue of his home and his childhood.

I made him drink some water and it seemed to calm him. I promised to take Hans away.

"Will you take him at once?" Leo asked. He seemed to have become suddenly quiet again. The light of violence died out of his eyes.

"This very minute," I assured him soothingly, and set about to catch Hans. In spite of the shock to his poor little nerves the bird was so tame and trusting that I had no difficulty in getting him into his cage, and on some pretext I carried him downstairs and left him with Anna's mother on the second floor. How Leo contrived to get away in that moment and without being seen is one of those mysterious processes not traceable perhaps by the sane mind. But after we had searched everywhere that day without finding him I accepted Anna's suggestion that we go to the little place in New Jersey by the Passaic where they had been the day before.

And there toward nightfall we found Leo. It was not, after all, so painful as I had feared. He was lying beside the stream among the rushes. He had cut out a little green pipe from the reeds, and as he lay there he played upon it a soundless melody, and one could tell by the look upon his face that it was beautiful.

A TRIP ON A GREAT LAKES FREIGHTER

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



IN my previous articles* I have described nearly every phase of Lake shipping, with the exception of one, which, while not vitally concerned with the story of our freshwater marine, is still one of the most interesting, and perhaps the least known, of all. That is the "inner life" of one of our Great Lakes freighters; the life of the crew and the favored few who are privileged to travel as passenger guests of the owners upon one of these steel monsters of the Inland Seas. In more than one way our Lake marine is unusual; in this it is unique.

Recently one of the finest steel yachts that ever sailed fresh water came up the St. Lawrence to the Lakes. Its owner was a millionaire many times over. With his wife he had cruised around the world, but for the first time they had come to the Lakes. I had the fortune to converse with him upon his yacht about the craft of other countries, and as we lay at anchor in the Detroit River there passed us the greatest ship on the Inland Seas—the *Thomas F. Cole* of Duluth; and, addressing his wife, I asked, "How would you like to take a cruise on a vessel like that?"

The lady laughed, as if such a suggestion were amusing indeed, and said that if she were a man she might attempt it, and perhaps enjoy it to a degree; and when I went on to describe some of the things that I knew

about "those great, ugly ships," as she called them, I am quite sure that all of my words were not received without doubt. This little experience was the last of many that proved to me the assertion I have made before—that to nine people out of ten, at least, our huge, silent, steel ships that bring down the wealth of the North are a mystery. They are not beautiful. Freightied low down, their steel sides scraped and marred like the hands of a labourer, their huge funnels emitting clouds of bituminous smoke, their barren steel decks glaring in the heat of the summer sun, there seems to be nothing about them to attract the pleasure-seeker. From the distance at which they are usually seen their aft and forward cabins appear like coops, their pilot-houses even less.

Yet fortunate is the person who has the "pull" to secure passage on one of these monster carriers of the Lakes; for behind all of that uninviting exterior there is a luxury of marine travel that is equalled nowhere else in the world except on the largest and finest of private yachts. These leviathans of the Lakes, that bring down dirty ore and take up dirtier coal, are the greatest money-makers in the world, and they are owned by men of wealth. The people who travel on them are the owner's guests. Nothing is too good for them. Each year the rivalry between builders is increasing as to whose ships shall possess the finest "guests' quarters." Behind the smoke and dirt and unseemly steel that are seen from shore or deck, a fortune has been spent in those

* See PUTNAM'S for June, July, August and September, 1908

rooms over the small doors of which one reads the word "Owners." You may climb up the side of the ship, you may explore it from stem to stern, but not until you are a "guest"—not until the "key to the ship" has been handed to you—are its luxuries, its magnificence, its mysteries, clearly revealed.

My telegram read: "Take my private room on the *Harry Berwind* at Ashtabula."

It was signed by G. Ashley Tomlinson, of Duluth. The *Berwind* is one of the finest of Tomlinson's sixteen steel ships and is named after one of the best known fuel transportation men on the Lakes: it is a vessel that can carry eleven thousand tons without special crowding and makes twelve miles an hour while she is doing it. I reached the great ore and coal docks at Ashtabula at a happy moment.

The other guests had arrived, seven in all—four ladies and three gentlemen; and we met on the red and black dock, with mountains of ore and coal about us, with the thundering din of working machines in our ears, and out there before us, enshrouded in smoke and black dust, the great ship that was to carry us for nearly a thousand miles up the Lakes, and back again. It was a happy moment, I say, for I met the seven guests in this wilderness of din and dirt—and *six of them had never been aboard a freighter in their lives*. They had heard, of course, what lay beyond those big steel walls. But was there not a mistake here? Was it possible—

Doubt filled their faces. High above them towered the straight wall of the ship with a narrow ladder reaching down to them. At the huge coal derricks whole cars of coal were being lifted up as if they were no more than scuttles in the hands of a strong man and their contents sent thundering into the gaping hatches; black dust clouded the air, settling in a thousand minute particles on fabric and flesh; black-faced men shouted and worked at the loading

machine; the crash of shunting cars came interminably from the yards; and upon it all the sun beat fiercely, and the air that entered our nostrils seemed thick—thick with the dust and grime and heat of it all. A black-faced, sweating man, who was the mate, leaned over the steel side high above us and motioned us aft, and the seven guests hurried through the thickness of the air, the ladies shuddering and cringing as the cars of coal thundered high over their heads, until they came to the big after port with a plank laid to the dock. Up this they filed, their faces betraying more doubt, more uneasiness, more discomfort as hot blasts of furnace air surged against them; then up a narrow iron stair, through a door—and out there before them lay the ship, her thirty hatches yawning like caverns, and everywhere coal—and coal-dust. The ladies gasped and drew their dresses tightly about them as they were guided along the narrow promenade between the edge of the ship and the open hatches, and at last they were halted before one of those doors labelled "Owners."

Then the change! It came so suddenly that it fairly took the breath away from those who had never been on a freighter before. The guests filed through that narrow door into a great room, which a second glance showed them to be a parlor. Their feet sank in the noiseless depths of rich velvet carpet; into their heated faces came a refreshing breeze from electric fans; great upholstered chairs opened to them welcomingly; the lustre of mahogany met their eyes, and magazines and books and papers were ready for them in profusion. To us there now came the thunder of the coal as if from afar; here was restfulness and quiet—through the windows we could see the dust and smoke and heat hovering about the ship like a pall.

This was the general parlor into which we had been ushered; and now I hung close behind the ship's guests, watching and enjoying the amazement that continued to grow in them.

From each side of the parlor there led a narrow hall and on each side of each hall there was a large room—a guest's chamber—and at the end of each hall there was a bathroom; and in the bed rooms, with their brass bedsteads, rich tapestries and curtains, our feet still sank in velvet carpet, our eyes rested upon richly cushioned chairs—everywhere there was the luxury and wealth of appointment that a millionaire had planned for the favored few whom he called his guests.

Now I retired from the guests' chambers to my own private room. I am going a good deal into detail in this description of the guests' quarters of a great freighter like the *Berwind*, for I remember having been told by a shipbuilder of the Clyde that he could hardly believe that such a thing existed, and I know there are millions of others who have the same doubts. The forward superstructure of a Great Lakes freighter might be compared to a two-story house, with the pilot-house perched on top of it; and from the luxurious quarters of the "first story," which in the *Berwind* are on a level with the deck of the vessel, a velvet-carpeted stair led to the "observation room"—a great, richly furnished room with many windows in it from which one may look out upon the sea in all directions except behind. And from this room one door led into the captain's quarters, and another into the private suite of rooms which I was fortunate enough to occupy on this trip. The finest hotel in the land could not have afforded greater conveniences than this black and red ship, smothered in the loading of ten thousand tons of coal. In the cool seclusion of its passenger quarters a unique water-works system gave hot and cold water to every room, an electric-light plant aft gave constant light, and power for the fans. Nothing was wanting, even to a library and music, to make of the interior of this forward part of the ship a palace fit for the travel of a king. Within a few minutes we had all plunged into baths; hardly were we out and

dressed when the steward came with glasses of iced lemonade; and even as the black clouds of grime and dirt still continued to settle over the ship we gathered in the great observation room, a happy party of us now, and the music of mandolin and phonograph softened the sounds of labor that rumbled to us from outside.

Then, suddenly, there fell a quiet. The ship was loaded. Loud voices rose in rapid command, the donkey-engines rumbled and jerked as their cables dragged the steel hatch-covers into place, and the freighter's whistle echoed in long, sonorous blasts in its call for a tug. And then, from half a mile away, came the shrieking reply of one of those little black giants, and up out of the early sunset gloom of evening it raced in the maelstrom of its own furious speed and placed itself ahead of us, for all the world like a tiny ant tugging away at a prey a hundred times its size. Lights sprang up in a thousand places along shore, and soon, far away, appeared the blazing eye of the harbor light; and beyond that stretched the vast opaqueness of the "thousand-mile highway" that led to Duluth and the realms of the iron barons of the North. Once clear, and with the sea before us, the tug dropped away, a shudder passed through the great ship as her engines began to work, our whistle gave vent to two or three joyous, triumphant cheers, and our journey had begun.

It was then that our steward's pretty little wife, Mrs. Brooks, appeared, smiling, cool, delightfully welcome, and announced that dinner was ready, and that this time we must pardon them for being late. Outside, men were already flushing the steel decks from huge lengths of hose, the ship's lights were burning brilliantly, and from far aft, nearly a tenth of a mile away, there came the happy voice of a deckhand singing in the contentment of a full stomach and the beautiful freshness of the night. Not more than a dozen paces from our own quarters was a narrow deck-house which ran the full width of the

hatches—the guests' private dining-room. It was now ablaze with light; and here another and even greater surprise was in store for those of our party who were strangers to the hospitality which one receives aboard a Great Lakes freighter. The long table, running nearly the length of the room, glittered with silver, and was decorated with fruits and huge vases of fresh flowers, and at the head of the table stood the steward's wife, all smiles and dimples and good cheer, appointing us to our seats as we came in. On these great ore and grain and coal carriers of the Inland Seas, the stewards and their wives, unlike those in most other places, possess responsibilities other than those of preparing and serving food. They are, in a way, the host and hostess of the guests, and must make them comfortable—and "at home." On a few vessels, like the *Berwind*, there are both forward and aft stewards, with their assistants, who in many instances are their wives. The forward steward, like our Mr. Brooks, is the chief, and buys for the whole ship and watches that the aft steward does his work properly. In addition to this he devotes himself loyally to the vessel's guests. He is paid about one hundred dollars a month and all expenses, while his wife gets thirty dollars for assisting. So he must be good. The stewards of Lake freighters are usually those who have "graduated" ashore, for even the crews of the Lakes are the best fed people of their class. Mr. Brooks, for instance, had not only won his reputation in some of the best hotels in the land, but his books on cooking are widely known, and especially along the fresh-water highways. I mention these facts because they show another of the little-known and unusual phases of life in our Lakes marine. For breakfast, dinner, and supper the tables in the crew's mess-room are loaded with good things; and very few hotels give the service that is found in the passengers' dining-room.

Thus, from the very beginning, one meets with things unusual and sur-

prising on board one of these big steel ships of the Lakes. While towns and cities and the ten thousand vessels of the seas are sweeping past, while for a thousand miles the scenes are constantly changing—from thickly populated country to virgin wilderness, from the heat of summer on Erie to the chill of autumn on Superior,—the vessel itself remains a wonderland to those who have never taken the trip before. From the huge refrigerator, packed with the choicest meats, with gallons of olives and relishes, baskets of fruits and vegetables—from this to the deep "under-water dungeons," where the furnaces roar night and day and where black and sweating men work like demons, something new and interesting is always to be found.

For the first day, while the steel decks are being scrubbed so clean that one might lie upon them without soiling himself, the passengers may spend every hour in exploring the mysteries of the ship without finding a dull moment. Under the aft deck-houses, where the crew eat and sleep, are what the sailors call the "bowels of the ship," and here, as is not the case on ocean craft, the passenger may see for the first time in his life the wonderful, almost appalling, mechanism that drives a great ship from port to port; for it must be remembered that the "passenger" here is a guest—the guest of the owner whose great private yacht the great ship is, in a way, and everything of interest will be shown to him if he wishes. On the bottom of this part of the ship the "brussels-carpet guest"—as sailors call the passenger who is taking a trip on a freighter for the first time—stands half in terror. There is the dim light of electricity down here, the roaring of the furnaces, the creaking and groaning of the great ship; and high above one's head—an interminable distance away, it seems—one can see where day begins. Everywhere there is the rumbling and crashing of machinery, the dizzy whirling of wheels, the ceaseless pumping of steel arms as big around as trees; and up

and up and all around wind narrow stairways and gratings, on which men creep and climb to guard this heart action of the ship's life. The din is fearful, the heat in the furnace-room insufferable, and when once each half-minute a furnace door is opened for fresh fuel, and writhing torrents of heat and glare illumine the gloomy depths, the tenderfoot passenger looks up nervously to where his eyes catch glimpses of light and freedom far above him. And then, in the explanation of all this—in the reason for these hundreds of tons of whirling, crashing, thundering steel—there comes the greatest surprise of all. For all of this giant mechanism is to perform just one thing—and that is to whirl and whirl and whirl an insignificant-looking steel rod, which is called a shaft, and at the end of which, in the sea behind the ship, is the screw—a thing so small that one stands in amazement, half doubting that this is the instrument which sends a ten-thousand-ton ship and ten thousand tons of cargo through the sea at twelve miles an hour!

After this first day of exploration, the real joyous life of the ship comes to one. Every hour of every day is one of pleasure. You are on the only ship in the world into every corner of which a passenger is allowed to go. You are, in so far as your pleasure and freedom go, practically the owner of the ship. The crew and even the captain *may not* know but what you *are* one of the owners, for nothing but your name is given to the officers before you come aboard. Of course, the steward has the privilege of telling you to keep out of his kitchen, and the captain of ordering you out of the pilot-house—but they never do it. That guest, for instance, who haunts the pilot-house almost from morning to night, who insists upon taking lessons in steering, and who on any other craft in the world would soon be told to remain in his cabin or mind his business, may be a millionaire himself—a millionaire who is giving this line of ships many thousands of dollars'

worth of freight each year. So the captain and the crew *must* be affable. But, as I have said before, this is accepted as a pleasure and not as a duty on the Inland Seas. I have taken trips on a score of vessels, and it means much when I say that never have I encountered an unpleasant captain, and that only once did I meet with a mate who was not pleasant to his passengers.

So, from the first day out, the big steel ship is an "open house" to its guests. Forward and aft of the cabins, great awnings are stretched, thick rugs and carpets are spread upon the deck, and easy chairs are scattered about. The captain and his mates are ready with the answers to a thousand questions. They point out objects and locations of interest as they are passed. There, in the late storms of last autumn, a ship went down with all on board; on yonder barren coast, five or six miles away, the captain guides your glasses to the skeleton of a ship, whose tragic story he tells you; he names the light-houses, the points of coasts, and tells you about the scores of ships you pass each day. He shows you how the wonderful mechanism of the ship is run from the pilot-house, and he gives you lessons in the points of the compass, and perhaps lets you try your hand at the wheel. And each hour, if you have been abroad, you see more and more how an ocean trip cannot be compared to this. In a preceding article I have described what you see and what you pass in this thousand-mile journey to Duluth; how you slip from summer to autumn, from the heart of the nation's population to vast, silent wildernesses, where the bear and the wolf roam unmolested; how great cities give place to mining and lumber camps, and you come into the great northern lake where darkness does not settle until after nine o'clock at night.

But these are not the only things which make a trip on a Great Lakes freighter interesting. It is what you can *do*. There are a dozen games you

can play, from hatch-bag to shuffle-board; there is music and reading, eating and drinking—for the steward is constantly alive to your wants, always alive to add to your pleasures. And there is excitement—if not of one kind then of another. You may be thrilled by the sudden alarm of fire aboard ship, and find yourself burning with relief when you discover that you are witnessing nothing but an exciting fire drill; it may be a wrestling or boxing match between two of the ship's champions, a race over the steel hatches, or—something like the following incident.

One of the greatest sources of entertainment for guests aboard a Lake freighter is in the study of the men and boys of the crew, for the average crew of twenty-five or thirty always possesses some odd characters. Our party was very much amused by one individual, a youth of about twenty, large, round-faced, full-fed, a young man of unbounded good humor whose two great joys in life were his meals and—sleep. This youth never lost an opportunity to take a nap. After his dinner in the mess-room, he would promptly fall into a doze in his chair, to be aroused by a dash of cold water or some other practical joker's trick; if he sat down on a hatch he would sleep; he would fall asleep leaning against the cabin. His actions caused no little uneasiness on the part of the captain, who liked the boy immensely. "Some day he will fall asleep and topple overboard," he said.

We had come into Lake Superior, where the clear, dry air exerts a peculiar influence. Coming suddenly from the warm atmosphere of the Lower Lakes, a person has difficulty in keeping his eyes open half the time up there. We were off Keeweenaw Point when the thrilling alarm was spread that "Dopey," the sleepy youth, had fallen overboard. The aft steward brought the news forward. Billy had eaten a huge dinner and was taking a comfortable siesta *standing*, half leaning over the aft rail. A moment after passing him

the steward, returning, bent upon stirring him from his dangerous position, had found him gone. The vessel was searched from stem to stern. Even the passengers joined in the hunt. But there was found no sign of the missing youth, and a deep gloom fell upon the people of the ship. An hour later, one of the young ladies approached the steep, narrow stair that led down into the forward locker. The mate himself had searched this gloomy nook for Billy. I was a dozen feet behind the girl and she turned to me with a white, startled face.

"Come here—quick!" she cried. "Listen!"

Together we bent our heads over the opening—and up to our ears there came a mysterious sound, now so low that we could hardly hear it, then louder—something that for a moment held us speechless and set our hearts beating at double-quick. It was the snoring of a sleeping person! In another instant we were down in that dingy hole of ropes and cables and anchor chains, and there, curled up in the gloom, we found Billy, sleeping a sleep so sound that it took a good shaking to awaken him. On deck he explained the mystery. The passing of the steward aft had aroused him from his nap against the rail, and he had wandered forward, seeking the cool seclusion of the locker.

While this little affair did not end in a tragedy, I give it as an illustration of the fact that *something* of interest, if not excitement, is constantly occurring to keep the guests of a Great Lakes freighter alive to the possibilities of the trip. The night following Billy's mysterious disappearance, for instance, the two young ladies aboard our ship nearly brought about a mutiny. Before going into the details of this incident, it is necessary for me to repeat what I have said in a preceding paragraph—that the seamen of our Lakes are the best-fed working people in the world. If a captain does not provide the best of meats and vegetables and fruits,

and in sufficient quantities, he may find himself minus a crew when he reaches port. One day as I was leaning over the aft rail, the steward approached me and said: "Do you see that ship off there?" He pointed to a big down-bound freighter. "Notice anything peculiar about it?" he continued. I confessed that I did not.

"Well, this is the noon hour," he went on, "and the sea-gulls always know when it's feeding time. But there are no gulls following that ship. There are a good many more ships in that same line—and there's never a gull behind them. Do you know why? It's because the grub on those boats is so poor. The gulls have learned to tell them as far as they can see 'em, and they won't have anything to do with 'em, and that's the Lord's truth, sir! Any man on the Lakes will tell you so, and the men on those boats most of all. They don't take a job there until they're down and out and can't get work anywhere else."

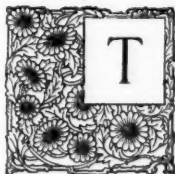
The more one comes in touch and sympathy with the lives of these men of the Lakes the more one's interest increases; and it is not until one eats and drinks with them aft, and secures their confidence and friendship, that he is let into the secrets of the inner and home life of these red-blooded people, which is unlike the life of any other seafaring men in the world. It is when this confidence and friendship are won that you begin to reap the full pleasure of a trip on a Great Lakes freighter; it is then that the romance, the picturesqueness and the superstition of the Lake breed peep out. Not until that time, for instance, will you discover that these rough, strong men of the Lakes are the most indomitable home-owners in the world. A home is their ambition—the goal toward which they constantly work. From the deck-hand to the young, unmarried mate it is the reward of all their labor—the end for which they are all striving. And there are good reasons for this—reasons which have made the "home instinct" among Lake sailors almost a

matter of heredity. The ships of the Inland Seas are almost constantly in sight of land. Now it is a long stretch of coast a mile or so away; again it is a point stretching out to sea, or the shores of some of the most beautiful streams in America. And wherever there is land within shouting or megaphone or "whistle" distance of the passing vessels, there nestle the little homes of those who run the ships of our fresh-water marine.

Perhaps for a whole season (seven or eight months) the Lake sailor has no opportunity of visiting his family. Yet every week or so he sees his home and his wife and children from the deck of his ship. It is easy for those ashore to learn from the marine officers when a certain vessel is due to pass, and at that hour wives and sweethearts, friends and children, assemble on the shore to bid their loved ones Godspeed. All of the vessels on the Lakes have their private code of signals. Perhaps in the still hours of night, the sleeping wife is aroused by the deep, distant roar of the freighter's voice. For a moment she listens, and it comes again—and from out there in the night she knows that her husband is talking to her; and the husband, his eyes turned longingly ashore, sees a light suddenly flash in the darkness, and his heart grows lighter and happier in this token of love and faith that has come to him. And in the hours of day it is more beautiful still; and the passengers and crew draw away, leaving the man alone at the rail, while the wife holds up their baby for the father to see, and throws him kisses, and there is the silence of voiceless, breathless suspense on the deck that the faint voice of the woman, or the happy cries of the children may reach the husband and father, whose words thunder back in megaphone greeting. It is beautiful and yet it is pathetic, this constant union of the people of the Lake breed. And the pathos comes mostly when there is no answer from the little home ashore, for it is then that visions of sickness, of misfortune or possibly of neglect cast their gloom.

THE DRUMMER-GIRL

By HULBERT FOOTNER



THE members of Professor Kugel's Elite Ladies Orchestra rose through the stairway in the back of the little stage and disposed themselves with much bobbing and arranging of skirts behind their music stands under the shadow of Vesuvius painted on the back drop—or, to be exact, Vesuvius reposed in the shadow of the ladies. It was Thursday night and they wore their light blue dresses; they had a color for each night in the week. There were eight of them; first and second violins, cello, clarinet, cornet, trombone, piano and drums. With a single exception they were not distinguished for good looks, particularly not the wind instruments; but for that matter what well-favored woman would choose to play a cornet—not to speak of the ridiculous trombone? The exception was Elise Kugel, the professor's daughter, who attended to the drums, likewise the triangle, bells, bones, sand-paper or whatever accessories were required when the orchestra executed a "descriptive fantasia." Elise was eighteen years old, a dark little elf, with a wistful, upward glance peculiar to herself, and a resolute, silent, rosy mouth, in which there was something at once admirable and appealing. Blue suited her well; and as she sat there all sober attention to the piece in hand, playing her bold rat-tat with a serious air, and thumping the big drum beside her by means of a treadle, there was that in the picture

she made calculated to stir the deepest springs of laughter and tears.

Professor Kugel's orchestra enjoyed a permanent engagement at a place of entertainment on the East Side of Manhattan, which advertised itself—with an engaging mixture of terms—as "Connolly's Trocadero Volksgarten: A Select Family Resort"—in other words a German gathering-place in America with a Spanish name and an Irish proprietor. It pays to be respectable on the East Side as well as anywhere else, and respectability was the keynote of the Trocadero. Whole families and young couples, smart politicians and "fellows" ostentatiously gruff and careless of dress, but at heart no worse than other young men, filled the tables night after night quaffing the German national drink in moderate quantities (their moderation was a perennial grievance with the proprietor) and attending to the vaudeville program with a huge appreciation. On both sides of the footlights the Teutonic element predominated; the performers, who were not often changed, were well-known to the house and a spirit of good-fellowship prevailed.

The little drummer-girl was a prime favorite, and the "hand" which greeted the orchestra on its entrance was mostly intended for this least important but best-looking member. She might have been twice as popular, Sid Connolly, the aforesaid proprietor, complained, if she had had any "magnetism," as he called it. But Elise would keep herself to herself. Only one man in front had the power to win a glance from those wistful, serious eyes. It was not a smile he

got, but an eager, friendly look, which lighted the dark little face of the sender like a ray from some inward sun.

He was only a waiter, Harry Entwistle, but not an ordinary waiter. An extraordinarily poor one, Sid Connolly grumbled. Sid would have fired Harry for breakages, long ago, had not the customers seemed to like him. To them Harry was a long-legged, slap-dash, country lad as green as the fields in June, but friendly; to Elise he was something more. She dreamed of his light-hearted, boyish smile, compounded of fresh red lips and dazzling teeth, and of his shining blue eyes. She saw that they were wonderfully kind eyes; that was what had won the little drummer-girl. Her intercourse with Harry was limited to an occasional word; for it would have been difficult to explain to her old-fashioned parent in what it was Harry differed from the other waiters, whom the professor held in high disdain.

After allowing a suitable interval to elapse, "Professor" Kugel herself came trotting up the little cellarway, violin in hand, with an appearance of great animation which was purely artificial. It was a sad, little, dumpy figure in light blue like the others, with faded eyes and thin, frizzled hair of that neutral tint between blonde and gray. Behind the professional smile lay a harassed expression, and in making her bow she steadied herself with a hand on the back of a chair. In a servant of the public like her, old age and ailments must be stood off at all costs like disgrace. Professor Kugel was almost come to the end of her power to please that hydra-headed monster across the footlights. Her daughter glanced at her with sharp anxiety, and Miss Heckschnagel, the thin-lipped first violinist, looked with ill-concealed triumph.

The Professor gathered in the musicians with her eyes, tapped her music-stand smartly, and the Elite Ladies plunged forthwith into one of those fortissimo-prestissimo overtures beloved of small circus bands and the like, which are always used to open

the show. The leader used her bow for a baton; when she got them going nicely, she faced the audience and played the air (whatever it may have been) on her own violin, in the Viennese manner. The Elite Ladies were distinguished more for energy than for delicacy of interpretation. Miss Maloney used the piano as if she mistook it for a washboard; Miss Kleinschmidt, the cornetist, puffed out her cheeks like a chipmunk and overbore them all; while the contortions of Miss Heissenbittel with the trombone were surprising. In her corner the little drummer-girl made a tremendous how-de-do with the utmost gravity of expression. Whenever in their enthusiasm the Elite Ladies lost touch with each other, the Professor left off playing and beat them into time again. They finished with a series of ear-splitting crashes; an attendant appeared and moved their chairs and music-stands back to the verge of the Bay of Naples, and the vaudeville show was on.

Meanwhile the performers had been arriving singly and in couples. There was no stage-door to the Trocadero, they came through the main entrance and hurried down the centre aisle, trying to look unconscious while secretly pleased with the interest they never failed to arouse in the house. They disappeared through a little door under the stage. Miss Irene d'Estrelle opened the program with three pathetic ballads rendered with an air of gloom; the O'Haras gave their sketch on the shore of the Mediterranean, while the Elite Ladies watched with the listlessness born of seeing too many "comedy duos"; and a blackface song-and-dance team relieved themselves of a surprising store of energy. To eke out the program, between each pair of these numbers the ladies' orchestra gravely moved forward and played a piece, then as gravely moved back, and tried to conceal their yawns as the succeeding turn was played off in front of their noses. Like girls behind a candy counter they were surfeited.

Finally, the principal attraction was

reached: "Miss Mamie Marelo and the Six Sunbursts." Like her predecessors, Miss Marelo made a brisk vaudeville entrance through the hole in the stage; then she proceeded to sing a patriotic song in a "snappy" manner, violently marking time throughout. She was a little creature in the dress of a ten-years-old, but abnormally plump for a child of that age, and with an uncanny air of grown-up sophistication. No doubt her voice would have affected a musical ear like the squeaking of a gigantic slate pencil, but there were no ears of that sort in the Trocadero; she was immensely popular. At the first words of the chorus the Six Sunbursts appeared. They were aptly named. Each Burst was a blonde of heroic proportions. In the space left by the orchestra, with Mamie they proceeded to march and counter-march, all on the shore of the Mediterranean, taking military strides say six inches long. The stage was rather crowded. It might have been observed that the ladies of the orchestra carefully tucked their feet under their chairs to avoid being trodden on. The spectacle of these portly, mature Amazons trotting up and down under command of little Mamie, each with a visage of imperturbable gravity, aroused great enthusiasm in the Trocadero every night. Mamie sang other songs and the Sunbursts changed their costumes three times. In a free show this act was considered the acme of enterprise.

During the intermission which followed, the performers all gathered in the dark little cavern beneath the stage, where, as the waiter who could best be spared, it was part of Harry's duty to take their orders every night. This moment provided the young people with their only opportunity to communicate. When Harry put down her glass of sarsaparilla he could make some humorous remark which Elise might answer without exciting undue comment. This, with the friendly look and smile which accompanied the exchange, sufficed

to nourish their dreams. On this particular night Elise had eyes only for her mother. The little leader was feeling worse than usual, and though she made a brave effort to overcome her infirmities, towards the end of the second part of the program (which was but the first part over again) she was obliged to go home. The complacent air with which Miss Heckschnagel took up her baton for the final "galop" caused Elise's heart to contract with anxiety for the future.

For the first time Elise had to go home alone. As she came out from under the portico of Connolly's (a Moorish portico, by the way), she distinguished a tall figure in the shadow of the adjoining doorway, behind a showcase full of photographs, and felt, rather than saw, a pair of bright eyes regarding her from under the brim of a soft hat pulled down in front. It was the most exciting moment the little drummer-girl had so far experienced in her uneventful life. Harry fell in beside her as a matter of course. Elise was very grateful that he did not ask her permission, for then she would have been obliged to refuse; whereas since he did not say anything she could defend the proprieties by making believe not to see him for a while.

"I'm sorry the old lady wasn't feeling good," said Harry sympathetically.

"My mother isn't very old," said Elise quickly.

Harry was silenced for the space of half a block. Longer than that it was impossible for him to contain his exuberance.

"Ever been to the country?" he broke out.

"No," said Elise. "Only to Hoboken."

"I was raised in the country," he continued enthusiastically. "On a farm by the Choptank River on the Eastern Shore. It's great down there! It'll be spring there before this, with everything bully and green, and the roses blooming and the rhododendrons all out in the woods. And soon

there'll be swimming. I'm crazy about swimming. I can swim across the river down there. It's over a mile."

Elise shyly looked her admiration of his prowess.

"Better than this, eh?" said Harry, waving his hand about to indicate the flaring, noisy, teeming East Side.

"I think so," said Elise softly.

"I guess I was n't cut out for the city," said Harry. "I would have cleared out before this if it had n't been——"

He stopped abruptly.

"What?" asked Elise.

"Oh, a reason," he said vaguely.

Elise blushed and forbore to pursue the inquiry.

"Why did you come to New York?" she asked presently.

"Well, you see the old man died," he said confidentially, "and I thought there were too many of us on the old place. Besides I wanted to see a bit of the world. It's pretty slow down on the Eastern Shore. My brothers, they're all right, but we don't gee very well. They're serious-minded. So I came to New York; but it's not the same as I thought. It's not healthy. The young fellows up here they just hang around the corners and talk. I think it's foolish. They don't know what real sport is—hunting and fishing and swimming and sailing. So I'm going back. Anyway, when a man gets to be my age—I'm nineteen now,—he's got to think of the future. I've seen both kinds of life, city and country, and I've decided I was cut out for a farmer; I mean a real scientific farmer. I'm going to study like sixty."

"You're sure to get on!" said Elise with a little pang at her heart.

"Do you think so, honest?" he exclaimed, turning to her delightedly. "At home they thought I was just a crazy kid. Maybe I am. It's great to be a little bit crazy! I just love to laugh!"

He suited the action to the word, and the grave little drummer-girl echoed the peal. This philosophy of

laughter was something very new to her. She thought he was wonderful.

"Connolly's is no place for you," said Elise, albeit sadly.

"No, I guess chasing around with a tray does n't just suit my style. My feet seem to get in my way," he said ruefully. "But you see being green in the city I had to take what I could get. Now I must stay there till I scrape together enough money to take me away. Besides I did n't want to go till——"

"Till what?" she asked, as he paused again.

"Till I knew you better," he blurted out finally. "I just wanted a chance to talk to you like this. I never had anything to do with girls before. I did n't think there was anything in them, but you!—O you're so different!"

This was painfully sweet to Elise. She averted her head. "I'm just silly," she murmured.

Harry laughed aloud. "You can't fool me!" he cried. "The minute I laid eyes on you I knew you were different. I knew there was nobody else like you!"

"But I'm afraid I'm serious-minded too," she objected.

"Oh, no, you're not!" he said confidently. "I could make you laugh like anything. I made you laugh once already. How can anyone help laughing when they're young and have someone to laugh with!"

"It's very nice to be made to laugh," said Elise innocently.

"Great!" cried Harry, and they both laughed—for no reason at all.

"When will you be leaving Connolly's?" she asked sadly.

"Oh, not right away," he said. "I have n't started to put by for that yet."

"But you should," said Elise reprovingly.

"I'm not blowing it in," he hastened to explain. "I wanted the money for something else."

They reached the house where Elise and her mother had rooms, and paused at the steps.

"Good-night," she said, holding out her hand.

He seized it, suddenly red and flustered. "W-wait a minute," he stammered. "I—I want you to have this."

Still holding her hand, with his free hand he pressed a tiny box into her palm.

Elise opened it, and there lay a little gold locket on a thin chain.

"Oh!" she breathed. Elise was eighteen, and possessed not a single ornament. Harry beamed with delight. She thrust it back towards him. "I could n't take it," she whispered.

The excess of his disappointment showed comically in his open face. "Why?" he demanded.

"Oh, it's too nice for me. It cost too much. You should n't have spent the money," she murmured in distress.

"I had more fun out of buying that than any money I ever spent! Please put it on," he begged.

Elise shook her head. "I could n't wear it," she said. "People would see."

"Wear it inside your dress," he said eagerly. "It would be so nice to know it was there."

"I have n't anything to give you in return," she said, weakening a little.

"Yes you have!" he quickly returned.

"What?"

"I want that little curly piece of hair that hangs beside your ear!"

On the following night during the intermission the performers were all gathered as usual in the little chamber under the stage. The interior arrangements of this greenroom were very simple: the narrow stairway from the stage came down at the back, while at the other end three steps led to the low door giving on the auditorium; down the middle hung a curtain making a dressing-room for the men on one side, and on the other for the ladies. At present the curtain was drawn all the way back. The place was feebly lighted by a couple of electric bulbs. Ventilation there was none; and when, as at present, more

than a score of persons were gathered there, the effect was rather crowded and stuffy. The performers, including the six matronly Sunbursts, who were quietly discussing household affairs among themselves, sat on their trunks, while the members of the orchestra, who dressed at home, had chairs. Nearest the door sat the little leader, still holding the beloved violin which scarcely ever left her arms. Her head was on her breast, and her eyes fixed on the floor. Elise, sitting beside her, watched her covertly with sad eyes and knitted brows, powerless to aid.

While they waited for Harry to bring the refreshment supplied by the proprietor every night, much pointed repartee was exchanged. As everyone knows there is a time-honored feud between balladists and soubrettes, nor did Miss d' Estrelle and Miss Marelo fail to keep up the tradition. The principal distinction between the two classes of songstresses is in the length of skirt worn. The balladist appears in a long dress and is serious; the soubrette abbreviates her skirt and is playful. To the soubrette all balladists are back numbers or "chasers"—*i. e.*, put on to clear the hall; while for her part no self-respecting balladist would admit that a woman could be a soubrette and respectable at the same time. In this instance Miss d' Estrelle was somewhat at a disadvantage, for it was well known that little Miss Mamie Marelo, the pseudo-ten-year-old, was really the mother of six. In private life she was Frau Hesse who freely confessed to forty summers and a fondness for German cookery. The leader of the orchestra was her sister.

"Say, d' Estrelle," remarked this little lady in sarcastic tones, "that's a swell new song you've got, 'The Shanty of Tumbledown Alley,' I don't think."

"Somewhat out of the *soubrette* class," returned the balladist languidly.

Miss Heckschnagel, the thin-lipped first violin, tittered. She took sides

of course against the Hesse-Kugel combination.

"You bet it is!" cried Miss Mareello, whereat all *her* satellites roared.

"It's not a song that would go well with a display of the person," remarked Miss d'Estrelle with a withering glance at Miss Mareello's plump ankles.

The soubrette was not a bit impressed.

"Please Mr. Contractor do not tear our shanty down,

My crippled brother lies within," she mimicked, beating time with the heels of her slippers on the side of her trunk.

"It's an all-right song if it was played in proper time," said the balladist angrily.

The little leader, hearing herself referred to, raised her head and looked vacantly around. Elise smiled reassuringly, and patted her mother's hand.

"Go on, d'Estrelle," said Miss Mareello jocosely, "you know you like to sing it like the dead march."

"The noble fellow bared his head and silently went his way," she sang mockingly.

"It's not surprising some people can't appreciate a *serious* ballad," remarked Miss d'Estrelle to Miss Heckschnagel.

"Serious!" cried Miss Mareello with lifted eyebrows. "You don't tell me! Why, it got a bigger laugh than any comic in the show!"

This flicked Miss d'Estrelle on the raw; for they *had* laughed at it. She jumped to her feet and pointed an accusing finger at the little leader. "It's her fault" she cried furiously. "She spoilt my song! She ran it through like rag-time!"

"What would you expect, Miss d'Estrelle?" put in the first violin with cold venom. "Look at her!"

Miss Mareello turned pale with anger under her rouge. "You Heckschnagel!" she cried. "Everybody knows what you're after!"

The little leader struggled to her feet and strove to speak in an offhand tone. "What do you mean, Miss Heckschnagel?" she asked.

At this moment the door from the auditorium opened and Harry, smiling at the world, and carrying his tray, came down the three steps. In regaining her seat Frau Kugel swayed a little, and fell against the tray. For an awful second Harry tottered on the lowest step; then lost his balance. The tray came to the floor with a horrifying crash, the women screamed, and outside in the auditorium a great roar of laughter went up. Then an awed silence fell on the little greenroom.

In about half a minute the dreaded bulk of Sid Connolly with his shirt-front and solitaire was filling the doorway. Harry and Elise were picking up what remained of the glasses. Miss Mareello, Miss d'Estrelle, Miss Heckschnagel and several other ladies commenced to explain in detail how the accident had occurred.

He silenced them with a forcible expression, and demanded of Miss Mareello what had happened.

"That Harry," she said glibly, "the clumsy booby, he tripped on the steps coming down, that's all." It is to be feared this little lady was instantly ready to cut Truth's acquaintance when family interest was threatened.

Elise looked up quickly with an indignant denial on her lips—but that would have been betraying her helpless mother. She hung her head miserably and let things take their course.

"That's a lie!" said Miss Heckschnagel in her cold, thin voice, while Miss Mareello made a picture of virtuous indignation. "The Professor, she hit against his tray. She's not herself to-night."

"That's right!" commented Miss d'Estrelle. "She spoiled my song!"

Connolly indifferently condemned the song, and turned to Harry. "What have you got to say for yourself?" he demanded fiercely.

Harry straightened his back, and looked at Elise, who did not raise her head. "It was my fault" he said, cheerfully. "No one bumped me."

Miss Marelo triumphed.

"Then get out!" roared Mr. Connolly in no gentle tone. "You needn't apply for your time neither. You've broke more than your week's pay right here!"

Elise raised her head to protest against this unjust sentence—then she saw her mother sitting there bewildered, and turned her back on Harry. To tell the truth she was ashamed to meet his eye, though he, honest youth, was making desperate secret grimaces in her direction to let her know that it was all right, and not to say anything. All Elise could do was to stand between her mother and the hard-eyed women there; she let her lover go, feeling miserably sure that he despised her for her cowardice.

She saw him again that night. After the performance, as she and her mother made their way out of the building, he was waiting in the adjoining doorway behind the case of photographs, as on the preceding night. Out of the corner of her eyes Elise could see him regarding her wistfully from under his hat-brim, and a dreadful pang smote her. Perhaps he had no place to go! She knew he had no money; he had spent it all on the pretty locket and chain which was burning her throat at that moment. Her mother was paying no attention, so she ventured to hang behind for a moment, and hastily unfastening the chain around her neck, thrust the trinket towards him in a trembling hand. When Harry made out what she was doing he started as if her hand was presenting a dagger. Then for the first time he did look at her in the way she dreaded, hurt, indignant and reproachful; and hurried away in the other direction. The misunderstanding was complete. Elise, still clasping the locket, overtook her mother, blinded by her tears.

It was the end of April again; the syringa bushes in Tompkins Square were putting forth shoots of green into a dun-colored world, and the

East Side children were beginning to leave off their shoes and stockings. At Connolly's Trocadero little was changed; the fat Cupids on the proscenium seemed to be in more urgent need of a bath, the Bay of Naples was not quite so blue—that was all. The waiters ran about with their trays in exactly the same way; Sid Connolly with his shirt-front and his solitaire still decorated the doorpost; and the same good-natured crowd sat and guffawed at the same kind of "turns." To be sure, the Elite Ladies Orchestra had a new conductor, Professor Heckschnagel, who ruled with a firmer hand, but somehow was not so dear to the house as the little leader of former years. There was a new—and younger—soubrette, too; the overthrow of the Hesse-Kugel faction had been complete. Of them only the drummer-girl remained, and she was no longer so conspicuous for her good looks. There were dead leaves under her eyes, her wrists and shoulders were too thin, and in place of the old self-contained and capable air there was a hint of anxious uncertainty.

The present leader made no secret of her animosity in the direction of the drums. She had reason enough to hate her; was she not her mother's daughter, and a perpetual reminder to the new Professor of how she had injured that harmless old woman? So night after night Elise waited for her discharge. What she would do after that she hardly knew. Frau Hesse had married again and was established, with all her responsibilities new and old, in a Western town, so that Elise was quite alone in the city with her helpless charge. Frau Kugel spent most of the days now in a chair by the window playing the *lieder* of her girlhood days on the old fiddle which had been saved from the pawn-shop only Elise knew how. Beside the ever-present one of bread and butter, Elise had a still more harrowing anxiety. At the dispensary where she went to get medicine for her mother, they told her that the smoke-laden air of Connolly's or

any such place would kill her soon, and recommended, unconscious of the irony of the suggestion, that Elise take her mother to the country. "What if I should fall sick before my mother dies!"—that was the soothing thought Elise went to bed with, and got up with in the morning.

That which she had been expecting came to pass on one of these April nights. What does it matter what excuse was given? As a matter of fact, Sid Connolly discovered a prettier girl; anybody can play the drums. Elise was discharged. She was the last of the performers to leave the theatre that night. As she came out of the door, dead weary and helpless, she suddenly stopped and fell back against one of the Moorish columns with a hand to her breast, wondering if her overwrought brain had failed her at last. There in the shadow of the same photograph show-case leaned a tall figure, with eyes regarding her wistfully from under the brim of a soft hat pulled down in front.

In an instant he was at her side. They fell into step without speaking as on the first night he had waited for her. He was broader and browner; more sure of himself, much better looking. He picked up her hand and drew it under his arm; the boy would never have dared so far. But there was nothing diminished of his exuberance; as before Harry did all the talking.

"I'm a farmer sure enough! I've got the prettiest little place on the whole Choptank River! The front

yard slopes right down to the water. There's a sailboat goes with it. You should see the roses I left there yesterday. Of course it is n't all my own yet, but I'm paying it off year by year. There's a gentleman down there—it was he who gave me the chance. I farm my little place together with his fields. His overseer left him last week and I up and asked for the job. He laughed like anything—but we understand each other all right. He says with a twinkle in his eye, 'I've got to have a more settled man than you for this job,' and I said, 'Will I do if I bring home a wife?' He said, 'All O.K. if she's steadier than you are!' He was only joking you know. I said, 'You bet she is! Just give me a week off and I'll try to get her to show you!' He said, 'Go ahead!' so here I am. Will you take me, Elise? I've been thinking of you every day while I worked!"

Elise was crying softly, and hoping he would n't notice it. To-night of all nights it was so sweet to find a friend!

"I'm ugly!" she whispered. "I'm not strong. There's mother, too!"

"I thought of her," said Harry. "There's heaps of room and no end of flowers for her to tend to. As for you, you won't have to work hard, dearest—just advise me when I want to do something foolish! Ugly! You!"—his laugh rang out as boyishly as of old. "After I've had you down there a month I won't trust you in the same room with a mirror! You've got to look at me instead!"





The Lounger



A NEW book by a comparatively new writer is the not very happily named "Corrie Who?" of Maximilian Foster. Mr. Foster has been known for some time as the writer of vigorous short stories, but I do not recall any other full-fledged novel from his pen. Corrie is a young girl, of

whom no one seems to know anything, who "hires out" as a companion to a rich and eccentric Mrs. Pinchin. This lady is a determined character whose will is law; that she is constantly thwarted by Corrie by no means discourages her. The reader becomes as curious to know of Corrie as is Mrs. Pinchin, but has the advantage of that extraordinary lady in being able to solve the mystery at

once by hastening through the book. But this he does not do. He prefers to unravel it step by step, for the working out is so clever and the author's style so delightful, that he would not skip one of its four hundred and sixty pages. It is not often that we have a book with a woman villain. This adds the zest of novelty to the other attractions of the story, which, while it could have been written only by an American, has in certain characteristics a suggestion of Dickens. But do we not always say this of the young author who draws eccentric characters and involves them in mysterious plots?

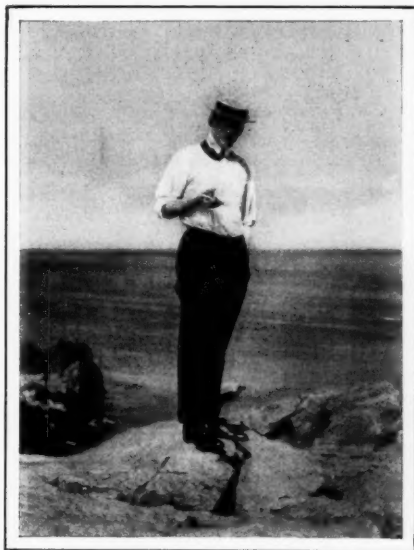
Who in the world, I wonder, chose young Mr. Alfred Noyes to write of William Morris in the new series of English Men of Letters? It was a wild choice, for England's youngest poet has no appreciation or understanding of the work of this departed master. When this series was edited

by John Morley, there was one bad choice of a biographer, and that was Anthony Trollope to write of Thackeray; but even that was not as great a mistake as the new editor has made in assigning Morris to Noyes. The tone of Noyes's biography is patronizing and his manner flippant. I can see the expression of fine scorn that would pass over Morris's bearded face, could he know who was

writing of him for this series, and how the work was being done. Noyes may be old enough some day to undertake such a task, but I am not sure. There are some men who are old enough at twenty to write of their betters in literature, and others who in spite of years will never be old enough.

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The special performance of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" before an audience composed of the deaf and the blind is suggestive of cynical remarks. Who are, I wonder, the most to be envied—the deaf, who



MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Author of "Corrie Who?"



Photograph by Pach Brothers, Cambridge, Mass.

PROFESSOR ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, HARVARD'S NEW PRESIDENT

saw the performance but did not hear the lines? or the blind, who heard but saw not?



The name of Lowell conspicuously associated with Harvard has a pleasant and familiar sound. The choice of Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell as successor to President Eliot was perhaps the wisest that could have been made. Already a professor in that University, always interested in the subject of education, both theoretically and practically bound up with

the best educational traditions of Boston, that most educated of American cities, a lecturer, an author and an administrator, the wonder grows that any one else was considered for a moment. I doubt if any one else was very seriously considered. Professor Lowell's grandfather and father were the founders of the famous Lowell Institute, which he has developed to its present high state of efficiency. Not only have his books on government received the praise of his countrymen, but those dealing with the government of England have received



From a drawing by Mason McDonald

A GREAT LAKES ORE FREIGHTER ON THE LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON

the praise of English people. After reading what has been written about Professor Lowell since he was first named for its presidency, I think that Harvard deserves the congratulations of the entire country.



The drawing by Mason McDonald here reproduced in black and white, and on the front cover in a tint, does not tally exactly with Mr. Curwood's description on page 740 of the appearance of one of these monstrous vessels as it leaves port in the summer months. "A Trip on a Great Lakes Freighter" is a very different affair

in winter, when the ships sometimes look as they do in this picture. Vessels have actually been known to go to the bottom, merely from the weight of ice that forms upon them in the severest weather—"the little ice devils," as they are called, being one of the mariner's worst foes. The season during which navigation is open on the Lakes is not a long one, which is one of the reasons why it is such an incredibly busy one while it lasts.



This is the way that "The Letters of Jennie Allen" came into being: Miss Grace Donworth, the author,



Photograph by Noshiba

GRACE DONWORTH

Author of "The Letters of Jennie Allen"

was one of the ladies of Providence, R. I., engaged in relief work for the sufferers by the San Francisco earthquake. It occurred to her to write a letter to one of the other ladies engaged in the same work, as though she were—a Jennie Allen, let us say. Miss Stockbridge was the lady to whom she wrote the letter, and by her it was passed around as genuine. Everyone who read it was amused and believed implicitly in the genuineness of Jennie. Even Mark Twain was taken in, and spoke in public more than once about it, and the two or

three later letters that he saw. He loved them. The way they were received induced Miss Donworth to write more of them, until she had enough for a book. The letters appeared serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, many of whose readers believed in their genuineness and expressed their regret that, as it seemed, the writer should be held up to ridicule. There is a lot of homely wit in the sayings of Jennie Allen and her brother Jim. Here are a few extracts which show that Jennie can hold her own with Mrs. Wiggs, and that a tenement-house can give the world as many laughs as can a cabbage-patch:

You know how put-off washes grow.

He is a Maine man but a perfect gentleman. So is his mother.

She is Irish but very plessant.

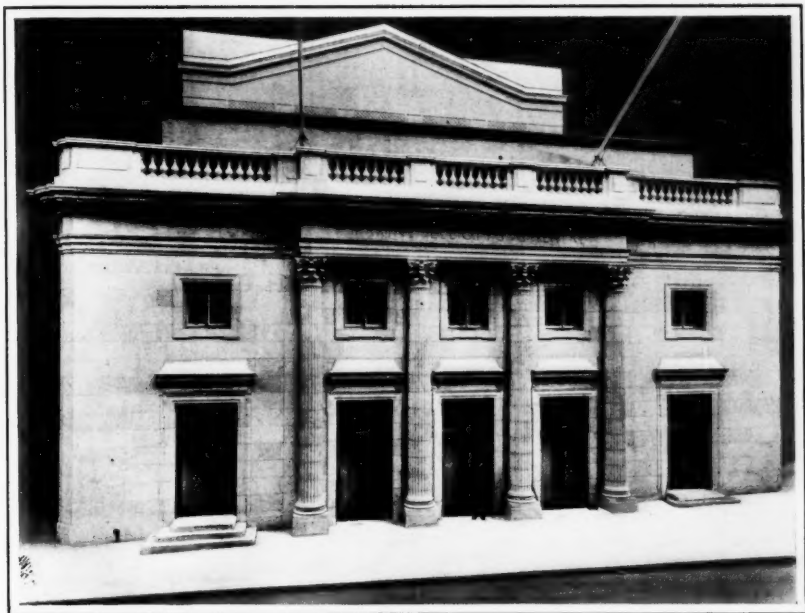
Mr. Spinney says you can't rise with the lark if you 've been on one the night before.

It seems as if that was the way of the world. A few folks enjoy the fruit and others slips down on the peelings.

It ain't what you give, it's what you've got left after you give, that tells the story.

We are going to live close to my folks so I can help them when they need me, and his mother is going to live with us. My cup runneth over.

There is a touch of pathos in the story, too, as in Jennie's love for her little nephew, Jimsey, whom she was ambitious to send to Brown Univer-



MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

The only one in New York built, owned and managed by a woman

sity, and to whom she taught the college yell, which he shouted every night after saying his prayers.



The Maxine Elliott Theatre is unique in the history of the drama in New York. In the first place, it is the only theatre ever built in this city by a woman and managed by a woman. Years ago, more than thirty, there was a Laura Keane's Theatre, away down Broadway. It was there that Joseph Jefferson made his appearance as Asa Trenchard in "The American Cousin," when, in the same play, E. A. Sothorn created the part of Lord Dundreary. Laura Keane, however, did not build her theatre, but bought or leased it from some one who had failed to make a success of it. Miss Elliott built her theatre, and not only owns it but is her own manager. She intends it primarily for women "stars." When she herself acts there, her plays will be by women, if women can give her

what she wants. "The Chaperon," with which she opened the theatre, was written by a woman, being Miss Marion Fairfax's second production. Miss Elliott has installed women ushers—an innovation in this country. The success of the Maxine Elliott Theatre has incited other actresses to go and do likewise, and I hear that we are soon to have an Annie Russell Theatre. It may be that in time we shall have none but theatres that are emblazoned with the names of "stars." But what will happen when these "stars" wane, as those of the theatrical firmament are apt to do? Will the theatres still be called by their forgotten names?



The late Donald Grant Mitchell blazed the trail for the late Charles Dudley Warner's "Back-Log Studies," and for the essays with which the Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers is delighting us to-day.



ALFRED OLLIVANT

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle," "The Gentleman" and other stories

Mr. Crothers strikes a more masculine note in his essays, though his latest book, "By the Christmas Fire," is a rather slight performance. It is a handful of essays collected from the magazines in which they first appeared, and published with an eye to the holiday trade. Nevertheless the book was well worth printing. No new literary vein is opened by this writer. He has not Mr. Chesterton's original way of looking at commonplace things, and turning everything to paradox, nor Bernard Shaw's inverting wit. If I should compare him to any English essayist, it would be the gentle Elia. A mod-

ern Elia, however; not the shy clerk of India House, who looked into his heart and wrote, but a man who, from the very nature of his profession, mingles with all sorts and conditions of men.



Judging by his most recent portrait, Mr. Alfred Ollivant has improved in health, for which his many admirers are grateful. It is said that he wrote "Bob, Son of Battle" (called in England "Owd Bob") while lying on his back in a hospital. "The Gentleman," which is in a very different vein, has found as many admirers as the

famous story of the dog, Bob. Mr. Ollivant does not often give us a new book, but when he does it stands for something. While serving in the Royal Artillery in 1895, Mr. Ollivant was injured by a fall from his horse. His condition is improved, but he is still far from being strong.



An interesting conversation, or perhaps I should say debate, between Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Frank A. Munsey was printed in the *Herald* a short time ago. Lord Northcliffe stands for all that is progressive and American in English journalism, while Mr. Munsey stands for all that is American, in the way of enterprise and hustle, in America. Lord Northcliffe said some very illuminating things, but he made one statement with which I must take issue. It was this:

Dictation on the typewriter, and the literary agent, with his contracts, are entirely destroying imaginative work. I consider that the literary agents are killing good authorship. Their forcing methods cause writers to sell work as fast as they can write it. It ties many of them up with more contracts than they can ever fill.

I do not think that the literary agent is to blame for the rapacity of authors. He sees it and profits by it. The most rapacious authors, if I may apply so ferocious a term to the followers of so gentle a profession, have no agents. I could name, if I wished to indulge in personalities, two of the most popular women writers, for example, who exact, not only the last penny, but the pound of flesh, from their publishers. And I could name several authors who, managing their own affairs, exact so much from the publishers of their books, that the publishers are said to make no money out of them directly, but to take their books because of the effect upon their general list. The agents cannot be blamed for the demands of these authors. As for their "forcing methods," which cause writers to

sell work as fast as they can write it, or faster, I know of but one author (he not an American) who is said to have been a victim of this process. It was tried on him, and while it may have made money for him, it was not successful in other respects. The agent is not to blame. Lord Northcliffe's quarrel is with the author, who goes to the agent and puts the highest price he thinks he can get on his work. It is then "up to" the agent to get it; if he does n't, he loses his client.



Mr. Munsey, too, had his fling at the literary agent. "It is he," said Mr. Munsey, "who sets the publishers to bidding against one another and running royalties up as high as thirty per cent. or more of the gross retail price of the book." Here again, I say, it is not the agent but the author. Most authors go to agents because they want the agent to get more money for them than they would like to ask of the publisher themselves. If the publisher accuses them of rapacity, they throw the blame on the agent, who acts as the "wicked partner," and who, it seems to me, is not the one to be blamed. Mr. Munsey had much to say of the prices of books. He thinks they are too high, and that the publisher who publishes copyright cloth-bound novels for ten or fifteen cents each has a fortune before him. I am afraid, however, that with the present price of paper, and the demands of authors, he would have the fortune behind him after he had been a short time in business.



One of the most remarkable cases of low prices is the London *Times's* offer of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" for six shillings—a dollar and a half of our money. This book was in three volumes and was sold originally, less than a year ago, for three guineas (over fifteen dollars). The *Times* edition is entirely new, and necessarily not as handsome as the



SCENE FROM MRS. SPENCER TRASK'S RELIGIOUS PLAY, "THE LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

first. It may be remembered that the *Times* accused Mr. Murray of asking an outrageous price for these books, and that Mr. Murray took the case to court and was victorious. Now the lion is lying down with the lamb, and the very book, which caused the altercation, is being published by the *Times*.



Mrs. Spencer Trask's religious play, "The Little Town of Bethlehem," is a step in the right direction. As a Christmas entertainment it was welcome. Though not necessarily intended for children, it interested them and was, naturally, a safe play to take them to. There is not enough done for children in the way of plays at Christmas time. If they go to the theatre they must see plays they had better leave unseen. Children's stories adapted for the stage are often strong meat for grown-ups to digest. Mr. Ben Greet was, of all men, the right one to have charge of Mrs. Trask's play. He not only produced it but acted in it. "The Little Town of Bethlehem" was seen in

New York long after the Christmas holidays and was seen by a great many people.



Chicago is to be congratulated on its new Club, The Cliff-Dwellers, which formally opened its home in January. For this pleasant occasion Professor Brander Matthews dropped into poetry, an unusual thing for him; but when he does it, he shows that he still holds the pen with which, some twenty or more years ago, he wrote graceful *vers de société*. The lines he wrote for the Cliff-Dwellers are called "On the Heights." Here they are:—

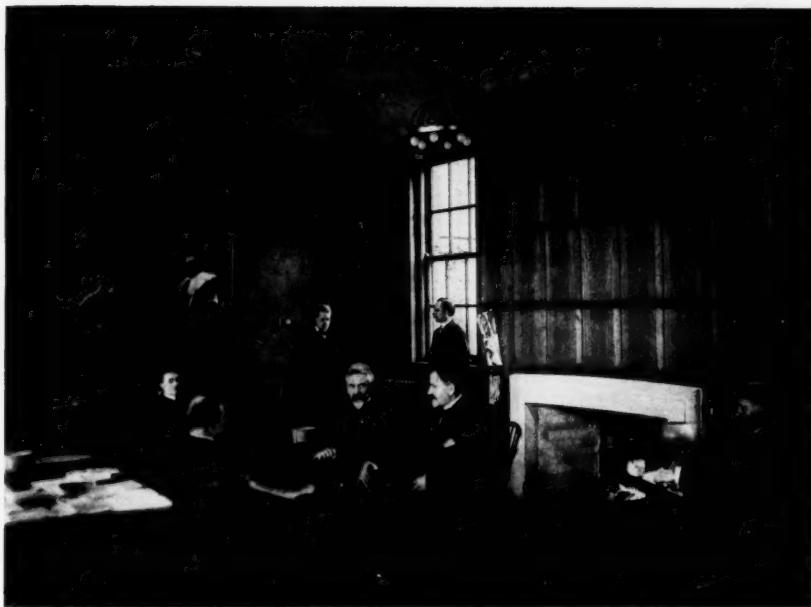
Hail! Ye men of lofty station
Looking down upon the nation,
From your eyry of elation

And relief;

Hail! Ye dwellers in a far land,
On a peak and up near star-land,
With your Hamlin—Culture's Garland—

For a chief!

All the milliners and drapers,
Advertising in the papers,



CHICAGO'S NEW CLUB, THE CLIFF-DWELLERS, AT HOME

Cannot fill the tall sky-scrapers
To the top;
And there 's room, somewhere above them,
For the arts, and those that love them,
Where the crowd can't crush and shove
them

Till they drop.

It was Goethe who has said it,
And it 's greatly to his credit
(In your memory now imbed it
Once for all,
With no further dilly-dally)—
"There is peace above the valley"
Where the setting sun-rays rally
Ere they fall.

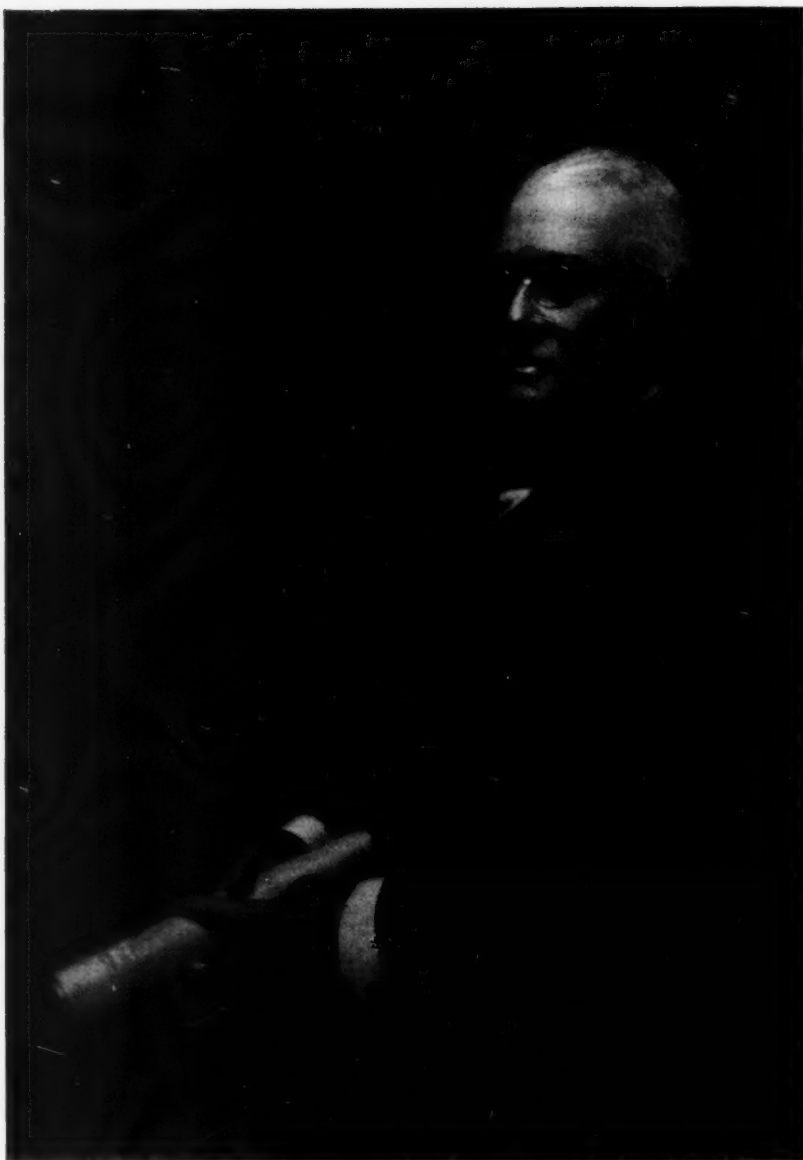
There is peace and there is pleasure,
Better far than buried treasure,
For the men who earn their leisure,
Shirking not;
There is peace and there is laughter,
Rising warmly to the rafter;
There is scorn for crook and grafter
Burning hot.

May your culture go on humming!
May your notions keep on coming!
May your scribbling and your strumming
Both excel!

May your shadow ne'er diminish!
May your atmosphere get thinnish!
May you fight fate to a finish!—
Fare you well.



It is seldom that we lavish upon any one less than a prince of the blood the attentions that we have lavished upon Professor Guglielmo Ferrero. We have dined and wine him, we have interviewed him, we have shown him the sights of the town—the Great White Way (Broadway after candle-light), Chinatown, the opera, theatres, restaurants; we have listened to him lecture, and we have read his books—which, after all, is the greatest compliment. Young women let their favorite writers of fiction gather dust on the shelves, men forget politics and the stock market, all to read Professor Ferrero's absorbing, if destructive, history of Rome, and his lectures on characters and incidents in Roman history. It is for the very reason that they are destructive that we like them—for the same reason that we like to read



Photograph by Vander Weyde.

HORACE FLETCHER

Mr. Fletcher has been preaching the gospel of slow eating and thorough mastication for many years, and his disciples—members of the Chew-Chew Club, as they might be called—are said to number 200,000. His permanent home is a house on the Grand Canal in Venice, but after a brief sojourn at the Waldorf Astoria he now occupies an apartment in an East Side model tenement in New York, where he is carrying on his reform work.

of "The Real Lord Byron," "The Real Benjamin Franklin," "The Real George Washington," interpreting "real" as meaning something not quite to the subject's credit. We feel that in his history Professor Ferrero gives us the real Julius Caesar, the real Antony and the real Cleopatra. If he merely told us the old story—that Antony fell madly in love with the beautiful Cleopatra and forgot his ambitions in his love for her,—we should have paid little attention. But when he tells us that Cleopatra was not beautiful, that Antony dearly loved his Roman wife, Octavia, and only married the Queen of Egypt in order that he might become the joint ruler of her country, we rub our eyes and show an interest in the story that we have not felt since Mrs. James Brown Potter played the part of Cleopatra in Shakespeare's immortal drama with a live asp, to impress us by her realism. What we have failed to do is to discuss his views seriously. But perhaps serious consideration of the historian's views will come, now that he has returned to Italy, and we are no longer under the spell of his personality.

There are so many members of what might be called the Chew-Chew Club, that I make no apology for giving this excellent portrait of Mr. Horace Fletcher, whose books on how to assimilate food, and kindred subjects, have made his name known wherever men and women eat and drink. What Mr. Fletcher says is, in the main, as sound as it is simple. He teaches us to eat slowly, and to chew our food as the cow chews hers—calmly and deliberately. We all knew this before Mr. Fletcher told us. We learned it in our nursery rhymes; for there we were cautioned against gluttony, with frightful examples of the fate of gluttons ever before us. In his books Mr. Fletcher gives us the scientific reasons on which his theories are based, and when we come to put them into practice, we find that they are wise, and are conscious

of feeling the better for their observance. For many years a traveller, Mr. Fletcher at last settled in Venice, choosing as his home the Palazzo Saibante, on the Grand Canal. I should hardly choose Venice for my home if I wanted to make fruit and vegetables the chief of my diet, for they are so hard to get fresh from the tree or the earth in that island city. On the other hand, Venice has her counterbalancing advantages, the chief of which is, that she is Venice!



Mr. Fletcher is in New York now teaching the people of the East Side how to eat. He occupies an apartment in the so-called "Phipps Tenement No. 1," in East 31st Street, and a mighty nice apartment it is. Another apartment, on the floor below, he has fitted up as a sort of dietetic laboratory, where his pupils will be trained.

For the benefit of those who may wish to know upon how little per day a Fletcherite can live, without going hungry, I quote the bill-of-fare written down by one of his young lady disciples:

"I never spend more than thirty cents a day—that is my extreme limit. Here is my exact menu. You must remember that I buy altogether in First Avenue, where prices are low":

Breakfast:

Toasted corn flakes00 5-7
(One 10 cent box lasts two weeks.)	
Juice one half grape fruit on corn flakes02½
(Grape fruit, 5 cents.)	
2 cups hot water00
1 spoonful sugar	?
2 slices dry toast01

Approximate total.....04 3-14

Luncheon at a restaurant down-town:

1 or 2 slices graham bread and butter,	
1 bowl soup,	
1 small dish ice-cream12

Note.—This luncheon may be obtained at these prices at the Princess Club, in Nassau Street.



Photograph by Sarony, Fifth Avenue

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS LADY FREDERICK

Miss Barrymore who has been starring very successfully this winter in Mr. Maugham's "Lady Frederick" is now "on the road" again, after having played for twelve weeks at the Hudson Theatre, New York.

Dinner:

1 dish of vegetables, such as carrots and cauliflower.....	.07
Milk04
Bread.....	.01

Total12

Or:

Fruit salad.....	.07
Bread.....	.01
Milk04

Total12

Total for entire day..... 28 3-14

"I am perfectly satisfied," she continued. "My health has greatly improved. I was ill when I began."

As for Mr. Fletcher himself, when he puts up at the Waldorf-Astoria his food costs him only one dollar a day. If, however, it be true that Mr. Boldt, the proprietor of that hostelry, says that the cost of food is twenty-seven cents a day per capita, he could not lose on Mr. Fletcher. Everything beyond twenty-seven cents that his guests spend on their meals goes toward paying the general expenses of the hotel.



Miss Ethel Barrymore, now playing in "Lady Frederick," has accepted the invitation of the University of California to appear in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley in the title rôle in the "Elektra" of Euripides. A translation of the tragedy has been made for her by Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford University. The Greek Theatre at Berkeley is an open-air affair, seating seven thousand people. It was here in the summer of 1906 that Mme. Bernhardt played Racine's "Phédre" before an excited audience. Miss Barrymore has not Mme. Bernhardt's art, but she has youth and beauty and a fine voice, which, it is said, may some day be heard in grand opera.



Some fifteen years ago an attempt was made to give Gerhart Hauptmann's "Hannele" in this city, but public sentiment was bitterly opposed to it and the Mayor was called upon to prevent its performance. This he did not succeed in doing; but

Commodore Gerry, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, interfered and prevented a girl of fifteen from impersonating the heroine of the play. He argued that the play was calculated to injure the morals of a child, to say nothing of its effect upon her nervous system. The management secured an older actress for the part, but the public was not interested, and the play, notwithstanding the advertising it had received, failed to attract and after a few performances was withdrawn.



During the past winter "Hannele" has been given more than once at the New Deutsches Theatre, and no one has made any objection, not even Commodore Gerry. Is this because the play was given in German? Indeed, no. It is because of "The Servant in the House." Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's modern morality play turned the tide. In this play, which has been running for two seasons, the Christ is boldly impersonated, and no one seems to mind it. Once in a while I have heard an expression of distaste from some one who has seen it, more often from someone who has not; but on the whole it has been very much praised and financially has been a great success. It is not only because of the character of Manson (Son of Man), but for the tone of socialism pervading the play. Our plutocrats like this—on the stage—and delight to be seen applauding the sentiments of the socialistic drain-digger. There is no denying that the play teaches a moral lesson, that it is well written and admirably acted.



It is understood that Mr. Kennedy had in hand a series of plays, which were to be produced from time to time. Early in the season "The Winter Feast"—one of this series—was given and ran, if I remember rightly, for one week only, after which "The Servant in the House" resumed its successful course. The failure of "The Winter Feast" (or

"The Winter Frost," as it has been unkindly called) was a bitter disappointment to its author and to his wife, Miss Edith Wynne Mathison. It was a long, gloomy play, with none of the humor, grim though that be, of "The Servant." The scene of the play was Iceland; the date, 1020 A.D.; its lesson, the sin of lying and the punishment meted out to liars. As we all admit that to lie is a sin, it did not need three hours or more of solemn dialogue to convince us of the fact. There are human emotions in "The Servant in the House"—emotions that we can understand; but those expressed in "The Winter Feast" are too primitive for modern appreciation. Miss Mathison had a strong part in this play and she played it superbly; but one part does not make a play any more than one swallow makes a summer. "The Winter Feast" has been issued in book form, and rightly so, for it savors more of the study than of the stage.

Miss Maude Adams, than whom we have no more popular actress, is playing in Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," and will play in it for many weeks to come; but the part of Maggie does not suit her. It is her great popularity that draws audiences to the Empire Theatre, not her great acting in this character. Miss Adams's chief characteristic is charm, but one who should see her for the first time in this play would never suspect it. I think she must be embarrassed by the Scotch dialect—there is so much of it. But to the theatre-going public she is Maude Adams, and it makes little difference what she plays or how she plays it, so long as she is on the stage. She has no great range of parts, her gamut is limited, but she never fails to please. She holds a unique position on the American stage, and a warm place in the hearts of the people.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett's drama of contemporary American life, "The

Battle," is of a class that has become very popular of late. It deals with labor and capital, and seeks to show that neither is as black as it is painted. Mr. Moffett does not take sides, but sets a problem for the audience to work out after it leaves the theatre. That he does not paint capital with a tar brush and labor in cerulean blue is to his credit. The temptation is great, but he has resisted it. He tries to be fair and succeeds. "The Battle" is not a great play, but it is interesting and gives promise of long life.

American plays seem to be the thing, just now. Even Miss Olga Nethersole has secured one, and will give over, for the time at least, her impersonations of the hectic heroines of emotional drama—the Sapphos, the Camilles and others of their class. The new play is written by the young author of "The Fighting Hope," and will depict what we are pleased to call "slum life." This life Miss Nethersole has been studying at first hand, and I am told is deeply interested in her researches.

I am amused at Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's prediction that the New Theatre will ultimately become the new Metropolitan Opera House. To give color to this belief he has bought land in the neighborhood of the New Theatre, so that he can erect a new Manhattan Opera House when the time comes. Mr. Hammerstein is what in the country they call forehanded. In other words, he has foresight where most people have hindsight. I doubt, however, that his prediction in regard to the New Theatre will come true. At the same time he can hardly lose money by buying land in its vicinity, while he stands to make a handsome profit on his investment.

By the way, what an unimaginative name the New Theatre is. I remarked this to one of the directors,

and he quite agreed with me, but said that nothing better had been suggested. It was called the New Theatre tentatively, and when they came to call it something else, there did n't seem to be anything else to call it. The name stuck to it, and there it is. Some day it may be an old theatre, but this will only have a cheering effect, for it will remind the directors when they are gray-beards that they were once young, and that the theatre was young with them. As a constant reminder of youth and enthusiasm, the name is not so bad; at any rate no one can accuse it of being high-falutin.

22

Harper's Magazine was started as *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* over half a century ago, and it still bears the word

"New" on its cover—not on the front cover, as it used to, but on the back. Notwithstanding its fifty-nine years, it is a new magazine as compared with its age, for a magazine that never grows old is always new. In this respect *Harper's* is like its editor. As years go, Mr. Alden can no longer be young, but age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety. In this respect Mr. Alden is like Mr. John Bigelow. The latter, as time is counted, numbers over ninety years; but he would be a foolish man who called Mr. Bigelow old. Is he not as busy as a bee, even to-day, editing books and writing pamphlets? And I dare say he will take a run to Europe, this year, and

spend a part of the summer there, as has been his custom for many years. Day after day, during the coldest weather of the past winter, I have seen Mr. Bigelow out driving, always in an open carriage, and evidently enjoying the nipping air when younger men sat in closed limousins, many of them, I have no doubt, with electric footstoves at

their feet. Few of these men will live to be ninety; and even if they do, they will not be as vigorous at that age as the Sage of Gramercy Park.

23

Now every New York housewife whose aim in life was to cut down the gas bills is bemoaning her thrift, for the bigger the bills the bigger the rebate. What a great thing it would be if we could get an electric light

rebate and a telephone rebate! We could afford to sit back and live on our rebate incomes for years to come.

24

Apropos of an incident related by Gen. James Grant Wilson in the February instalment of his "Recollections of Lincoln," some one sends me the following anecdote of a swashbuckler who applied to Charles II for his reward in aiding the King to recover his throne. Said His Majesty, "What position do you desire?" "I should like to be made Archbishop of Canterbury or a Colonel of Dragoons—I don't care a damn which!"



From a drawing by Paul Helleu

WHISTLER AND HIS MONOCLE



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

Acton, Lord.

Cambridge Modern History, Vol. XI.:

Brückner, A.

The Growth of Nationalities

Macmillan.

D'Ooge, Martin L.

A Literary History of Russia.

Scribner.

Gilman, Lawrence.

The Acropolis of Athens.

Macmillan.

Shorter, Clement.

Edward Macdowell: A Study.

Lane.

Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers.

Cassell.

Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Anonymous.

G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism.

Lane.

Belloc, Hillaire.

On Nothing and Kindred Subjects.

Dutton.

Perry, Bliss.

Park Street Papers.

Houghton, Mifflin.

Travel and Description

Anonymous.

Under Petraia: With Some Saunterings. Lane.

Barker, Edw. Harrison.

France of the French.

Scribner.

Jackson, F. Hamilton.

The Shores of the Adriatic: The Austrian Side.

Dutton.

Norman, Sir Henry.

The Real Japan.

Scribner.

Spruce, Richard.

Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and the Andes.

Macmillan.

Symonds, Margaret.

Days Spent on a Doge's Farm.

Century.

Wallace, Harold Frank.

Stalks Abroad.

Longmans.

Wright, E. S.

Westward 'Round the World.

Dutton.

Fiction

Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs.

The Pulse of Life.

Dodd, Mead.

Bindloss, Harold.

Lorimer of the Northwest.

Stokes.

de la Pasture, Mrs. Henry.

Catherine's Child.

Dutton.

Hough, Emerson.

Fifty-four-Forty or Fight.

Bobbs-Merrill.

Johnson, Owen.

The Eternal Boy.

Dodd, Mead.

Lynde, Francis.

The King of Arcadia.

Scribner.

Maugham, William Somerset.

The Explorer.

Baker & Taylor.

Parabellum.

Banzai!

Baker & Taylor.

Phillips, David Graham.

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua

Craig

Appleton.

Ray, Anna Chapin.

The Bridge Builders.

Little, Brown.

Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor.

Open House.

Baker & Taylor.

Train, Arthur.

The Butler's Story.

Scribner.

Wells, H. G.

Tono-Bungay.

Duffield.

Miscellaneous

Baker, Ray Stannard.

New Ideals in Healing.

Stokes.

MacColl, Alexander.

A Working Theology.

Scribner.

Marden, Orison Swett.

Peace, Power, and Plenty.

Crowell.

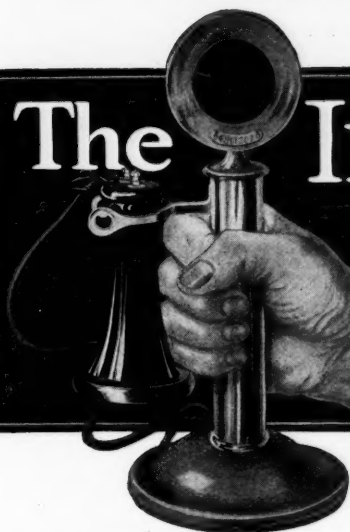
Thompson, C. B.

The Churches and the Wage Earners.

Scribner.

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Book's bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

The Implement of the Nation



SECRETARY of War Stanton sat in his office in Washington.

"If I ring that bell," he said, "any man, in the most distant State, is a prisoner of war!"

The telephone bell has succeeded the messenger bell.

Business has succeeded war.

If any man in the Union rings the bell of his Bell Telephone at his desk, any other man at the most distant point is at his instant command.

That is the Bell Companies' ideal—that you may take the receiver off the hook and get into communication with any man, even in the most distant State.

That is the really universal telephone that the Bell Companies set as their goal at the beginning. It is so far realized that already 20,000,000 voices are at the other end of the line, all reached by the one Bell system.

The increased efficiency of the individual, of the lawyer or bank president or corporation official; the increased efficiency of the nation as a whole, because of the development of the Bell system, can hardly be estimated.

It certainly cannot be overestimated.

The president of a corporation to-day could not be the president of such a corporation without it.

The modern corporation itself could not exist without telephone service of national scope.

Corporation officials could not have transacted business quickly enough by old methods to reach the totals which alone are accountable for our remarkable commercial development as a nation.

The wheels of commerce have been kept at the necessary speed to provide this swift development by the universal telephone.

The mere item of time actually saved by those who use the telephone means an immense increase in the production of the nation's wealth every working day in the year.

Without counting the convenience, without counting this wonderful increased efficiency, but just counting the time alone, over \$3,000,000 a day is saved by the users of the telephone!

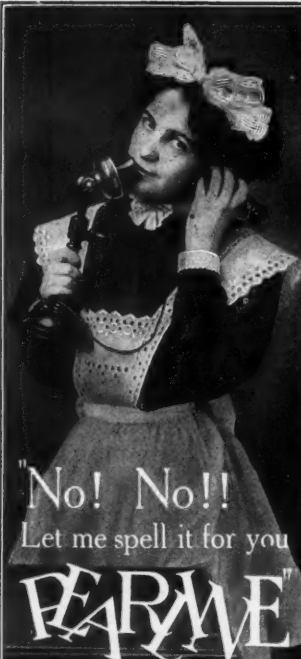
Which means adding \$3,000,000 a day to the nation's wealth!

The exchange connections of the associated Bell Companies are about 18,000,000 a day—the toll connections half a million more. Half of the connections are on business matters that must have prompt action—either a messenger or a personal visit.

Figured on the most conservative basis, the money value of the time saved is not less than ten cents on every exchange connection and three dollars on every toll, or long distance connection—figures that experience has shown to be extremely low.

The saving in time only is thus \$1,800,000 daily on exchange messages and \$1,500,000 on long distance messages—this much added to the nation's productiveness by the Implement of the Nation, the Bell Telephone.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

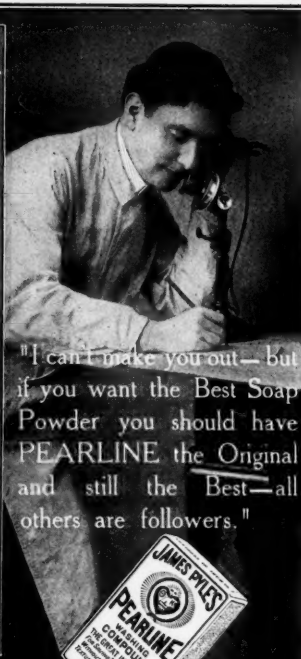


"No! No!!
Let me spell it for you
PEARLINE"


PEARLINE is concentrated Soap in the form of a Powder for your Convenience.

PEARLINE takes, as it were, the Fabric in one hand, the Dirt in the other and lays them apart — comparatively speaking — Washing with little Work. As it Saves the Worst of the Work, so it Saves the Worst of the Wear. It isn't the use of Clothes that makes them old before their time — it's Rubbing and Straining, getting the Dirt out by main Strength.

For all sorts of Washing — Coarsest and most Delicate; for all sorts of Women — Weakest and Strongest; for Scrubbing, House-cleaning, Dish washing, Windows, PEARLINE has no equal.



"I can't make you out — but if you want the Best Soap Powder you should have PEARLINE the Original and still the Best — all others are followers."





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are the best made, best grade and easiest riding buggies on earth for the money

For Thirty-Six Years

we have been selling direct and are

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- How to stop cost leaks
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Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal — a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet. Send to SYSTEM, Dept. 50 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill."



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The real reason back of many so-called renting bargains is usually summed up in two words—*poor heating*—due to old-fashioned methods. The house not well heated is surely *no home*, and its value and rental shrink with each rapidly moving tenant.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS



are being increasingly demanded by thousands who insist on being comfortably, cleanly, and healthfully warmed, without the toil and trouble caused by old-fashioned heating methods. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will heat any building evenly and genially from top to bottom, and soon save enough in fuel, repairs, and household cleanliness to repay the cost of the outfit. These outfits for Hot-Water, Low-Pressure Steam, or Vacuum heating do not rust out or wear out—hence are lasting, paying investments—far better than bonds at 6%.



A No. 17-3-W IDEAL Boiler and 300 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$150, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.



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At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions

Whether you are "moving in" or "moving out," whether landlord or intending builder, whether your building is OLD or new, farm or city, it will pay you well to investigate the particular merits of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Tell us of building you wish to heat. Our information and catalog (free) put you under no obligations to buy. Write today. Prices are now most favorable!

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Rooms, with private bath, . . . 2.00 " "
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each month whichever you may select

If you want to increase your income let me hear from you. I will pay you a salary for doing some special work which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Just ask me to "Send Special Plan No. 9."
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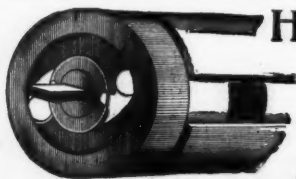
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Bear the script name of
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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WITH any razor but the GILLETTE, whether old style or "safety," the difficulty is to maintain the correct angle when the blade-edge comes in contact with the face.

The movement of arm and wrist is variable. The face presents different curves and surfaces. The angle changes with every stroke.

The GILLETTE, by reason of its construction, obviates this difficulty—and it is the

only razor in the world that does.

Whatever the contour of the face—whatever the surface—with the handle in shaving position the edge is at the proper angle for shaving. You cannot go wrong: you cannot cut your face.

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There is no razor like the GILLETTE; no handle, no blade like it.

It is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or close shave.

Standard set, \$5.00. On sale everywhere.

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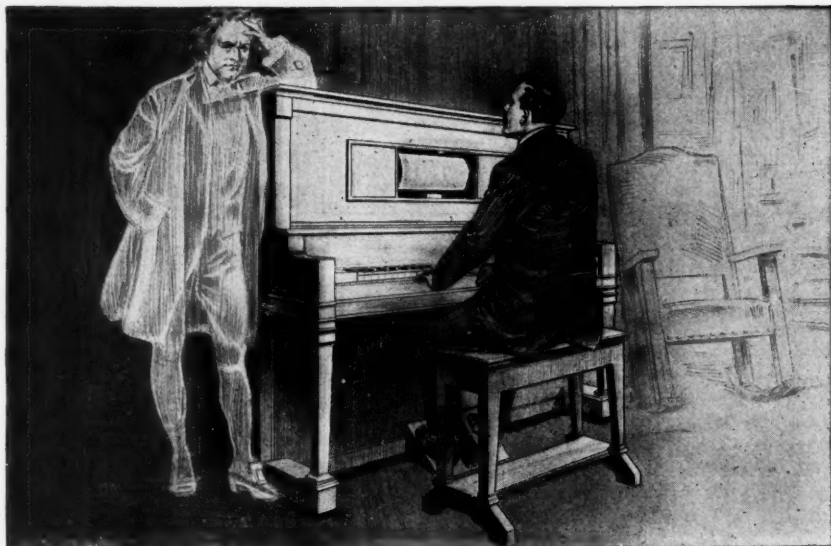
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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



THE INSPIRATION OF THE MASTER

THINK of being able to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata as you would like to play it.

¶ Think of being able to make the melody sing its sad and touching theme, and a subdued accompaniment the while.

¶ Think of being able to perform any composition, in the manner in which your mood dictates—without the least preparatory study—with no previous musical education or experience.

¶ That's what you can do with the Cecilian Player Pianos and that's something you can't do with most every other Player Piano.

¶ For the reason first that most Player Pianos have not the perfection of construction of the Cecilian Player Pianos—and second, for the reason that if a Player Piano can be made to do these things you must be an expert performer with an extensive experience with all sorts of levers—stops—charts, etc., to be able to make them.

¶ The chief difference between Cecilian Player Pianos and most every other is in the mechanism. Where wood is used in most every other Player Piano—subject to climate and temperature changes—liable to warp and twist—heavily nickelled metal, non-corrosive—non-rusting—is used in Cecilian Player Pianos.

¶ An absolutely perfect construction is thus assured in Cecilian Player Pianos, positively air tight and durable—unaffected by dampness, heat or cold.

¶ And because of this perfection of construction each note can be played in the same way as a Performer would play it with his fingers.

¶ It's easy for you to phrase as you wish on Cecilian Player Pianos—it's easy to accent any note you wish—it's easy to change the tempo and you can play each composition as *it is written* for the Cecilian is an eighty-eight note Player Piano, not merely sixty-five.

Write for (free) Brochure

If you are at all interested in Player Pianos, kindly drop us a postal and we'll mail you our art brochure giving complete information as to the construction of the Cecilian Player Pianos, showing the advantage of its playing the entire keyboard of 88 notes and not merely 65 notes as most Player Pianos do. Please drop us your postal today and we'll advise you where you can investigate the Cecilian Player Piano.

PLAYS THE ENTIRE KEYBOARD OF 88 NOTES—NOT MERELY 65

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Like the American woman, "ONYX" HOSIERY stands on a pedestal all by itself—THAT IS WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS. What every woman DOES NOT KNOW is of the Improvements in "ONYX" Hosiery for 1909.

To find your hose at night as good as when you put them on in the Morning—get a pair of "ONYX" Hosiery with either of the new features described below, which show the greatest strides ever made toward hosiery perfection:

Our new "DUB-L TOP" Our new "WYDE TOP"
Our new "DOUBLEX QUALITY"

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| <p>E 960 Women's "ONYX"
Black "DUB-L TOP"
Cobweb Lisle—resists
the ravages of the Gar-
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Gauze lisle; double
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looks like Silk, wears
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spliced heel—an excel-
lent quality, 75c. per pair</p> |
| <p>E 710 Women's "ONYX"
Black "WYDE TOP"
Gauze lisle double sole,
spliced heel—very wide
on top without extra
width all over, 50c. per pair</p> | <p>OUT-SIZE HOSE
170 S Women's "ONYX"
Gauze Lisle "DUB-L
TOP" Black, White,
Pink, Tan, Cardinal,
Sky, Navy, Violet;
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heel, 50c. per pair</p> |

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Black Gauze Lisle
"DOUBLEX" Qual-
ity—extra durable.
Special value,
50c. per pair</p> | <p>E 325 Men's "ONYX"
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50c. per pair</p> |
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Cuticura Comfort for sensitive skins is shaving, shampooing, bathing and anointing with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, redness and roughness of the skin and scalp, with dry, thin and falling hair, as well as for every use in preserving, purifying and beautifying the hair and skin Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are invaluable.

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"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents **Chapped Hands and Chafing.**

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**Box that Lox,**" with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample free.*
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Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor { *No*
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Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at stores.

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THE BEST CHOCOLATES IN THE WORLD
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THE BOXES CONTAIN ONLY CHOCOLATES
WITH NUT CENTERS OF SUCH PURITY,
QUALITY, FLAVOR, AND DELICIOUSNESS
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MEDIUM SIZE
MORE THAN A HALF POUND 50c.

SMALL SIZE
MORE THAN A QUARTER POUND 25c.

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WHO IS
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Spring Needle UNDERWEAR

WHILE good dressers never neglect their underwear, few get the maximum amount of fit, comfort and wear from the money invested. Why? Because the garments they buy are of faulty construction.

Cooper's Spring Needle Knit Underwear is more than the most elastic and perfect fitting,—it is the most thoroughly made of any and all moderately priced underwear. It is reinforced at points of strain by *silk stays*—the collar is unapproached—the buttons cost twice as much as the ordinary kind. These points of excellence added to the best fabric on earth are responsible for its popularity.

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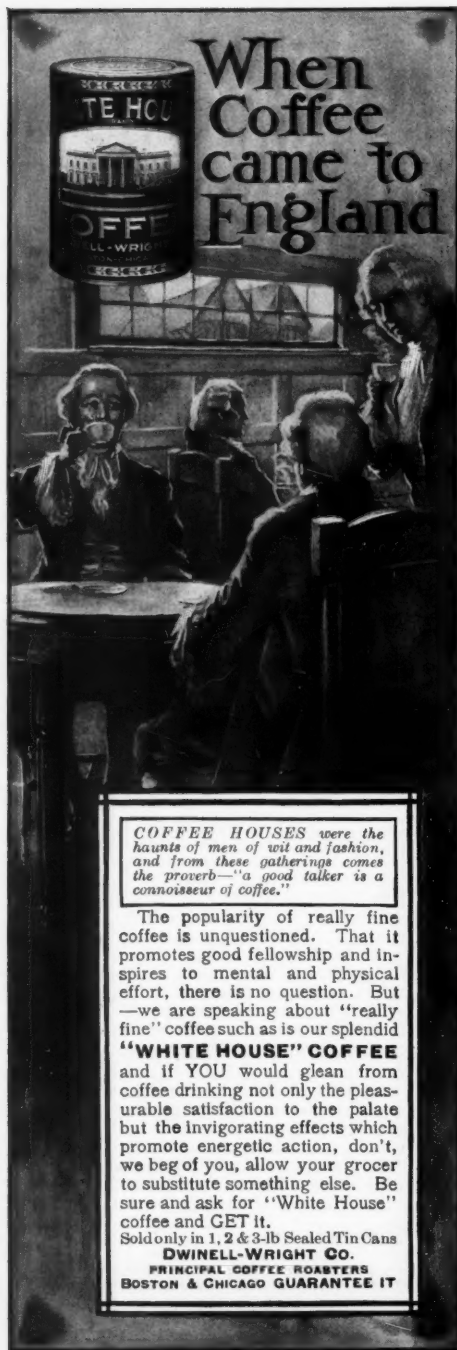
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Beverly	5¼ x 4¾	.50	2.10	6.95
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Samples sent upon request

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COFFEE HOUSES were the haunts of men of wit and fashion, and from these gatherings comes the proverb—"a good talker is a connoisseur of coffee."

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Sold only in 1, 2 & 3-lb Sealed Tin Cans
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Gold edges. **50c. per pack.** 90 picture backs, dainty colors and gold.

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Durability and grace of design are factors that have for over sixty years made

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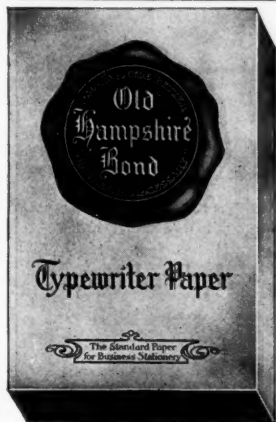
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The "Silver Plate that Wears" is to be had in knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces. Sold by best dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue "C-42" showing all patterns.

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What we most want is your careful consideration of the use of a paper that fairly represents you—a paper that, finding itself among a pile of twenty or thirty other letters, won't feel at a disadvantage. So, please

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In case you find difficulty in securing Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper from your regular stationer, send us \$2.00 and we will forward you, prepaid, a box of medium weight.

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1876

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1909

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"THE LEADING FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA"

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD,
CONN.

On the 31st day of December, 1908

Cash Capital,	\$4,000,000.00
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire),	6,151,295.91
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	148,563.27
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	475,012.69
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	52,087.61
Other Claims,	466,696.04
Net Surplus,	5,207,077.93
Total Assets,	\$16,500,733.45
Surplus for Policy-Holders,	\$9,207,077.93

Losses paid in Ninety Years: \$115,798,170.31

WM. B. CLARK, President
W. H. KING, Vice-President
HENRY E. REES, Secretary

Assistant Secretaries
A. N. WILLIAMS E. S. ALLEN
E. J. SLOAN GUY E. BEARDSLEY
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Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?



Which Do You Do In Your House— PACK DIRT IN? OR LIFT IT OUT?

When you use broom or carpet sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

Another large part of the dirt you work deep down into the carpet, their to decompose and putrify, to become the breeding place of germs and insects and to fill the house with musty and sour odors.

With such primitive implements, you simply can't help it; for that is their **constant tendency**, the absolutely necessary result of the **downward pressure** exerted by their every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet-sweeper, your every effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper, and steadily adds new layers, until the fabric is **packed**.

And that is why you have to renovate.

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely dustless system; but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **constant tendency** is **exactly opposite** to that of broom and carpet-sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper pack in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out**, by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

And that is why the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Operated by
Hand

"It Eats Up the Dirt."

Or Electric
Motor

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** is the great Vacuum Cleaning principle brought to its ideal state of economy and efficiency and **made practical and possible for all**. Weighing only 20 pounds, it is easily carried about. Operated either by hand or little motor connected with any electric-light fixture, it requires neither skill nor strength. Compared with sweeping it is no work at all.

There in your home the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** stands working for you, raising absolutely no dust, scarcely making a sound. And yet under the magic of its work, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, etc., are made clean, wholesome and sweet **through and through**. Mysterious odors disappear, the breeding places of pests are removed,

the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

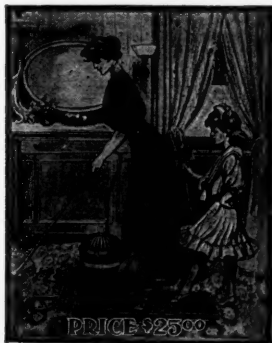
So tremendous is the saving effected by the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER**—in money, time, labor, health and strength—that it quickly pays for itself many times over. It is absurd to think that you cannot afford its small price. **How can you afford to be without it?** Try it and you will be **ashamed** of the conditions you have been living in.

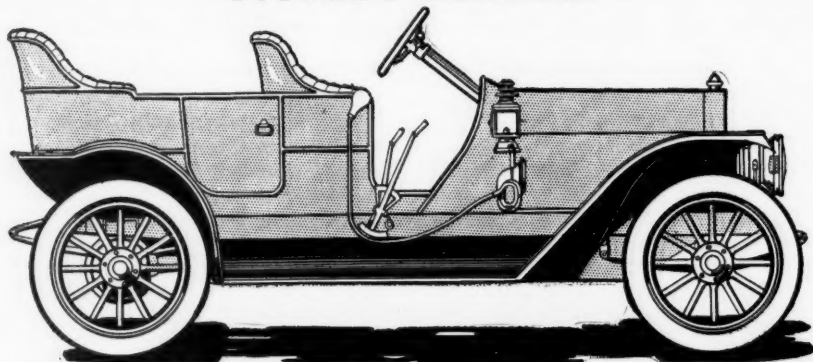
Every machine is guaranteed.

Send to-day for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It tells a remarkable story that will mean a **new era** in your home.

**The American Vacuum
Cleaner Company**

225 Fifth Avenue
New York City





OAKLAND

40 HORSE-POWER \$1600

The Sensation of the Grand Central Palace Show

There is no other car so large and powerful and classy as the Oakland forty at anywhere near its price. **Q** OAKLANDS possess so many excellent mechanical advantages that they are to be classed among the highest grade cars on the market to-day. **Q** Do not spend your money for an automobile until you have inspected our OAKLAND models, if you want a really high grade car at the right price.

Ask your dealer if he will give you a car of the following dimensions and power at \$1600.

Four cylinder, forty horse-power motor.
Cylinders cast in pairs, cooled by water pump.

4 and 1-2" Bore, 5" stroke.

Straight line shaft drive, 112" wheel base, 34" by 4" tires front and rear.

Sliding gear selective type transmission.

Three speeds forward and reverse.

Internal and external brakes acting direct on rear wheels.

3 oil lamps, 2 large gas headlights.

Generator, horn and complete tool kit.

OAKLANDS are designed throughout by Mr. Alanson P. Brush. For simplicity, accessibility and efficiency the OAKLAND "40" is unrivalled among all four cylinder constructions, and for hill climbing and general road ability you must pay almost double its price to procure its equal.

The OAKLAND is made with touring car, baby tonneau, runabout, and landaulette bodies.

An Oakland "Twenty" Secured a Perfect Score in the 1908 Glidden Tour, doing all that any higher priced car accomplished in that severe test of automobile construction.

The strongest argument in favor of the OAKLAND is not so much that it offers all that we have stated above at a price that defies competition, but the many miles it will travel at the lowest possible cost of operation, its smooth and quiet running qualities giving added satisfaction as each day it performs its work with faithfulness and reliability that wins respect and admiration from all.

Call and let us demonstrate the superiority of the OAKLAND to you
SHEPHERD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

1785 Broadway, New York.

Factory: Pontiac, Michigan.

THE OAKLAND "TWENTY"
20 H. P. Touring Car or Roadster,
\$1250

20 H. P. Runabout, \$1200

A handsome appearing car with straight line design of body, with motor under the hood, having a straight line shaft drive direct to rear axles. The two cylinder vertical motor with ingenious counter-balancing device runs as smoothly and quietly as many four cylinder engines. In fact it runs with less vibration and noise than many of the cheaper four cylinder cars, and for efficiency of service and economy of operation it is the greatest little car to be had to-day.

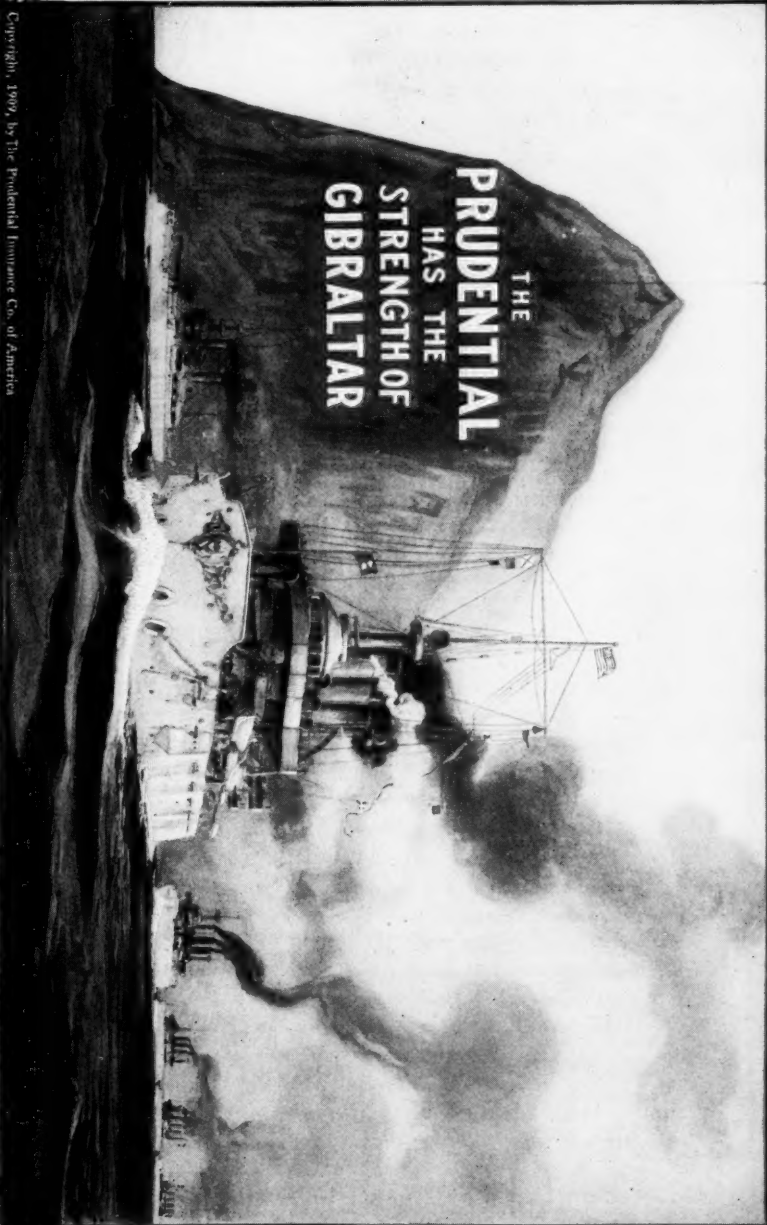
The "Twenty" has 100-inch wheel base. Weight, 1700 lbs. Shaft drive, 32" x 3-1/2" front and rear tires. Thermosiphon system of cooling with fan in fly wheel, vertical tube radiator. Brakes external and internal, operating on drums of rear wheels. Transmission of a superior planetary type, two speeds forward and reverse without a single adjustment ever necessary or possible.

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PRUDENTIAL
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STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

THE FLEET PROTECTS THE NATION PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTS THE HOME

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Incorporated as a stock company by the State of New Jersey.





There are soaps and *soaps* and s-o-a-p-s and SOAPS.
All of them are intended to serve a certain definite purpose.
Most of them do what they are intended to do.

Ivory Soap is intended to be used in the bath, for the toilet
and for *fine* laundry purposes.

Now, a soap that is meant to be used for those purposes should
be mild and pure.

Ivory Soap is mild and pure.

It should contain no "free" alkali.

Ivory Soap contains none.

It should cleanse as quickly as is consistent with safety.

Ivory Soap fulfills that requirement.

Moreover, Ivory Soap is inexpensive. It will do all that any
high-grade bath or toilet soap will do; but its cost is very much
less. It can be used for hundreds of purposes for which ordinary
laundry soaps are unsafe and unsatisfactory; and it costs only a
trifle more.

Ivory Soap - 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

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The Lincoln Centennial Medal



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On the 12th of February, 1909, the dies of the medal are to be cancelled and then deposited in the collection of the American Numismatic Society. After that date no more copies of the medal or of the book containing the medal can be produced.

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Crown 8vo. \$1.75 net

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Abraham Lincoln And the Downfall of American Slavery

By Noah Brooks

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

The
Knickerbocker
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The
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Our Relief Department spent \$140,082 last year in caring for 10,752 families. Send for our illustrated Annual Report.

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- 2 Feeds a hungry mother and four children three days.
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R. FULTON CUTTING, *President*

NEW BOOKS & THEIR AUTHORS

The *Lincoln Tribute Book*, which includes a full-face Lincoln Medal, designed by the distinguished artist Jules Edouard Roiné, is on the point of being published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is edited by Horatio Sheafe Krans.

This book should not be confused with *The Lincoln Centennial Medal*, a more costly work published in 1908, which contained a profile medal of Lincoln, also designed by Roiné, and struck in gold, in silver, and in bronze. The public interest displayed in *The Lincoln Centennial Medal* (the price of which put it beyond the reach of many) led the publishers to bring out the present work.

The volume brings together from widely scattered sources the finest tributes offered by statesmen, men of letters, and poets, at home and abroad, to Abraham Lincoln, whom all Americans now count a chief glory of his country.



In the midst of the tributes to Lincoln is bound a full-face medal of rare artistic quality admirably expressive of the nature of the man it represents.

This volume and the medal it includes has been offered at the lowest possible price consistent with the heavy cost of the medal and the setting of it in the book. The modest price brings it within the reach of all interested in Lincoln and Lincolniana and adapts it admirably as a souvenir for Lincoln banquets, and commemorative exercises.

The Putnams have just published a new novel by John Galsworthy, entitled *Fraternity*. Mr. Galsworthy has already won a high

place in the esteem of those who know good fiction when they see it. There is a seriousness and sincerity in all that this author writes which go along with a vein of irony and humor, a firm grasp of character as manifested under both urban and rural conditions, an accomplished artistry, and a varied knowledge of life. All these qualities produce stories of prime interest, at once entertaining and food for thought regarding especially the social problems that now clamor louder than ever for solution.



The profusely illustrated book entitled *The Great Lakes*, which the Putnams will shortly publish, is as entertaining as it is informing, and has the twofold advantage of being written by a man who well knows both the Lakes and their shores and all that the books tell about them. The general reader will enjoy the romance attaching to the past history of the Lakes and not less the romance of the present—the story of the great commercial fleets that plough our Inland Seas, created to transport the fruits of the earth and the metals that are dug from the bowels thereof. To the business man who has interests in or about the Lakes, or to the prospective investor in Great Lake enterprises, the book will be found suggestive. Comparatively little has been written of these fresh-water seas, and many of Mr. Curwood's readers will be amazed at the wonderful story which this volume tells.

This book is a revised and enlarged version of what originally appeared serially in the pages of *Putnam's* and *The Reader*.



Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, after visiting friends in this country, and going up and down in it considerably, has returned to his native land. His lectures were warmly received at the Lowell Institute, Boston, at Columbia University, this city, and at the University of Chicago. They proved a genuine stimulus to the students of history who heard them. The fifth volume of Prof. Ferrero,

Greatness and Decline of Rome, has just been published by the Putnams.



The publication of a new volume of the *Shelburne Essays*, by Paul Elmer More, is a recurring event of importance in the world of American letters. The sixth volume of this series will appear this month under the Putnam imprint.



Mr. Paul Elmer More

Author of *Shelburne Essays*, and literary editor of the *Evening Post* and *The Nation*.

Like all that Mr. More writes, these essays appeal to every man whose intelligence is awake, whose curiosity about life and human nature is keen, and who wishes, as well through the broader experience of books as through the narrower personal experience, to know the world better, and, if possible, to come to better terms with it. They are chiefly concerned with religion and philosophy, but, as in the case of the studies of Pascal, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, and Rousseau, with literature, too, in its religious and philosophical bearing.

The titles of the essays included in this volume are as follows: *The Forest Philosophy*

of India—The Bhagavad Gītā—Saint Augustine—Pascal—Sir Thomas Browne—Bunyan—Rousseau—Socrates—The Apology—Plato.



The Rev. Lyman P. Powell, who has, since the early stages of the Emmanuel Movement, been a part of it, treats in his book, *The Emmanuel Movement*, which G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published, of his own experiences in Christian healing, illustrated fully by the history of many cases of various diseases, nervous and other. The book has a double appeal—to the general public who are interested in learning about the Emmanuel methods for the sake of putting them in practice or from a general interest in the subject, and to the clergyman, or other person, who desires to help the sick in accordance with the Emmanuel precedents.

Mr. Powell opens his book with a brief and lucid statement of the aims and methods and limitations and actual accomplishment of the movement inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester of Boston. This movement the author of the present volume speaks of as "a turning toward the healing Christ without turning either from historic Christianity or from scientific medicine."



To describe in a word *Historic Indiana*, which has just appeared under the Putnam imprint, it is a book that tells what is most memorable, striking, and picturesque in the past and present-day history of Indiana. The author, by a rigorous selective process, has excluded the insignificant; and, in a graphic and rapid style, she tells that part of the story of her State with which all good Hoosiers should be familiar, and which should have a place in the memory of all those who pretend to a knowledge of American history.



Prof. W. D. Lyman, of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash., has just written a book on the Columbia River for Putnam's *American Waterways* series. It is now in press. This is the first book distinctively on the Columbia River to appear. It is the intention of the author to give some special prominence to Nelson and the magnificent lake district by which it is surrounded. As the joint possession of the United States and British Columbia, and as the grandest scenic river of the continent, the Columbia is worthy of special attention.

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Forty-ninth Annual Statement of the HOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

GEO. E. IDE, President

—January 1st, 1909—

ADMITTED ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Bonds and Mortgages,	\$ 6,105,030.00	Policy Reserve Fund,	\$18,093,989.00
Bonds and Stocks (market value),	10,356,550.00	Miscellaneous Liabilities,	407,271.76
* Real Estate (cost),	1,643,609.81	Reserve to provide for Deferred Dividends,	1,970,463.00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies,	320,659.52	Reserve to provide for all other Contingencies,	1,237,177.94
Loans to Policy Holders,	2,823,767.53		
Other Assets,	459,284.84		
Total,	\$21,708,901.70	Total,	\$21,708,901.70

* Valuation by Insurance Department, State of New York, March 1907, \$1,929,540.00

RECORD FOR 1908 (on "paid for" basis)

Insurance in Force December 31, 1908,	\$88,368,244.
Gain in Insurance in Force,	2,174,947.
Gain in Assets,	1,704,048.
Gain in Deferred Dividend Reserve,	175,443.
Gain in Contingency Reserve (Surplus),	467,742.

WILLIAM A. MARSHALL,
Vice-Pres't and Actuary

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Vice-Pres't

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JULIUS C. BIERWIRTH,
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WM. G. LOW, Jr.

Fire Insurance Rates Too High?

Doubtless. But the rate simply measures the fire loss as a thermometer does the temperature. Rates in America are ten times higher than in some parts of Europe, but—in 1908 the fire loss in America was **238 Millions of Dollars**. This enormous waste was largely preventable. Slipshod methods of construction and criminal carelessness in the use of property bring about this terrible fire loss. Is it any wonder fire rates are high in America?

Do you want to help reduce the fire cost and fire insurance rates? THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has published a book on this subject which contains chapters for the Householder, the Merchant and the Manufacturer. It tells each how to reduce the chance of fire in his particular class of property. If all property owners would follow the suggestions of this book the fire waste would be lessened and fire insurance rates would be greatly reduced. The book also gives valuable advice as to how insurance should be written and tells in simple language common errors to avoid. This book may save you thousands of dollars and much trouble, no matter in what company you are insured. It is free. Send for it at once.



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